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THE QUEEN AT HORSE SHOW

The Working Wife—9-Page Feature

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PARENTAL HELP FOR POLICE

PARENTS should go all out to help the police in their drive to stop the stupid and potentially lethal "games" of "chicken" and "rabbit."

In Sydney, the police have made a special appeal to parents to help them in their efforts to wipe out these adolescent homicidal crazes.

In the "game" of "chicken," one car is driven at another, and the driver who swerves to avoid a collision is dubbed "chicken." In the "game" of "rabbit," youths jump in the path of cars.

The most obvious and immediate way parents can act to put a stop to these forms of infantilism is to make sure that they don't have a "chicken" or a "rabbit" in their own home.

Many parents will probably react violently to such a suggestion.

You can almost hear their horrified words: "As if OUR children would do such crazy and dangerous things!"

But youngsters are playing "chicken" and "rabbit," for reports of their anti-social activities have come from all over Australia, and those youngsters have homes somewhere, and parents, too.

By making certain that they don't come from your home you are merely exercising your responsibilities to your community and helping wipe out a menace to life and property.

The victim of a "chicken" could be you or any member of your family.

By knowing your son's friends, activities, and movements, particularly if a car is involved, even a hotbedded old "bomb," you have a pretty good check.

So just make sure, even if you know that no son of yours would behave like a pathological idiot, that a "chicken" does not come home to roost—in your house.

BOOK REVIEWS by HELEN FRIZELL

Daughter got the job, but mother signed the contract

● By describing her attempts to enter show business, young Australian actress Julia James has entered the writing business with her book "Mother Signed the Contract."

IT'S gay, light-hearted, and makes fun of the hard work 19-year-old Julia put in before she got her chance, understudying on a West End stage in London.

From the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art (RADA) Julia set out on her career, sending pictures and details about her attractive, snub-nosed self to repertory theatres all over England.

After countless setbacks, the author found herself appearing in "Cinderella" at pantomime time, and helping to make pumpkins and mice out of

papier mache, and rats out of old stockings.

Concerning another play with a Chinese setting, Julia says: "I could be seen all that week returning to the theatre under piles of egg trays, which I then proceeded to paint gold on the knobs and red or black in the hollows for use as oriental panelling. They were very effective."

When jobs fell through, Miss James answered an advertisement reading: "Brunette wanted for road show. Posing. No experience necessary."

Inquiring a little further, the author found that she was to join a fairground troupe

of pretty girls who were "nothing but fig leaves and balloons in strategic places," and declined politely.

Off with the repertory theatres again, Julia went the rounds of uncomfortable theatrical "digs," gas-ring cookery, and provincial theatres where small audiences expected the best from actors.

But at last a contract came up—"My mother had to sign it as I was a minor"—and Julia James found herself in the West End. The story of how she got there makes amusing reading.

Copy from the publishers, Peter Davies.

Our cover:

● Queen Elizabeth loves horses, and the public rarely sees her so relaxed as when she is at the races, or especially at the British jumping contests held each year. Our cover shows the Queen presenting a prize to one of the riders at the recent Show Jumping Trials at Badminton House, Gloucestershire, where she and other members of the Royal Family stayed as guests of the Duke of Beaufort.

This week:

● Compiling our working wives' supplement for this week's issue, we came across scores of useful hints for which we did not have enough space. For instance, do you know the simplest routine for cleaning the bathroom? If you wipe out the bath, mop the floor, and wipe the mirror after each person, it takes two minutes. Wait until the two people in the house have finished, and the clean-up takes six minutes due to the spread of the extra water and steam.

● Staff reporter Helen Frizell and photographer Ron Berg experienced real country hospitality when they went to Widdien Valley to get material for the article which appears on pages 8 and 9 this week. When they were leaving, Mrs. Lance Simpson loaded their car with home-grown pumpkins, and gave them thick cream from jersey cows on the property.

Next week:

● Our Fashion Editor Betty Keep predicts that although many of the new winter hats will horrify the male population, they will mostly delight their wearers. "They are gay and chic," she says, "and, if such an expression could be used for a hat, witty." Next week we present two pages of color photographs of the latest overseas styles.

● Incidentally, Betty Keep has received so many requests for a design for an attractive maternity suit that she has had a paper pattern made for one. The result is a charming, easy-to-wear suit, photograph and details of which will appear in "Dress Sense" next week.

● With chilly weather here, knitting needles are being taken out of storage. Next week we bring you full directions for making a smart button-up jacket which will prove a real favorite for casual wear in winter months.



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Be wise, too, and always use Ipana, the toothpaste recommended by 8 out of 10 dentists.

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ABOVE: Olympic contestants at the party before the premiere of the Olympic Games film are, from left, Dev Mytton, Ian Browne, Hee Hogan, Shirley Strickland, Faith Leech, Kevin Gosper, and Doug Buxton.

RIGHT: Triple Olympic gold medallist Shirley Strickland, of Salter's Point, Western Australia, with her father, Mr. David Strickland, who won the Staccell Gift in 1900. Shirley is Mrs. Laurie de la Hunty.

Gala premiere for Olympic Games film

● Crowds, bright lights, and television and newsreel cameras gave a Hollywood atmosphere to the Melbourne premiere of "Rendezvous in Melbourne," the French-produced color film of the 1956 Olympic Games. These pictures show Olympic medallists and contestants who were guests at a buffet dinner before the screening.



ABOVE: Bronze-medallist yachtsmen Doug Buxton and his wife, of Brighton, Victoria, at left, and Dev Mytton and Mrs. Mytton, of Brighton. The film, now in Adelaide, is to be screened in all capitals.

RIGHT: Ron Clarke hands the torch to Sir Wilfred Kent-Hughes, chairman of the Olympic Organising Committee, at the theatre entrance at the premiere. Pictures by staff photographer Gary Linney.



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The housewives talked . . .

MR. VERN EDWARDS, Victorian Grocers' Association secretary, questions Mrs. T. Osborn, of Parramatta. Centre is Mrs. M. Brent, of Cronulla.

MRS. J. E. PARKES, of Marrickville, seems to be enjoying herself as she answers a question at the Housewives' Forum at the Grocers' Convention.

MRS. K. ADAMI, of Double Bay, Housewives' Association secretary, says thank you for the grocery hampers given to herself and her colleagues.

Sugar and spice at Grocers' Convention

By RONALD McKIE, staff reporter

Most of last week the Banqueting Hall at Sydney's Wentworth Hotel was so tightly packed with happy grocers in from Wilcannia and Brewarrina for the Grocers' Convention that there was hardly room to wrap a sausage.

BUT when I got there last Friday morning, and after I'd found an entrance through a tunnel of showcases and displays of rice, butter, boot polish, biscuits, pickles, detergents, and more heaps of merchandise, the grocers were, as the strategists say, pretty thin on the ground.

"We're going to be a bit short on audience," a pleasant, pink-faced, bald-headed grocer told me. "The Convention's lasted too long and most of the boys cleared out last night and went home. They wouldn't wait. It's Friday—their best trading day."

I thanked him, almost fell over a case of soap, found a seat, and settled down to wait and watch.

The Banqueting Hall, with its Romeo-and-Juliet balcony draped with dusty paper ivy and entire stage area in the form of half a Greek temple, was not the most restful place to spend a morning.

Apart from the groceries, which filled one end and one side of the hall, and lights which flicked on and off spelling the names of breakfast foods and face powders, waiters were noisily laying tables behind me, and a loudspeaker kept announcing "Paging Mr. Ford" or "Telephone, Mr. Farmer."

I'd come to attend the Housewives' Forum, but at 10 a.m., when the housewives were due to appear and answer questions about groceries, someone explained they had been delayed.

Self-service

MR. F. E. BEATON, of the National Cash Register Company, filled in for nearly an hour with a lecture on self-service in the grocery business.

It was a good lecture, too.

He began by saying that self-service existed in ancient Egypt, his middle point was that Houston, Texas, had the world's first supermarket in 1918, and he ended with the fascinating information that

you can even buy baby alligators and tombstones in American self-service stores.

After that we had tea and biscuits—though some of the grocers looked as if they needed something stronger. As the grocer beside me confided: "Boy, last night's Convention party was pretty heavy."

Then, at last, on came the girls—all eight of them.

I'd expected a bunch of battleaxes, but they were charming, and all so attractively suited and gowned that they must have been up since dawn getting ready.

When they were introduced, most of them just smiled. But Mrs. E. Johns, of Neutral Bay, treasurer of the Housewives' Association of N.S.W., who was in grey with a scarlet toque, waved, and Mrs. F. D. Hadaway, of Parramatta, in emerald-green and a smart gold hat, stood and bowed.

Mr. Vern Edwards, secretary of the Victorian Grocers' Association, began the Housewives' Forum by saying that at a similar forum in Victoria he had been "shocked by some

of the answers from the ladies."

Without halting to explain that he had really meant "surprised," he said, "We ask you to talk naturally—just as you do at home."

"Please spare us that," a not-so-happy grocer behind me called.

Women queried

THEN Mr. Edwards put his first question, "Where do you shop?"

Although the majority liked self-service, where they could, in the compere's words, "see, handle, and buy," Mrs. M. Brent, of Cronulla, hatless and in a smart dark suit, preferred the family grocer.

"Why, I couldn't live without my grocer," she said. "I hope he never disappears."

Although most of the housewives were satisfied with the present trading hours they felt that, for the convenience of many workers, a couple of hours' trading on Friday night would be a good thing.

Most of the ladies used a shopping list — "shopped in their kitchen" — but often bought something more, a new line or brand; most bought what they wanted, within their means, without any questions from their husbands; most liked shop demonstrations because they were interested in new trends in foods.

But, so far as I remember, none of them would try a new product unless they'd seen something about it or the grocer recommended it.

. . . and the grocers listened



VISITING GROCERS AND FRIENDS at the Housewives' Forum on the last day of the Grocers' Convention. They listened intently to question and answer—and had some questions and comments to make themselves.

WOMEN BEHIND THE QUEEN

For ladies-in-waiting it's honor, not salary, that counts

By VALERIE PARKHOUSE

● With the Queen on her State visit to Denmark are two of the eight women who hold the most coveted job in Britain for women of society's "upper-crust." They are ladies-in-waiting, the Countess of Euston and Lady Alice Egerton.

THE job of being lady-in-waiting—officially titled Lady of the Bedchamber, or Woman of the Bedchamber—to the Queen goes to no more than a handful of women in a generation.

At present there are two Ladies of the Bedchamber, and two regular, two temporary, and two extra Women of the Bedchamber.

In the past this job has led to high State office, and it has also led to the execution block, but today it is stripped of opportunity for power.

There is no chance of gaining the sort of political significance achieved by Abigail Hill, who rose from being a penniless orphan to Keeper of the Privy Purse and adviser to Queen Anne.

Yet even today the ladies-in-waiting do influence the throne in a subtle and personal way. They are women in the shadows, always two steps out of the limelight, who quietly and unobtrusively smooth the Royal path.



IN PARIS during the Queen's State Visit in February, Lady Margaret Hay was Woman of the Bedchamber. Her husband, Philip Hay, also has a Royal job.



SPECIALLY APPOINTED to act as lady-in-waiting for the Queen's tour of Australia and New Zealand, Lady Pamela Mountbatten is pictured with Commander Michael Parker, then Private Secretary to the Duke of Edinburgh, while visiting Tonga. Lady Pamela will one day inherit a fortune.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 29, 1957

How does the Queen choose them, and can anyone apply?

A lady-in-waiting must have charm, tact, and the efficiency of a top-flight secretary. She must have the stamina of an athlete, the discretion of a diplomat, and a pedigree as long as your arm.

Hundreds of girls qualify on these six points, so the Queen usually whittles down the choice to women of high birth and low income whom she has known for years. Most of them have been her personal friends since childhood days.

The official definition of a lady-in-waiting is "a woman of high birth or title appointed as personal companion to a Royal lady."

Many duties

IN fact they are not only companions. They are also secretaries (they answer all the Queen's personal letters), chaperons, Press officers, bankers (they carry the Queen's cash), fashion advisers, and general run-arounds.

For all this, and for working the equivalent of hundreds of hours a year in overtime, they get £10 sterling (£A12/10/-) a week if they are regular ladies-in-waiting. This is paid by the Queen from her Parliamentary allowance.

They also have to follow the same "don'ts" that are unofficially laid down for women of the Royal Family:

Don't make-up in public; don't fidget or appear bored at official functions; and don't get flustered in a crisis.

No matter how their feet may hurt or their heads ache at the end of a long day, they must always be pleasant, smiling, and courteous.

Ladies-in-waiting are given

a badge of office when they are appointed. It is a gold, diamond-studded brooch with a crown and the Queen's cipher above it.

But they do not keep it permanently. The brooch is handed out when a lady-in-waiting begins a spell of duty, and must be back in the Queen's safe when she ends it.

The Queen's "shadows" have another personal mark of office—a large handbag. Into it goes not only their own money and oddments, but those of their employer as well.

Dressing for the job is often a problem. It would be unfortunate, for example, to be wearing shocking pink when the Queen appears in robin-red. So her lady-in-waiting usually checks with the dresser before a Royal engagement.

Do ladies-in-waiting need a lot of clothes to cope with Royal engagements?

Apart from the fact that few ladies-in-waiting have the spare cash to spend on expensive wardrobes, two coats, three dresses, one really good suit, a cocktail dress, and two long ball gowns are all they need—except for a big overseas tour.

Quite outside the honor and prestige, one big advantage of being a lady-in-waiting is the excellent chance of romance. Most of the ladies are considered highly marriageable by the young men-about-Court and their families, and when a lady-in-waiting marries and has children, the Queen usually consents to be godmother.

The Queen's godchildren are playmates of Prince Charles and Princess Anne, which means that they, in turn, will be on the short list for important appointments when the Royal children grow up.

In public the lady-in-waiting must be alert for any minor emergency. If a playful wind disturbs the Royal skirt she is there to hold it down. If Royal nylons run a ladder in public she is ready on the spot with a spare pair.

But to the Queen she is much more than that. She is another woman to relax and gossip with when the job is done. This means a tremendous amount to a woman whose destiny decrees that Royal dignity should rarely be relaxed.

When the Queen undertakes one of those arduous tours abroad, there is always a woman somewhere out of the limelight, watching, waiting, working to make the Queen's job even more successful.

That is the indirect, subtle influence that ladies-in-waiting exert on the throne.

Who are they at present, these women with such a dif-



WATCHING recent horse trials at Badminton while guests of the Duke of Beaufort, the Queen, with Princess Margaret, left, is closely attended by one of the most popular ladies-in-waiting, Lady Alice Egerton, right. INSET: Studio portrait of Lady Alice, who is 33.

icult and exacting job to do, who form the hard, inner core of the Women Behind the Queen?

They are Ladies of the Bedchamber, the Countess of Leicester and the Countess of Euston; Women of the Bedchamber, Lady Alice Egerton and Lady Margaret Hay; temporary Women of the Bedchamber, Mrs. John Dugdale (who was formerly Miss Kathryn Stanley) and Lady Rose Baring; and extra Women of the Bedchamber, the Honorable Mrs. Andrew Elphinstone and Mrs. Alexander Abel Smith.

One of the most popular of them, and one who is constantly in the Queen's company, is Lady Alice Egerton, 33, the youngest of the seven children of the late Earl of Ellesmere. She is responsible for much of the merry laughter which so often echoes round the Queen's suite.

Dunked in pool

IT was Lady Alice who braved a wetting in a swimming-pool and a make-up of flour paste applied by the Duke of Edinburgh when taking part in a crossing-of-the-line ceremony during the Queen's tour of Australia in 1954.

Lady Margaret Hay, 38, with the Duchess of Devonshire as Mistress of the Robes, was the Woman of the Bedchamber chosen to go to Paris with the Queen in February.

She is partner in a husband-and-wife team, both having Royal jobs to do. Her husband is Philip Hay, comptroller and personal friend of the Duchess of Kent.

One of the Queen's dearest friends, and her first lady-in-waiting, is the Hon. Mrs. Andrew Elphinstone, 34, wife of the Queen's cousin, the rector of Worpleston, Surrey.

She was a young war widow



WEDDING last year of Temporary Woman of the Bedchamber Mrs. John Dugdale, formerly Miss Kathryn Stanley, was attended by both the Queen and Princess Margaret.



GODMOTHER to Rosemary Elisabeth, daughter of lady-in-waiting the Hon. Mrs. Andrew Elphinstone (left), the Queen, then Princess Elisabeth, holds the baby at the christening.

with a baby daughter when she first entered Royal service. At Buckingham Palace she met Andrew Elphinstone. They fell in love, married, and the Queen is godmother to their daughter, Rosemary Elisabeth, who is nine.

Mrs. Elphinstone acts only as an extra lady-in-waiting because of her family and the commitments of her husband's £598-a-year living, but the Queen often drives to Surrey to see her at her Worpleston home.

An exception to the case of ladies-in-waiting with no

money to spend on expensive wardrobes is 28-year-old Lady Pamela Mountbatten, cousin of both the Queen and Prince Philip, and who was one of the Queen's bridesmaids.

Though she is not a member of Her Majesty's Household, she was specially appointed to act as a lady-in-waiting during the Queen's Australian tour, and in Kenya. On a recent occasion Lady Pamela attended the Queen when Her Majesty had a number of guests at Sandringham and two of her ladies-in-waiting were ill.

Q What does everybody look at FIRST?

A YOUR EYES! MAKE THEM THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF YOUR FASHION PLAN.. HIS PERSONALITY



NEW "STARLIGHT" is Martin Wells' latest upstated frame. Note its big high-fashion feature—sparkling white baguette rhinestones set in jewel-like 3-dimensional scrolls, nobly plated in precious rhodium (ten times as rare as platinum and three times as hard) that won't ever tarnish. In muted colours of wine, blue, red and black.



NEW "ESQUIRE"—First step in good grooming... a specially designed executive-shape man's frame by Martin Wells. "Esquire" is styled as carefully as his expensive hat or town shoe, with proportioned temple pieces and tailored chevron trims of 9-ct. rolled gold. In the best sort of mottled tortoiseshell effect...



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More important than your make-up are spectacle frames that can make your eyes the centre of attraction. Martin Wells designers know how their frames can enhance the natural contours of your face. You've noticed it with your favourite sunglasses... how much more exciting your eyes look when the frames are first part of your fashion plan. Your spectacles become the most important part of your personality when they are Martin Wells-framed to bring out the best in your looks. Your optometrist has 12 minutely different sizes and two variations



Look your prettiest by having the natural contours of your face enhanced with Martin Wells frames. Square or round features look best in slim upward-tilting frames. A square or heavy jaw can be minimised with extra width at eyebrow level. A short nose improves with clear bridged frames, and vice versa.



Flatter your eyes more than all the make-up in the world can by letting the line of your glasses follow the line of your eyebrows. If you've a long nose wear an opaque bridge. If your chin recedes, frame colour and interest will draw attention away—to your sparkling eyes. Ask for Martin Wells frames.



In an actual test a professor gave students pictures of men wearing different spectacle frames. Their impressions were—"Subservient", "Bombastic", "Non-pecked", "Marauder", "Successful designer". Yet all were pictures of the same man. Moral: Martin Wells frames can make the man—or woman.



Take your cue from your fashion mood. Your glasses can be your most important accessory. Wear plain, colourful frames for sports or casual clothes. Wear simple elegance with decoration detail for work or town (our new 'Starlight' for one). Wear your most glamorous frames for cocktails or evening.



Laplanders 'stars' at Cannes Film Festival



ROMANTIC MOMENT for Mike Todd and his wife, Elizabeth Taylor, as they wait for the screening of Todd's mammoth film, "Around the World in Eighty Days," during the Cannes Film Festival. The Todds have been married four months.



FRENCH STARLET "Baby" Muriel on the beach at Cannes. Seventeen-year-old "Baby," who likes ice-cream, steaks, and sucking her thumb, has appeared in one French film.

They ate reindeer meat as Mike Todd bought champagne

By BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

● A tribe of bewildered Laplanders in heavy furs and ornate leggings stole much of the limelight from star-role-hunting starlets at the Cannes Film Festival.

FOR this 15-day festival, Europe's biggest annual film jamboree, hopeful young actresses try every bizarre dress and mannerism they can marshal to catch the attention of world film leaders.

They were there again this year, but found that the Laplanders, flown to Cannes from the frozen wastes of Northern Finland to ginger up publicity for a travel film, "One Year With the Lapland Nomads," had the surest way to a photographer's heart.

Sweltering in their heavy

furs, the Laplanders, who have never lived anywhere but in a tent, refused hotel accommodation.

Finally, the Cannes Municipality allowed them to camp in the public gardens, where they happily unpacked the food they had brought with them, waved aside invitations to dinner, and munched dried reindeer meat.

While the basic reason for the festival—judging the world's best acting and film-making—quietly continued, the famous and would-be famous turned the 15 days into a marathon publicity hunt.

Top honors went to American Mike Todd, who, with his shrewd business sense, succeeded in making the festival a prolonged gala in honor of his mammoth film, "Around the World in Eighty Days."

Although not even a festival competitor, the film opened the festivities in an atmosphere of near hysteria.

Balloons floated above the flag-hung Palais du Festival and a menagerie of wild animals prowled restlessly in their cages, baring their teeth at the swarms of elegant humans fighting for Mr. Todd's free champagne and savorics.

Every time the nuggety little man, with his crew-cut hair and grey suit, left the Carlton Hotel, the town went crazy. Photographers even climbed palm trees to get pictures of the top of his head.

He would burst from the hotel door like a bullet and stride to a grey Rolls-Royce, to drive among shrieking fans and jostling photographers to



TAHITIAN ACTRESS Maya Flohr wins a "first" in the festival's publicity hunt by going barefoot to a party given by the Todds. In keeping with her Tahitian background, Maya's evening dress is a long, split-skirt sarong.

Cap Ferrat, where he and his actress wife, Elizabeth Taylor, had rented a villa.

The fans even found the villa, and, said Todd, with a tight-lipped grin, "Having taken a villa to get away from it all, we needed a villa to get away from the villa to get away from it all."

"No privacy"

ELIZABETH TAYLOR got a little testy at the fans and the lurking cameramen.

She said: "The villa was surrounded by rubber-neckers and photographers with telescopic lenses. One of them tried to get a picture of me dressing. I was furious. There was no privacy."

Mrs. Todd's other preoccupation was to keep her husband away from the Cannes Casino.

Her first husband, Nick Hilton, was a gambler and she has rueful memories of a five-months honeymoon that was mostly a tour of world casinos.

In Cannes, Todd went off for a quick splash at the Casino, returned guiltily with a pile of chips to hear his wife say with rueful indulgence, "I might as well have married a roulette wheel. Ah, well! He is an amazing character. I

think he is perfect—except for gambling."

Only serious notes in the festival were the judgments and the conferences behind closed doors in luxury hotel suites.

There the big film men, in holiday shirts and slacks, chewed cigars, argued prices through interpreters, and transacted film buying and selling in millions before they shook hands, gathered beach towels, and went swimming in the Mediterranean.

The Russians made another solemn appearance at the festival and photographers pounced on them, only to be stopped by a hostile interpreter.

The cameramen stalked leading Soviet star Izolda Izvitskaya and ran her to earth sunning herself in a bikini on the beach.

When she saw them, Izolda scrambled to her feet and fled. Captions of the pictures that caught her flight proclaimed her as Moscow's Marilyn Monroe.

When the Laplanders returned to Finland and the film-makers to their locations, Cannes settled back to catch its breath and count its gains from 15 days of free-spending festivities.



UNCROWNED QUEEN of the festival was beautiful, 50-year-old Mexican star Dolores del Rio. A festival judge, she smiles at French poet-producer Jean Cocteau (left). She now is revisiting Hollywood for a television film.



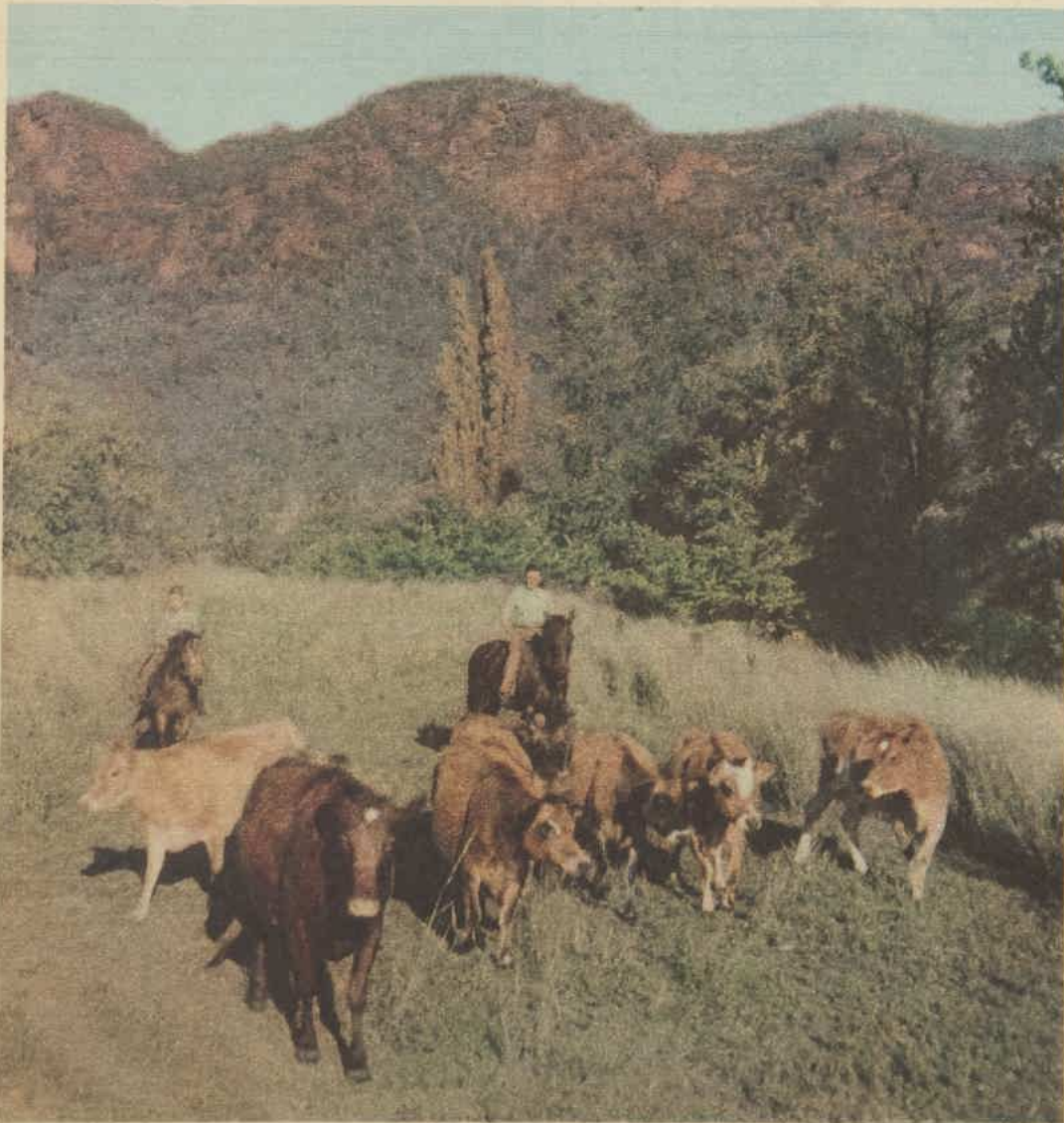
POPULAR German star Curd Jurgens dines with Hollywood's Dorothy Dandridge at an early festival party. Later Curd became the constant escort of his former wife, actress Eva Bartok, who says that their film-star careers broke up their marriage.

FAREWELL TO THE VALLEY



THE SHADOWS OF SUNDOWN lie slant across the valley, and sandstone cliffs catch the rays of the setting sun. Grandfather Simpson used to set his watch by the sunset. The pictures on these two pages were taken by staff photographer Ron Berg.

HOME WITH THE COWS in their own green valley come Mr. Donald Simpson and his nephew Ian, 12. The Simpsons, who introduced Shorthorns to Widden Valley, have sold their herd, and King Ranch (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. has bought "Emu Vale" station.



"As I begin packing, my thoughts keep drifting back to the first lady who lived in this place. She was Sarah Simpson, a tall, fair, blue-eyed bride of 16 years, who made the long journey from Windsor to her new home by bullock-waggon."

THESE WORDS, recording the end of a long chapter in family history, were written by Mrs. John Simpson, wife of Sarah's great-grandson, at "Emu Vale," a homestead in Widden Valley, northern New South Wales. There Simpsons have lived since the bride and her bullock-waggon lumbered down the slopes of the Great Dividing Range in 1847.

But in June this year Sarah's descendants are leaving. "Emu Vale," which has been sold to King Ranch (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., which plans to run a Santa Gertrudis cattle stud in the valley where Shorthorns have grazed more than 100 years.

In the slab homesteads facing the fertile river flats and the gold sandstone escarpments of the ranges, present-day Simpsons, while making plans for their changed futures, are recalling the past and the pioneering days.

The owners of "Emu Vale" are Mr. Lance Simpson (Sarah's grandson) and his sons John and Donald.

When the takeover comes, Mr. and Mrs. Lance Simpson and Donald Simpson and his wife and children will live in Sydney. The John Simpsons and their youngsters will take up land near Tamworth.

Furniture removalists will carry away their belongings—the family Bible (bearing the names of Sarah's 15 children), the pit-sawn cedar table, the old rocking chair, as well as the refrigerators and gadgets of a later date.

But the gravestones of Sarah and George Simpson and several of their children will remain in the fenced-off plot, shaded by elms and poplars which Sarah planted many years ago.

Sarah died in 1917. Late photographs show her as a matriarch in black sateen with a snow-white widow's cap.

Grandchildren — Lance Simpson, Miss Isabel Simpson, and Mrs. Gertrude Pontey—remember her in the calmness of age when she left most work to her children, preferring to tend her garden or to preside at family prayers, when all would gather round the table hewn from trees in close-by Cedar Gully.

She deserved a calm old age, for her youth and young womanhood were hard enough.

Her husband, George, went to Widden Valley in 1840 to manage Mr. John Lee's property, which ran the first Shorthorn cattle imported to Australia. Later he secured Crown land, called it "Emu Vale," and brought his bride from the Hawkesbury district.

When Sarah set off on that journey she took loads of provisions, bolts of material, and fruit trees — apricots, figs, quinces, pomegranates, apples, mulberries, and pears.

Her pear tree still bears its peculiarly rounded green fruit; bulbs which she planted still flower every year: blue and white flag lilies grow near the site of the original home, which George Simpson built.

This home, down by the creek, was demolished in 1896 at Sarah's wish and rebuilt on the hillside where it is now. Its walls are pine slabs, the interior doors cedar. The kitchen chimneys are sandstone, thick and solid.

In the original house Sarah's first child, George, was born.

"He was the first white child born in the valley, and his mother was quite alone when her baby son arrived. Her husband had ridden off some time before to fetch a neighbor who lived 15 miles away. They did not arrive in time."

Sarah Simpson survived and bore 14 more children. Descendants still have the christening robe which she stitched while waiting for George, that first baby (who was the father of Lance Simpson).

As the children grew, Sarah Simpson, with no doctor to call upon, devised first-aid treatments. Her commonsense sufficed in most emergencies. From blacks in the district she learnt the art of brewing herbal potions. A favorite standby was the blue bottle of castor oil.

When toothache became unbearable, children were sent to a local farmer, skilled in teeth-pulling.

By
HELEN FRIZELL,
staff reporter

The 19th-century Simpson family was almost self-sufficient there in the valley.

Sarah saw to the curing of hams and bacon. Afterwards, hung upon hooks, they swung from the kitchen ceiling, where the open fire smoked them to satisfaction.

Vegetables grew well. After bathing her children in the big tin tub (set before the fire in winter) Sarah would use every drop of water on her garden. More water was carried up from the creek, George Simpson bearing the wooden yoke with its two buckets across his shoulders. Later, a sledge did the task.

Now there is irrigation and a pumping system which produces 15,000 gallons of water per hour.

Sarah Simpson made her own bread and butter (Mrs. Lance Simpson still does). But the flour for Sarah's bread was milled in Maitland from wheat which grew at "Emu Vale." Her yeast was home-made and bottled, not compressed.



FAMILY GROUP at "Emu Vale" are, from left: Mrs. Donald Simpson, holding her daughter Anne, 2; Mr. Donald Simpson with Richard, 5, and Beth, 3; Mrs. John Simpson, Mrs. Gertrude Pontey, Miss Isobel Simpson, Mrs. Lance Simpson, Mr. Lance Simpson. At rear: Mrs. J. Hogg, Mr. John Simpson, and his children, Naomi, 9, and Ian, 12.

"Maitland, 130 miles away, was the nearest town in those days, and twice a year supplies would have to be bought. The bullock-waggon would depart, and when it was nearing Maitland great-grandmother would set out on horseback, reach Maitland at the same time as the waggon, do her shopping, and ride home again."

Riding sidesaddle and wearing a skirted habit, Sarah Simpson reared her family to be good horsemen and horsewomen. (George, her eldest son, once rode from the Gulf of Carpentaria to Adelaide, driving a mob of bullocks. Her great - great - grandchildren, Ian (12) and Naomi (9), have won dozens of prize ribbons at the nearby Baerami shows.) "Grandmother Sarah" liked the flagstoned floors of her kitchen to be white. The boys, whose tasks were outdoors, were sent climbing the ranges to fetch powdery freestone from caves in the hillsides.

This powder, mixed with water and applied with a broom, set firmly and gave the snowy effect Grandmother sought.

All the womenfolk could sew. They pressed their dresses using flat irons set up on their "tails" in front of the fire, replacing an iron when it cooled, snatching up a hot one to take its place.

As time passed there were dances at "Emu Vale" — the sound of piano-playing com-

ing from lamplit rooms, horses tied to the rails.

These are landmarks in memory, as the Simpsons have been landmarks in the Parish of Simpson (called after them) in the County of Phillip.

There are other memories—the way Grandfather set his watch by the sun as it sank over the ranges; the night the bushfire set the hillside "sparkling like the lights of Sydney"; the journey Isabel Simpson made in a sulky, crossing seven creeks, to carry Lance to Denman after he fractured his skull.

That is the past. The future, for many reasons, will be different. "Emu Vale" will not be their home, but Simpsons will still be on the land, although in another district. The John Simpsons are carrying with them the G.S. branding iron used for a century on Short-horn cattle.

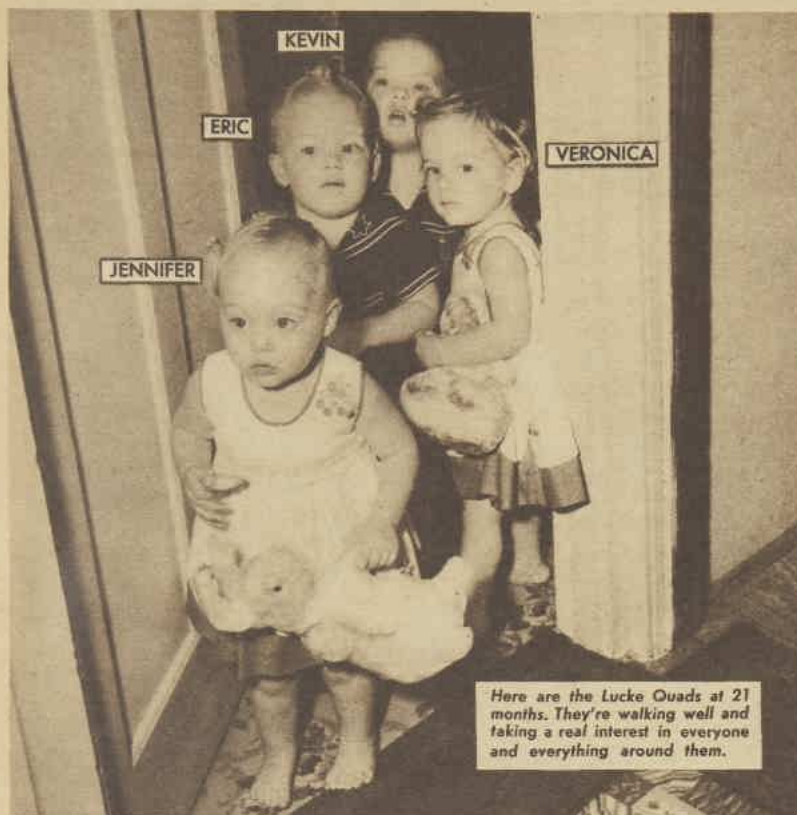
His shorthorns are sold now. Already cherry-red Santa Gertrudis are grazing by the river.

"Down through the years many Simpsons have loved these mountains rising high above the green valley through which winds Emu Creek. Now, after 100 years, the family is leaving. We wish the newcomers well."

TINY GRAVEYARD where Sarah Simpson, her husband, and four of their children are buried. Sarah Simpson's grave is second from right. She was great-great-grandmother of Naomi (left) and Ian Simpson (right).



The LUCKE QUADS step out into the world!



Here are the Lucke Quads at 21 months. They're walking well and taking a real interest in everyone and everything around them.

... look how they've grown

FLASHBACK: THE LUCKES AT 6 MONTHS —



JENNIFER



ERIC



KEVIN



VERONICA

The Lucke Quads are real explorers now. In fact they've had a special play pen built to keep them safely on the front lawn.

All four are healthy, sturdy youngsters — and since babyhood, they've thrived on vitamin-rich Vegemite.

As babies they enjoyed Vegemite in their milk and on rusks, and now the Luckes love it on bread and fingers of toast.

Vegemite is good for every member of your family — children, teenagers and grown-ups because it's a concen-

trated yeast extract rich in the Vitamin B group — Vitamin B₁ for healthy nerves, Vitamin B₂ for firm body tissue, Niacin for good digestion and clear skin.

And zesty Vegemite gives you an added benefit — vital Amino-Components. Our bodies cannot manufacture these nutritious food elements and they're often missing from our daily diets.

Enjoy Vegemite on toast at breakfast, spread it on sandwiches. Add a dash to soups, stews and gravies.

VEGEMITE

for

Vitality

Available in 2 and 4-oz. jars, 6-oz. re-usable fluted tumblers and the 8-oz. and 16-oz. economy sizes. Made by Kraft.



BUTCH



MOTHER

"Mum ought to stop us eating these before we get sick."

It seems to me

RETURNING from America lately, a Melbourne dress manufacturer said that mink was so commonplace in San Francisco that women wore mink coats to breakfast.

Actually a mink coat is no more convenient than a flannel dressing-gown when frying bacon and eggs. There is something to be said against both.

But you can see the virtue of the fashion in America, where, according to reports, ambition and its accompanying worry are a menace to the health of the male.

The problem is not confined to America, but, judging by the boom in tranquillising drugs, it is more acute there.

Getting back to the mink, it is possible that a well-dressed wife may be a reassuring breakfast sight for a troubled tycoon. The sight of her reminds him that he is prosperous.

And if he eventually fails and they come down in the world, there's another kitchen use for fur which I read the other day in an old household-hints book. You wrap strips round the legs of a safe to keep ants at bay.

The book specified long-haired fur. But I guess you could make do with mink.

LACE, furniture, artificial flowers, and textiles all gain in value when they carry the tag "hand-made." The more efficient and wondrous that machines become, the more is handwork lauded.

The ultimate appears to be represented in the hand-peeled vegetable. An American advertisement for soups states: "You can't beat the old-fashioned paring knife. We still trim by hand to bring you the best of every vegetable."

This snobbery will in time extend to the home, defeating labor-saving devices. Your considerate hostess will say, "I do hope you like the peas. I shelled them myself."

QUESTIONING 2000 females over the age of 12 years, the American National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association found that 16 per cent. preferred "to be married with children and unemployed."

That "unemployed" tag will surely burn up the ladies who are married and have children.

A HUNGARIAN friend relates that some countrymen newly arrived in Australia were much puzzled by their first visit to a picture show.

"I cannot understand," said the new arrival, "why the film-makers find it necessary to assure the audience that the picture is made by healthy technicians."

His friend, equally puzzled, went along to the show. The reference, he found, was in the credits—to the "sound engineers."

By



Dorothy Drann

MY relationship with the Sydney County Council's electricity department has always been on the most happy, if formal terms.

Every few years I get a letter from them which runs like this:

"Dear Madam, I have noted with pleasure that your accounts for electricity have, in the past, been paid promptly. This is just a friendly reminder, therefore, that payment of your latest account, amounting to £2/0/5, is now overdue. Your usual prompt attention will be appreciated."

The gentle grace of this letter sends me scrambling forthwith for the cheque book.

Coming from a long line of people who always paid their bills, even though with muttering and grumbling, I don't often receive a reminder. The Sydney County Council's method is so charming that it is almost worth waiting for. So much nicer than writing on an account that abominable "Please!" which always rouses customers to fury redder than red ink.

Perhaps the Council has a follow-up letter for unappreciative consumers, one which may run: "Dear Madam, I have noted with growing impatience that you are becoming altogether too careless. This is therefore a hostile reminder . . ."

But I don't intend to find out. Better to pay promptly. It would be a pity to spoil such a beautiful friendship.

PENELOPE and Cecil, the Australian platypuses in the Bronx Zoo, New York, have now been ten years away from home. Half a million people have paid sixpence each to see them. Every day they eat their own weight in worms and crayfish. The Zoo's curator, Dr. Lee Crandall, said recently: "Perhaps they are homesick, but there's no way of finding out."

Is Penelope ever nostalgic? Do she and Cecil look back

To some far Australian creek bank, the old home town of youth?

Do sightseers make them fretful? Do they wish for the silent bush?

Or isn't a platypus homesick? How does one learn the truth?

They never have need to forage, they never had it so good,

Yet maybe they yearn for a hideout, far from the limelight's glare,

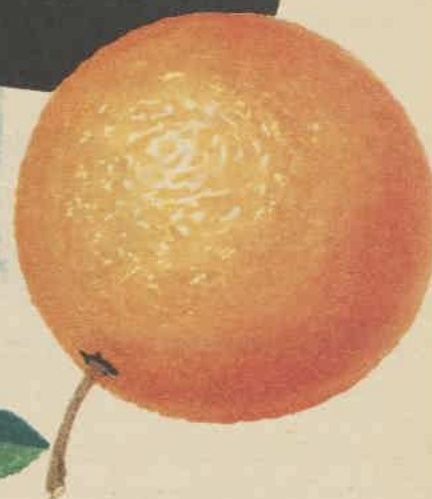
Does Penelope say, "Oh, Cecil, take me away from it all,

Back to the scenes of our childhood" . . . or doesn't a platypus care?



PLEASURETTES

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Liqueur Centres



**NEW!
EXCITING!
LUSCIOUS!**

the perfect Jellette!
so tempting to taste ...
so fruity in flavour ...
and boxed in a multi-use
plastic container



4/6

HOADLEY'S

AVAILABLE NOW!
IN
NEW SOUTH WALES
VICTORIA
SOUTH AUSTRALIA

TELEVISION PARADE

The first of Channel 9, TCN's Sunday spectaculars, Mother's Day at the Zoo, was a wonderful show. But it had more spectacular aspects than were expected. A record crowd of 10,000 went to Taronga and police had to be called to control the crush of people at the Baby Contest.

THE judges of the Baby Contest, Dame Enid Lyons and Mrs. Percy Sara, the mother of the quads, managed to keep smiling despite the surge of the 700 mothers and babies (only 200 were expected) who jammed into the space where the contest was held.

Camera crews worked hard to make success certain. They blew up 12 dozen big orange balloons and threw half of them into the monkey pit and the other half into the seals just before the animals went "on camera."

The seals and monkeys appreciated them no end and gambolled according to plan. So far TCN have released no details of further weekend spectaculars, but I hear they will be well worth watching when they come.

"DRAGNET" (Channel 7, ATN), with Jack Webb as Joe Friday "working out of homicide," is outstanding among the big budget of crime shows on TV.

Friday, looking for the facts, gives them, too. When he describes a suspect and says he's a "W.M.A.," he means "white, male, American." The suspect's "M.O." is his modus operandi (method of working) and "mug shots" is the new way of saying that old-fashioned phrase "rogues' gallery."

THE death of Ezio Pinza has caused complications in the battle of the fairy tales now raging on the major American TV networks.

Following the big success of a CBS-TV spectacular, "Cinderella," NBC-TV headlined a bigger and better presentation of "Pinocchio."

Signed to appear in the leading roles were Mickey

Incidentally, TV's musical-comedy adaptation of "Cinderella" may have its stage premiere in Australia.

Rodgers and Hammerstein, who adapted "Cinderella," have a different idea to me of what a fairy godmother is like. She is, they say, "a luscious older woman — older, that is, like 35 — a salty beauty." Sounds appetising.

ers loved Lucy so much that they stayed away from even-song to watch her. Faced with rows of empty pews, Mr. Bowker realistically changed the time of the service and everybody's happy.

I ONCE said that TV was full of surprises. My latest and biggest surprise is the crush that viewers from schoolboys to great-aunts have on that heroic dog Rin Tin Tin, who assists the U.S. cavalry every Wednesday night at 7.30 on Channel 9, TCN.

And here's what everyone writes to me about. Is he the original dog? No. The original Rinty died at 14 in 1932, when his son, Rinty II, took over, till he died in 1941. Rinty III's film career was interrupted by the war, in which he served in the K9 corps.

Rinty IV, great-great-grandson of the first Rin Tin Tin, is star of Channel 9's television films. He's only four years old and loves his work. But his son, Rin Tin Tin V, was born on July 4, 1956, and is already in training to take over from Dad when necessary.

MEMO. Mr. Keith Walshe, of "Sydney Tonight": Do you think "anything goes" is a good motto on which to run a TV show that used to be worth watching?



RIN TIN TIN and, in-set, his Australian stand-in, Lofty, with his master, TV producer Adlerstein. Lofty appears in the introduction and the closing commercial.

Rooney as the long-nosed Pinocchio and Ezio Pinza as the puppet-master. Pinza, in a prophetic mood when he signed, added—"provided I am well enough at the time, and physically able."

Pinocchio will, of course, go on, but who will be the puppet-master?

CHANNEL 9, TCN's "I Love Lucy," the domestic situation comedy that has topped Australian popularity rating so far, has caused trouble in the Church of England parish of Steventon, England.

The parson, Mr. W. Bowker, found that his parishion-

Hands that wash dishes
need soothing NIVEA care

Modern detergents dry out natural skin oils, leaving hands rough and chapped. Eucerite, the nearest thing in this world to natural skin oils, contained in world-famous Nivea Creme, replaces these oils, returning hands to their natural beauty. Start using Nivea today.



SKIN needs NIVEA

Available in tins or tubes and Nivea Skin Oil in bottles. Obtainable everywhere.

Career Housewife



WORKING WIFE, Mrs. D. Brennan, Victoria Street, Potts Point, Sydney, has a job many housewives would envy. Glamorously gowned, with beautiful make-up and hair-do, she stands on a pedestal in the foyer of the Prince Edward Theatre, Sydney, the centre of all eyes as she greets patrons and directs them to their location in the theatre.

WITH A WAVE OF HER WELL-GROOMED HAND With hands always in the spotlight, Mrs. Brennan must keep them attractive and well-groomed. It isn't always easy when you do your own washing, but Mrs. Brennan has the answer. She says: "On washday I always use Persil because it's so wonderfully kind and gentle. Persil keeps my hands soft and smooth."

P.141.WW62g

Jumble sale surprise

● First prize of £20 in our "Strange but True" contest this week was won by Mrs. J. D. Cameron, 27 Rosebery Rd., Killara, N.S.W.

HERE is Mrs. Cameron's winning entry:

Having spent seven years in the W.A.A.F. during and after World War II, I must have been feeling in sentimental mood when at a jumble sale the other day I spotted a pair of the familiar blue-grey battledress slacks, obviously W.A.A.F. "technical trades" issue. I bought them at once.

On reaching home I found they were a perfect fit—some-what to my surprise, as during my service days I'd always had to have my uniforms altered.

But this was nothing to my surprise when I found my own name and number on the waistband.

Yes, they were the very same slacks I'd handed in at a demobilisation centre in Lancashire, England, in 1947. I had bought them back, still looking like new, in Brisbane, Australia, eight years later and 15,000 miles away!

Prizes of £5 were awarded the following:

Number, please

ARRIVING at a friend's home in Adelaide, I wanted to tele-

phone my home in Melbourne.

As my friend had a telephone, this seemed quite simple. I dialled "Trunk Lines," and asked for U4512 in Melbourne. When the exchange girl asked me for the number from which I was calling, I was amazed to be told by my hostess it was U4512.

You can imagine the complications with the exchange, such as, "We want the number

STRANGE but TRUE

you are ringing from, not the number you want in Melbourne."

The explaining went on for some time, until I was able to convince the telephonist that the call was from U4512 in Adelaide to U4512 in Melbourne.

Mrs. H. Davis, 91 Kent Ave., Croydon, Vic.

Faith fulfilled

WE were on our farm, the year was one of drought, and our crops had failed. After paying the

farm hands, we were left with very little.

But my mother had always told us never to lose hope, always saying, "The Lord will provide." As I spent our last shilling I remembered her words and, involuntarily, I picked up the old family Bible she had left me when she died.

I opened it at random, and there between the leaves was a £1 note! I remembered then that my mother used to keep her £1 notes in the Bible.

Mrs. A. Dunn, Highbury East, S.A.

Mango menace

DURING the mango season here in North Queensland, one of our delights is to go out with a dish of water and a knife and enjoy some ripe mangoes straight from the trees.

This particular afternoon, my sister and I, with our daughters, were all out under a mango tree and had just started to enjoy the fruit when, without warning, my sister was lying on the lawn gasping for breath and obviously in great pain.

She was in pain for some

HOW TO ENTER

WRITE your "Strange but True" experience clearly and in not more than 250 words. The story must be true and must not previously have been published. It can be amusing, sad, dramatic, or romantic.

Send your entries, giving clearly name and address, INCLUDING THE STATE, to "Strange but True," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

The decision of the judges will be final. No entries can be returned or any correspondence entered into.

Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies and employees' families are not eligible to enter this contest.

time, and we were mystified about the cause of it until we discovered a mango had fallen from the tree and hit her on the back of the neck.

It may not happen again for years, but it taught us to be cautious about sitting or standing under mango trees while the fruit is in season. Some of them are very tall and so the fruit falls with great force.

Mrs. E. Penrose, 131 Arthur St., Roma, Qld.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 29, 1957

A nice (much cheaper) cuppa tea

By SHEILA McFARLANE, staff reporter

The fascinating Chinese businesswoman, Esther Soong, who stunned the Australian import trade by thawing the freeze on new tea import licences since restrictions were enforced in 1942, gave these two reasons for her fight to get Formosan tea on the market:

● "To put cheaper, good-quality tea in stores here as a small repayment for the tremendous friendship extended to me in 1941."

● "To foster trade between Australia and Formosa, hoping it will do even the smallest bit to strengthen all that is left of my own country."

THE tea Esther Soong will import from Formosa has been cultivated specially to give a flavor and scent as close as possible to those of the popular Ceylon tea.

"The main differences are that the Formosan tea is slightly strong and not so powdery," said Miss Soong. "It is popular in Europe and the Middle East, and I'm sure Australians, too, will enjoy its taste as well as its economy."

"But I'll be ready to apologise if I'm proved wrong." Already Australian distributors have requested supplies of the new tea several times greater than the £3000 "experimental" shipment.

"I would never have obtained the licence without the help of Sir Wilfred Kent Hughes," said Miss Soong. "He has the same ideals as I have about bringing prices down for the Australian housewife and fostering trade between our two countries."

She met Sir Wilfred while he was serving with the A.I.F. in Malaya.

Interviewed in Melbourne, Sir Wilfred said, "I am interested in obtaining tea at a lower price. It is a commodity which affects every household budget and is an important item in the cost of living. I cannot agree that import licences are necessary."

Sir Wilfred remembers how reviving tea was during the

war and how the men used to boil it up six times over.

I found attractive, dark-haired little Esther Soong in her Melbourne office, ensconced behind a wide work-laden desk on which two telephones were ringing in imperative duct and a half-eaten ice-cream had been abandoned in favor of an urgent telegram from Canberra which asked for more samples of Formosan tea to be despatched immediately.

In the trade

Old-established tea importers in Melbourne say they do not begrudge Esther Soong her import licence. But they feel strongly that licences should not be withheld any longer from those who have been long associated with the tea trade here and who have repeatedly been refused import licences and have had to operate on others' licences.

Some of the traders doubt the tea's success, saying that Formosan tea is not new to Australia. Miss Soong explains that her import is a completely new cultivation, not yet tried here.

(Australia, third-largest tea-drinking country in the world, drank 54 million pounds of tea last year).



CHINESE IMPORTER Esther Soong in her Melbourne office with samples of types of Formosan tea. The tea she is importing to be sold at about 2/- a pound less than current prices approximates Ceylon tea in scent and flavor.

The ice-cream was Miss Soong's lunch; the phone calls queries about the new tea; and the telegram was from the Chinese Minister to Australia, Dr. Chen, wanting to let Canberra people taste the tea.

After dealing patiently with these and several other callers, Miss Soong recalled her unexpected entry into the Australian export-import business.

"Not long after leaving college in Hongkong, where our family lived after migrating from northern China, I set off on an educational world tour," she said.

"The war in the Pacific broke out while I was in Melbourne, where I had meant to stay for only six months before entering an American university."

"I worked for the Southern Command Intelligence Department for four years, during which I became more and more impressed with the extent of Australia's raw materials."

"I wrote to my brother, Quong (S. K. Soong), who is managing director of our firm in Hongkong, and suggested he come over to open an export business in Australia."

"He told me he didn't know Australia as well as I did and to try it myself. So I did."

Esther had no previous experience in the trade and caused comment in import-export circles when, with office space almost unobtainable, she opened shop in a car-dealer's building.

But then—as now—she stuck to one of her father's philosophies: "If you have a strong principle you should be able to stand up single-handed to it against the whole world."

Eventually, through friends, Esther Soong found a small Collins Street office among well-established agents.

Then she brought Grace, one of her sisters, to Australia. Grace is now her invaluable assistant.

Big exporter

THE business is mainly exporting wool, leather, and foodstuffs to Formosa. Last year her exports totalled £500,000.

"I could make that a million pounds this year, if only Australian prices could compete with European," she said.

She recently opened a market in Formosa for Australian brass and copper, after 18 months' patient negotiations with manufacturers.

Esther and Grace Soong do not fit the popular conception of modern, hard-bitten businesswomen. They are feminine, do business in their national dresses, speak softly, and bring an air of sincerity to business.

Their extremely strict Christian upbringing in a highly respected Chinese family, renowned for centuries as scholars and courtiers, is the basis of their business.

"Be honest, whatever the cost," is one of their mottos; "Repay kindness" is another. Esther took her European name from Queen Esther in the Bible. Her Chinese name, Ngan Kiu, means Outstanding Swan.

In 1951 Esther married John Davidson, a Scots-born Melbourne businessman, and had planned a world tour with him this year. But he died suddenly last June.

PATONS NEW BOOK HAS THE CLUES FOR KNITTING CUTE HATS



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Patons KNITTING WOOLS

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GRAVY—THE QUICK EASY WAY



No straining required as Gravox makes no lumps

Gravox
for Gravy

BUY THE LARGE ECONOMY SIZE



SISTERS Esther (left) and Grace Soong, who work together in the Melbourne export-import business, enjoy a cup themselves. They are using a Chinese teapot and cups; the basket is padded to serve as a "cushy."



Mary Blake, World Famous
Carnation Home Economist says—

“For the best CUSTARD
you ever tasted—
use Carnation Milk”

Elevate Ordinary Custard to the Luxury Dish Ranks. Simply use Carnation with an equal quantity of water where your usual recipe calls for milk. No other form of milk can do so much for a custard, and there are good reasons. Carnation's special blending qualities account for the **extra smoothness**, and its double-richness produces the **extra full flavour**. For better results that you will notice immediately, make your next custard with Carnation.

PROVE IT YOURSELF
WITH THIS EASY . . .

CARNATION CUSTARD RECIPE

1 tablespoon custard powder or two small eggs; 1 cup Carnation Milk; 1 cup water; 1 tablespoon sugar; lemon or vanilla essence.

Blend custard powder with a little Carnation Milk or beat eggs slightly. Add Carnation, water, sugar and essence. If using custard powder, cook over slow heat, stirring constantly until thick. If using eggs, cook over boiling water until mixture coats the spoon, but do not boil.



Never a lump—never a failure with sauces made with Carnation



WHITE SAUCE. Melt one tablespoon butter in a saucepan over medium heat. Blend in one tablespoon flour and ½ teaspoon salt. Cook one minute. Gradually add ½ cup Carnation mixed with ½ cup water. Stir constantly until mixture thickens. Cook two minutes.



QUICK CHEESE SAUCE. Heat ¾ cup Carnation in a saucepan over low heat until small bubbles appear around the edges of the pan. Blend in ½ cup grated processed cheese, add salt and pepper to taste. Heat for about one minute stirring constantly.

Carnation MILK
from contented cows

The better blending milk for all your cooking



WRITE FOR FREE NEW COOK BOOK! Send name and address to Mary Blake, Carnation Home Economist, Carnation Milk Company, 252 Swanston Street, Melbourne. You'll receive a full-colour recipe book "Winter Surprises with Carnation" by return.

AC 9/57

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 29, 1957



AT THE HORSE STALLS are (from left) Edmund Playfair, Mrs. Edmund Playfair, Mrs. Jim Davidson, five-year-old Simon Playfair, and Jim Davidson, who is president of the Burrangong Picnic Race Club. Fanikin, owned by Edmund and Jim, raced in the Fontenoy Improvers' Handicap.



WALKING UP THE HILL for afternoon tea in the marquee are (from left) Philippa Heafey, of "Freshfield," Boorowa, Sally McFarlane, of "Milly Milly," Young, and Virginia Brown, of Bellevue Hill, who stayed at "Milly Milly."

Young Picnic Races

TWO pretty local girls, Julia McFarlane and Marianne Scott, stole some of the limelight from the winning horses at the Burrangong Picnic Race Club's one-day meeting at Young.

Julia, as the eldest granddaughter of the late D. H. McFarlane, presented his memorial gold cup for the main race of the day.

The cup has been awarded since 1953, and Julia's aunt, Mrs. David Lindsay, of "Cumgilliga," Cowra, previously had made the presentation. However, just now the Lindsay's are on a four months' trip through America and England, so Julia did the honors.

French Love, raced by Paddy Clement, of "Woolbrook," Bigga, won the cup.

Then after the next race—and a delay of twenty minutes while a protest was heard—Marianne Scott tied the winner's sash round Language, who raced home to win the Olde Milong Cup, presented by Marianne's father, Bill Scott, and named after his property at Young.

GENIAL secretary, Keith Campbell, told me that this year's weather for the races was in complete contrast to last year, when the meeting was washed out by rain. "Now we're praying for rain in this district," he said. The race-course, usually clover-green, is this year brown and dusty . . . and many a new race outfit had to be given a good brush after driving to the course through clouds of dust.

THERE was a good roll-up of Picnic Race Club presidents from other districts—Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Shannon came over from Yass, Ken Kelsall from Wagga, the Frank Andersons from Cowra, Mr. and Mrs. Ken Foster from Cootamundra, Richard Hyles from Canberra, and Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Maple-Brown from Goulburn.



CONGRATULATIONS for Paddy Clement from Julia McFarlane, of "Milly Milly," Young, when his black mare, French Love, won the D. H. McFarlane Memorial Gold Cup.

AFTER three races came the luncheon break and a bee-line was made for the cars, boots were unpacked, young boys were sent scurrying up the hill for boiling water for tea—and the picnic lunches were in full swing.

MORE than 150 guests crowded into a marquee lined with trestle tables which nearly sagged under all the food for the luncheon given by the president, Jim Davidson, and his charming wife, Antilla. The Davidsons had a house party at "Memagong" for the races . . . their guests included the Toby MacDiarmids, over from "Burra Burra," Queanbeyan, and Mrs. Davidson's sister, "Tibby" Playfair, and brother-in-law, Edmund Playfair, who drove nearly 650 miles from their home "Wittalocka," Keith, South Australia, for the picnic race festivities.

AT 2.15 everybody straggled down the hill from the cars to watch the running of the Fontenoy Improvers' Handicap . . . and to see Golden Penny, a bay filly owned by the Fred Roses, of "Bongalong," Muttama, romp home. And, even more exciting for the Roses, Golden Penny was ridden by their schoolboy son Bill, on vacation from Kings.

AFTER the races the long string of cars gradually unwound as everybody drove

out to various homesteads for drinks and dinner before the ball. Most of the guests brought their glamor clothes with them, changed after dinner, then drove back into town.

MORE than four hundred guests arrived at the Town Hall for the Picnic Race Ball—and, true to form, both city and country girls defied the bitterly cold night and blossomed out in formal ball gowns—in everything from stiff silks to drifting chiffon. Marcia Moses, just back after twenty months in England, wore a floor-length black dress, the low, square neckline and tiny puffed sleeves bound in narrow white satin ribbon, falling to the hem at back . . . Natalie Garry chose white and shocking-pink . . . a draped bodice of pink delustrated satin and a drifting skirt of white tulle sashed in pink.

INCIDENTALS . . . The long queues which formed outside the tote to be paid after each race . . . Mrs. Hector McFarlane, missing from the Young races this year, attending the picnics at Alice Springs, Northern Territory . . . and at the ball, voted the most glamorous couple on the floor, lanky Michael Davidson, of "Little Yarran," Young, and his blonde wife, Pam, wearing a slim forest-green velvet dress.

Anne



ELEGANT TWOSOME at the races are Diane Greaves (left) and Mrs. Bill Douglass, two visitors from Sydney, who were in David Marina's house party at "Wonga," Young. Diane arrived home from England five days before the picnics.



AT THE BALL are (from left) Malcolm Nunn Patrick, Mrs. Nunn Patrick, Mrs. John Randall, and John Randall. Both Mrs. Nunn Patrick and Mrs. Randall chose full-skirted dresses of sky-blue for the Picnic Race Ball, which was held in the Young Town Hall.



EARLY arrivals at the course were Ann ("Scrap") Foster and Tony Mason, of "The Mill," Tumut. "Scrap" wore one of the prettiest young outfits of the day—a wool suit and a 1920-style fawn cloche.

This beautiful floor is kept beautiful
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Visitors to Mrs. T. Palmerston's smart home in Killeaton Street, St. Ives, N.S.W., admire her striking contemporary furniture and beautiful gleaming floors. Yet — in the accepted sense of the word — these floors have never been polished! "I just wipe on a little Johnson's Glo-Coat and let it dry", says Mrs. Palmerston. "That's all there is to it."

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FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

Rules made by adults and parents are not thought up deliberately to thwart the pleasure of teenagers. They are designed to protect them against the social pitfalls they may encounter as they grow up.

A NUMBER of girls who are against these rules have written to me this week.

Here is the first letter I received:

"WE are five girls aged between 16 and 17. Our boy-friends always ask to walk us home after dances, but owing to hostel rules this is impossible, although we'd like to. The boys threaten to discontinue our relationships unless we do so. We think we're old enough to be trusted with this privilege—do you?"

"Worried Five," W.A.

I cannot say. I don't know you. Some girls of your ages are well-behaved girls with more sense than many women 10 years older, others are sky-larking larrikins.

But let me quote you something from your own letter: "Owing to hostel rules this is impossible." That's it, isn't it? Whether you are old enough or not for the privilege doesn't matter; you live in a hostel with certain rules and you must stick to them while you live there.

As for those boys and their demands that you walk home with them or your relationships end—who do they think they are? The only boys in the world? They're obviously adolescent dictators who would make your lives a misery in no time.

"I AM 18 and have no boy-friend. I have old-fashioned parents who don't allow me to go out anywhere by myself and always have to know where I'm going, even if I am with others. I am not allowed to wear make-up. As I am not pretty, I am afraid of being left on the shelf. The only freedom I get is at tennis on Saturday afternoons, but here all the young people are in couples. It is not as though I did not know how to behave with boys, because I have an older brother. How can I meet more young people and not always be treated like a child?"

"Downhearted," N.S.W.



A word from Debbie . . .

EVERYONE is always looking for party games. Here are some to break the ice next time you entertain.

- Put a sheet across a door so that it ends about 14 feet from the floor. Ask the guests to walk behind the sheet while those watching try to guess who the legs belong to. Don't forget to make the boys walk across, too. It's extra good if you can arrange the leg parades as the guests arrive. The guessing audience for the first ones can be the family.
- Pin the name of some object or person on the back of each guest as he or she arrives. Each guest then has to find out what it is by asking one another questions like "Am I alive?" "Am I animal, vegetable, or mineral?" "Which continent am I found on?" etc.
- If you ever have a do for charity, it's fun to have a mad admission charge. In America, the latest craze is to charge by the color of your eyes. Sample charges are 3/- for blue eyes, 2/6 for brown ones, 6d for the green ones. Get the idea? You can set your own scale of prices. Another idea is the size of your shoe in threepences — it all adds to the fun.

That older brother of yours could be the answer to your problems. Is he on your side? If he's not, can you win him over?

I, of course, quite agree with your parents when they won't let you go out alone and insist on knowing where you are going. They do this for your own protection, and are absolutely right to do so. But surely they would allow you to go out with your brother, and surely he has friends whom you would like to know.

I don't agree with your parents about your make-up. It's a rare girl of 18 who doesn't wear make-up these days; I'd really talk to them about that.

When I say "Talk to them" I don't mean attack them aggressively. Ask them good-temperedly for their permission, and ask your mother's advice about its purchase. (Remember the fashionable pink lipsticks always appeal to parents more than red ones for a start.)

As for being left on the shelf, you are mad. Eighteen is the time to start having a social life, 28 is the age to

worry about being left on the shelf. You say you are not pretty. You don't have to be to attract a masculine eye. Charm is undefinable, and I can't tell if you have it, but I think whether you are charming or not you are nicer if you learn to be genuinely interested in other people and things.

If you sit round being apathetic and feeling sorry for yourself, you'll get nowhere. Girls who like to do everything, from playing records to painting the front fence or going to a super party, always seem to be more popular than the ones who only like to do certain things, such as going to the pictures.

I don't think you make enough of the opportunities you have for making friends at the tennis club. Whether or not the girls and boys are in couples it's nice to be popular with them. If you are, they will want to introduce you to their friends.

And single boys do turn up at tennis clubs, you know. Sometimes they come because their friends tell them about the nice, unattached girls there.

*****DISC DIGEST*****

OPERA fans who are keen to build up a good basic library of records should make a point of hearing a 45 r.p.m. extended-play disc which groups four of Puccini's finest arias. They are "One Fine Day" ("Madame Butterfly"), "Behind These Silken Curtains" ("Manon Lescaut"), "They Call Me Mimì" ("La Bohème"), and "Oh, My Beloved Daddy" ("Gianni Schicchi"). And when you consider that they are sung by none other than the reigning diva of the day, Maria Meneghini Callas, it's enough to send the most lethargic collector hot-foot to the nearest

record store. This operatic feast is served up on a 7-inch platter numbered SELO.1546.

IF ever a record has the magic quality of radiating sheer happiness and joy of living it's a new LP (T.573) called "Dixieland Classics." Pee Wee Hunt and His Orchestra have gone right back to the early days of jazz to select their marvellous programme, which they put across in rich period style.

Among the 12 tunes offered are such classics as "Milenberg Joys," "Original Dixieland One-Step," "Jazz Me Blues," "South Rampart

Street Parade," and the ever-stimulating "When the Saints Go Marching In."

I WAS delighted to see that some of pianist Carroll Gibbons' charming 78 r.p.m. recordings of the late '30s have been retrieved from the limbo of forgotten discs and transcribed on to a 10-inch LP (330S.1094). It's called "The Touch of Piano Music." It includes: "I'm Getting Sentimental Over You," "Time On My Hands," "The Way You Look Tonight," and several other charmers of that period.

—BERNARD FLETCHER



These are Australian: SILVER GULLS

● Australia has only two gulls. The Silver Gulls (*Larus novae-hollandiae*), pictured on this page, are the most common. The second species is the large Pacific Gull, which has a black back and yellow bill.

Pictures were taken at Five Islands, off Port Kembla, N.S.W., by Dr. Allen Keast, of Sydney.



ABOVE: Young gulls are a mottled brown color. In September and October the birds converge on islands, where they build nests of grass and sticks, laying two or three eggs.

RIGHT: White plumage with bright scarlet legs and bill makes the Silver Gull one of the most beautiful in the world. The Silver Gulls are found right round the Australian coastline.



COLONY OF SILVER GULLS at Five Islands, off Port Kembla, N.S.W., numbers many thousands. The gulls nest mostly on islands, where they form large colonies. They frequent the seashore, but in flood years have turned up as far inland as Lake Eyre. The gulls perform a useful role as scavengers round the bays and harbors.



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Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

IT'S high time hospital patients and visitors stopped their incessant moaning and started co-operating with nurses in the arranging of their flowers. Recently, as a patient in a large public hospital, I was surprised at the worry and trouble the flowers caused nurses. After each visiting hour nurses had to collect flowers, put the name and number of the bed on each bunch, and then next morning see that each patient received her own flowers. Many patients were most unreasonable, and blamed the nurse if the flowers did not live indefinitely. The nurses did their best, and it was most annoying to me to hear patients grumble about not getting back their own flowers.

Visitors could help by arranging their flowers for the patient, but wouldn't it be better for all concerned if all the flowers, after they had been seen by the patient, were shared by all wards. This would save nurses much worry.

£1/1/- to Frances Davies, 1 Brewer St., Concord, N.S.W.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

THE way some people climb to fame these days really staggers me. Take Elvis Presley, for instance. His recording of "Don't Want No Other Love" sounds like a petulant, unintelligible child trying to get his own way. I'd soon smack any child of mine if he spoke gibberish like that when he wanted anything. So how about it, Mrs. Presley?

10/6 to "Well Rocked" (name supplied), Ulverstone, Tas.

Search for "Mr. Right"

THE problem of "Poser" (8/5/57) in wanting to know what a man looks for in a wife is an old one and can be answered simply. The male, even the modern one, is an idealist and believes in the old-fashioned idea of romantic love. This is what so many modern girls forget in their search for "Mr. Right." Efficiency and competence are fine, but no man ever loved an accounting machine or an automatic dishwasher. To gain affection, a girl must be capable of giving affection.

10/6 to Mr. Lawrence Foster, 13 Sylvania Rd., Sylvania, N.S.W.

Family affairs

MY next-door neighbor and I were unable to afford baby-sitters and, having several young children between us, we seldom could have a break from home without taking all the family along, too. So we agreed to sit for each other at regular intervals, usually about twice a week. Sometimes this is at night and sometimes in the afternoon to give each other a chance to go shopping alone. At night, if we want to do the ironing or one of the scores of household chores and it's more convenient for the "sitter" to stay at home than to sit next door, we pay half-hourly visits to our charges to see they are sleeping soundly and that all's well. There must be many more neighbors who could bring relaxation and enjoyment into their homes with a scheme like ours.

£1/1/- to Mrs. S. Shepherd, 107 Kinghorn St., Goulburn, N.S.W.

• Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

WHEN trying to hurry along a crowded footpath, I often wonder why pedestrians do not observe the simple traffic rule of keeping to the left. I imagine that is really the object of the line painted down the middle of city footpaths, but no one seems to take any notice of it. If they did, the congestion and the frayed tempers would both be greatly relieved. I can't think of anything more exasperating, when in a hurry, than trying to dodge people who can't make up their minds on which side to pass.

10/6 to Mrs. Lillian Perel, 46 Carmody Rd., St. Lucia, Brisbane.

I HAVE always prepared carefully planned meals to give the family a balanced diet. Now I find many things previously listed as nutritious and possessing health-giving properties are considered almost worthless, and vice-versa. What should we do? Change our diet with each new theory, or keep to the meal-planning we have been taught, and hope for the best?

10/6 to Mrs. N. Joy, Eunina, via Roma, Qld.

WHY can't some magazine exchange system be worked between beauty salons and doctors' and dentists' waiting-rooms? Usually when you have to spend time waiting for appointments, you settle down to read the magazines provided. Then how frustrating it is to be midway through an exciting or interesting story, only to be called away and left to wonder how it ended. If a scheme were introduced to allow people to take and exchange one or two up-to-date magazines for the particular one in the waiting-room pile, the frustration of leaving an unfinished story would be avoided.

10/6 to Mrs. Veronica Hamlyn, Wilkatana Station, via Port Augusta, S.A.

Ross Campbell writes...

DOES cooking make you feel relaxed?

A female cookery expert says working women find that kitchen tasks relieve their nervous tension.

By working women she means women who go out to a job. She seems to think women who stay at home are loafing. But we'll let that pass.

As a working man I doubt whether cooking does relieve nervous tension.

Once or twice I have done some cooking after work because my wife was sick.

On these occasions I always put on a grill.

Grills are a cowardly-custard form of cooking. But if you can't do anything else, grills it must be.

The big snag is the timing, especially if you make toast. And I like a bit of toast.

I come in, throw the chops on the table, and go to see the invalid.

Would she like some dinner? No, thank you, she groans.

Then I summon the children. I tell them that there is a state of

KITCHEN FUN

emergency. A high standard of behaviour is expected all round.

I peel the potatoes and cut up a hunk of cabbage. So far so good.

A voice comes from the sick room: "I've changed my mind. Could I have a little junket?"

That's when things start to go off the rails.



I put the cabbage and the chops on, switch on the toaster, and warm the milk for the junket.

The junket won't junk. I don't know why milk never clots for me. It makes me feel like a clot.

While I struggle with the junket

the toast burns. I suddenly remember the potatoes are not on.

The chops are done, so I tell the children to sit down.

But there is a delay before the potatoes are ready. The diners get restless.

"He spilled my water!"

"She was taking my bamboo spoon!"

"BE QUIET, the lot of you!"

And after all that, there's the washing up.

No, getting dinner isn't my idea of a tranquilliser. Give me a dodgem ride any day.

But I can see that the husbands of working wives could try to take advantage of the new theory.

"How do you feel, Edna?"

"I'm all in, Fred. Had a shocking day. Let's go out to dinner."

"No, darling. It might excite you too much."

"WHAT?"

"The best thing for you in this state is to get busy over a hot stove. It will soothe your nerves, bring you a delicious feeling of—"

Clunk! A choko hits Fred in the face as his mate stamps out for a hamburger at the Doodropp Inn.

TERRIFIED WIFE

By **ARTHUR GORDON**

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA ROBERTSON

I AM always glad to get back to Paris, and I was particularly glad this last time. I had been in the Sahara for six weeks with a crew of French geologists doing a series of articles on oil hunters. It had been six weeks of blazing sun and burning sand, tinned water, no news, and not very clean Arabs. But now I was in Paris again.

Along the boulevards the chestnut trees were showing green. The sidewalk cafes were crowded. The taxis hooted their strident horns. This was Paris—charming, indolent, and whimsical. I was enchanted to be there. I had no particular plans beyond a long, hot bath, a civilised drink and a good dinner. After that—well, something would turn up. And it did.

When I went into the hotel bar at seven-thirty the first person I saw was Tony Ashurst. We had gone to the same school, Tony Ashurst and I, and to the same college. And then, after going our separate ways, we had been thrown together again during the war.

I had always liked him, even though some people said having too much money had spoiled him. I didn't agree. He had the nerve not to work (it takes quite a lot in our society) and he had plenty of physical courage.

Mountaineering was his passion. He had climbed most of the great peaks, including one in Peru that had never been scaled before. But he never talked much about his accomplishments. He was quite shy, really, and sensitive and proud. He looked rather like a Spaniard with his dark hair and sun-burned skin and intense eyes, but he was pure Philadelphia.

He was not a big man; he was light and wiry, the way most great climbers are. Usually there was a kind of tension about him, but now, sitting alone at the bar, he looked almost boyishly happy.

"Why, Jim," he said, when I walked up to him, "it's good to see you!"

"It's good to see you, too," I said, and hesitated, wondering whether or not to ask about Karen, his wife. I had heard a rumor that their marriage was not going smoothly. I decided not to risk it. "What've you been doing?" I asked, sitting beside him.

He looked faintly surprised. "You mean you haven't seen the papers?"

"Where I've been," I said, "there weren't any papers." I told him about the oil series.

"Then you haven't heard of the Ashurst discovery?"

I shook my head. "It wasn't oil by any chance?"

He smiled and said, "No, it—look, I'd like to talk to you, Jim, if you have the time."

We ordered drinks and went over to a table. Tony looked at me for a moment and then he said, "You know, Jim, you're the first person I've met who didn't begin by asking me about this business. Since you know nothing about it, I'd like to try an experiment with you. I'd like to tell the story from the beginning—something I haven't been able to do with anyone else—and see what you make of it."

Our Martinis arrived. I had all the time in the world.

"Go ahead," I said.

After a moment he said, "I feel a little hesitant about this. You'll see why. But even so I feel like sharing this story with someone, someone I've known for a long time. And you're the first person I've found that I could tell it to. Aren't you flattered?" he asked, smiling.

"Very," I said. As a matter of fact, I was.

He squared his shoulders a little, like a

diver on a high board. "It really began four years ago," he said, "when Karen and I were married."

I remember their wedding; it was the social event of the season, a big splashy affair with marquees on the lawn and all the champagne you could drink. It was a spectacular beginning, and for a year or two the marriage went very well. Tony and Karen travelled constantly; they circled the earth on one long honeymoon.

But then their happiness began to alter. It wasn't that they had grown bored with each other physically or anything like that. It was just that every man needs a sense of achievement—even if it comes only from conquering jagged masses of rock—and Karen hated the mountains.

She was afraid of heights and she hated climbing. It terrified her. Tony tried to make her see that being afraid was no disgrace, that fear could be overcome. But it was no use; Karen wanted no part of mountain climbing.

She never tried to stop Tony from going—he was careful to give her credit for that—but whenever he set out alone it was with a sense of guilt for having left Karen behind.

At first he went off on short trips, week-end climbs, but it was no good. Karen wouldn't say a word, but he knew she was upset. She hated to have him go, and this ruined everything. He felt guilty about leaving her, guilty about pursuing the only real interest he had outside of their marriage.

To page 37

Karen and Tony stood there transfixed at the sight that met their eyes.



BR

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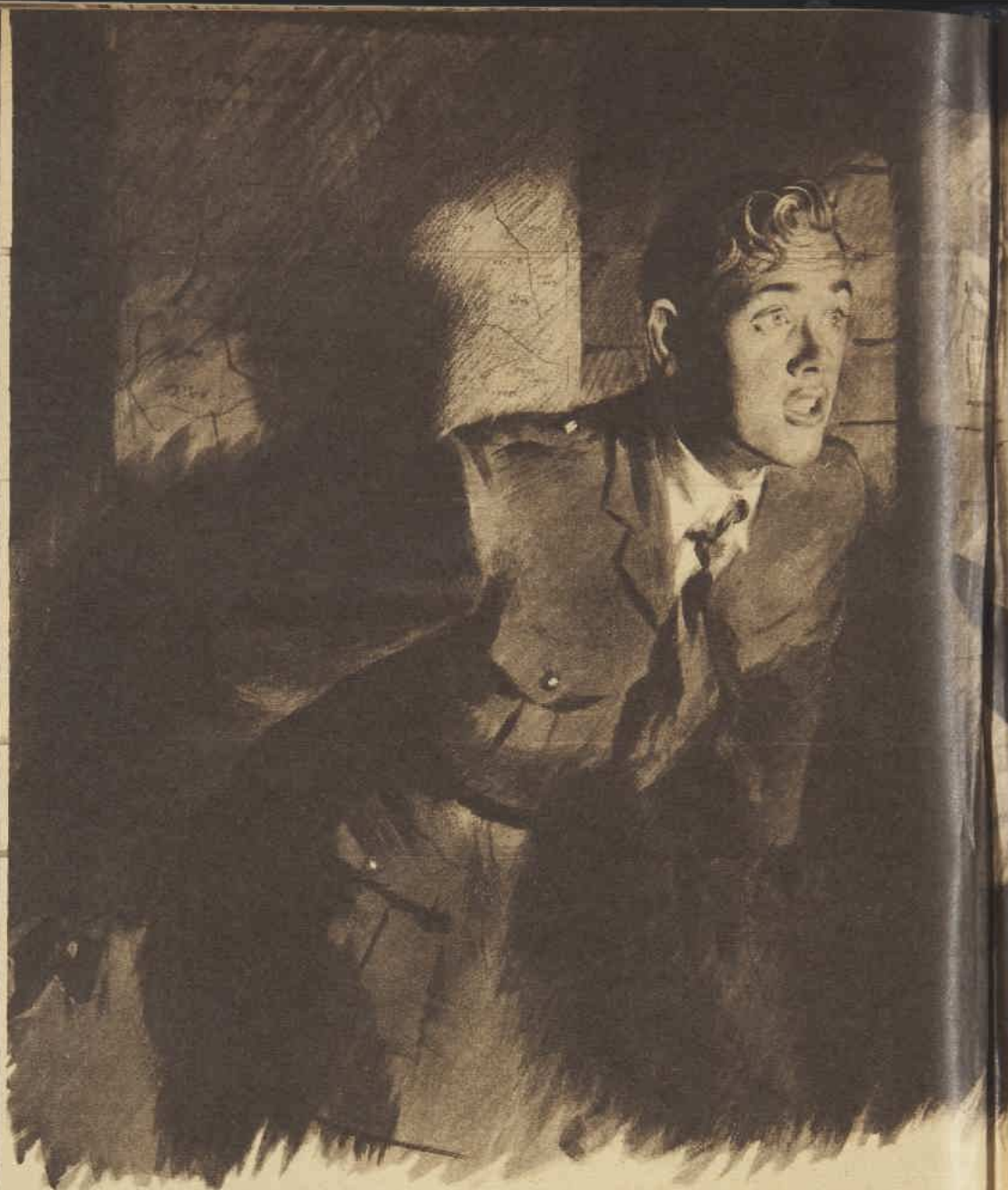
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LAST ENCOUNTER

A dramatic short story By N. J. CRISP

IT was the morning of the interview. Frank Bellamy ate his breakfast doggedly, although his stomach felt as if it were full of gunshot. He glanced again at his watch. "You've plenty of time, dear," said his wife.

He smiled with an effort. "I'm sorry. I'm a bit nervous."

"You needn't be," she said seriously. "If you don't get this job there'll be another one."

He didn't contradict her. Instead he wondered, not for the first time, how this still-beautiful woman could have such faith in a man who had made as many mistakes as he, Frank Bellamy, had.

Against all the evidence of experience, she believed in him, in his ability. Through the frustration, the disappointments, she remained constant, quietly convinced that he amounted to something.

Even these last months, when life had seemed a quick march towards ruin, she had not despaired as he sometimes had. When this last chance appeared, like an unexpected lifebelt bobbing away in front of him, she remained calm. He couldn't.

Oddly enough, this chance was the result of desperation. He'd tried all the usual things, the appointments bureau, answering advertisements, writing to personnel managers, with no result. He wasn't surprised. His record was bad

enough if he could talk about it, explain it. Put down on paper it looked ghastly . . .

Three weeks before he had thrown his pride away and gone to the aircraft factory. He had filled in a form and then sat waiting until a girl came in, smiled pleasantly, and said: "The personnel manager will see you now."

The office he entered was streamlined and efficient looking. A man stood up behind a glass-topped desk, shook his hand, and said: "Glad to see you, Mr. Bellamy. Sit down. My name is Morgan."

Frank sat down and waited while Morgan read through his application form again. Then Morgan looked up and said briskly: "It's only fair to tell you right away that we promote our executive staff from within our own organisation. Sorry, but it's company policy. I thought I had better explain to you personally since you've taken the trouble to come along."

He held out the application form. Frank didn't take it. He cleared his throat and said: "I came about the job you advertised."

Morgan gave a friendly smile. "I think you must have misread the advertisement, Mr. Bellamy. We want a time-keeper."

Frank said indistinctly: "So I understand." He cleared



Myra's scream rang through the air as North rose from the floor and menaced Frank with the heavy shovel he had grabbed.

his throat again. "It said that no previous experience was necessary."

Morgan lost his smile. "But surely you came out of the R.A.F.," he glanced at the application form—"with the rank of squadron-leader?"

"Flight-lieutenant," said Frank. "I was a squadron-leader for a while, but that was acting rank."

"Oh, yes. I see. Nevertheless, we don't normally get ex-officers, young ex-officers, applying for a job like this."

It was bad enough, Frank thought bitterly, to live with your failure without having to hold it up in public like a man examining an old suit for moth holes.

"I saw the advertisement and I want to apply for the job," he said doggedly.

Morgan pushed a box of cigarettes across the desk and flicked a desk lighter. When he spoke again it was in a kinder tone. He said: "I can only guess at the difficulties which could have made you consider a job like this."

Which would you put first, Frank wondered. The school fees, the debts, or simply just living . . . ?

"I'm not going to deny," Morgan went on, "that you could do the job on your head and I wish I could help. But I must be fair to my company. You're in some sort of temporary difficulty, but I can't imagine a man like you, a man with a distinguished flying record, being content for long with a little job. Before long you'd be looking for something else and then we should lose our timekeeper."

"I see."

"Sorry."

Frank sat sunk, for a moment, in humiliation. He had always imagined that, when the worst came, he would be able to lower his sights. But he appeared to excite the same suspicion, whether he was applying for a managerial or a menial post.

Morgan said: "Can you spare a few minutes? Don't take too much notice of this, but it may be . . . I've got a few contacts. Would you tell me a bit about yourself?"

"Gladly, if you think it's any use."

"I can't offer you anything, but if I knew what the trouble was . . ."

"In what way?"

"Let's try and be honest, shall we? You're in the middle thirties. Educated. An ex-officer, with one or two achievements, at one time at any rate. You seem like a man with some ability. What the devil are you doing looking for a job at a few miserable pounds a week?" Morgan paused. "If you're not too proud to accept advice, perhaps help . . ."

"No," Frank said. "Not now."

"Not now? Has that been your trouble?"

Frank looked back—back over the disputes, the angry words, the self-justification. "No, I don't think so," he said slowly. "Though I do seem to have a gift for antagonising people."

He hesitated. "It's difficult to see oneself objectively, but I have always thought of myself as a man of principle, unwilling to accept what is false and untrue, unable to accept the shoddy or the makeshift. It makes a nice picture, doesn't it?"

"It's beginning to make one for me. Go on."

"I've had plenty of chances, but never got anywhere. Oh, once, yes, I was a squadron-leader. I had my picture in a newspaper. They were going to write an article about me, but it never came off."

"Why not?"

"I told the reporter that I thought the stuff he'd written about me was drivelling, sentimental mush."

Morgan began to laugh. Frank grinned sheepishly. "It was true," he said.

"No doubt," Morgan said, chuckling. "Have you been going round telling people home truths like that?"

"Seeking for an opportunity? No. But if I've seen something that I thought was wrong, I've said so. And I've said it to a man's face, regardless of rank or position."

"I suppose you once told an air-commodore what you thought of him, and that was why you were only a flight-lieutenant when you came out of the R.A.F.?"

"He was a group-captain at the time. He became an air-commodore later."

Morgan tapped his teeth thoughtfully with a pencil. "Have you been ready to take your own medicine?"

"I hope so."

"You will have been told that you are arrogant?"

Frank flushed and clenched his fist. Then, deliberately, he forced his anger to drain away. "Yes," he said. "I've been told that. By myself. When it's all over, when I've cooled down, sometimes I've said that and worse. But is it as simple as that? All right, I've been hot-headed or worse, and because of that I've done and said things I've been bitterly sorry for. But . . ." He paused.

"But what?"

"It hasn't always been arrogance. I've seen injustice, incompetence, inefficiency. When I see it I say so. Is that wrong?"

"Surely the trouble is that in such cases you are prosecuting counsel, jury, and judge."

"I appreciate that. But it seems to me that, at the risk of being wrong, a man must be true to his convictions. Otherwise he's a vegetable."

"An unpopular doctrine," sighed Morgan, "and a rare one. Most people find it more convenient to temper ardor with discretion, and they approach the crusade with caution. If you debate about it long enough, the need for the crusade will usually have disappeared."

Frank examined the fray in his cuff. "I suppose it pays off better," he said. He got up and held out his hand. "This may be entertaining," he said, "but I don't think it's leading anywhere and it's certainly wasting your time."

Morgan smiled as he rose, too. "The man of action," he said. "You've told me a great deal. Leave it with me, will you?"

It was a curious, inconclusive ending. Frank felt it was probable that Morgan had no intention of going further.

Then, a fortnight later, he silently offered his most sincere

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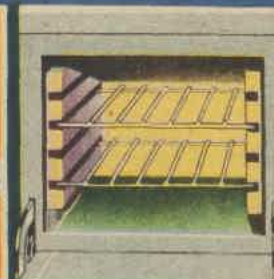
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THE TURNING POINT

A short story complete on this page

By FLORENCE JANE SOMAN

HENRY SHAW, forty-seven years old, rose to his feet when he heard the faint ring of the doorbell and admitted to himself that he was nervous. This is Johnny's girl, he thought, his heart beating hard; the girl who will soon be my daughter.

He looked across the beautiful room to his wife, Martha, who had risen, too. It was a big, heart-stopping moment, but Martha, as usual, looked charming and composed. What a remarkable woman she was, Henry thought; but his admiration was tinged suddenly with a kind of wistfulness.

No doubt, in the few moments that followed he would be bumbling and awkward, as he always was under emotional stress; he would say abrupt, senseless things and laugh too much and make a general fool of himself.

But Martha would say and do all the right things. Not for years had he known her to make a careless or awkward or foolish move. Or if she had, she would not admit it. Now, looking at her, he felt an unformed longing swelling inside him.

There was the sound of footsteps approaching from the foyer. Henry braced himself and stared at the Lowestoft plate on the wall. It was one of the most expensive of all the antiques he had collected over the years, his favorite of them all; but now his eyes did not focus on its beauty. Let her be sweet, he thought; just a nice, sweet girl.

The maid, at the archway, said, "Miss Lindell," and vanished.

Henry turned his eyes and, for a spinning moment, his breath stopped. Then relief flooded him like the sun. How delicate and pretty she was. Frightened.

It was most unfortunate that this young girl had to make her first visit without Johnny being present to introduce her to his mother and father.

Although Johnny and Amy were to be married quite soon, they had only met each other about six months ago, when Johnny's firm had sent him away to take charge of another branch.

Martha glided forward in her sure, graceful way. "My dear!" she said, smiling. Her hands went to the girl's shoulders; she bent to kiss her cheek. "How glad we are to meet you. Johnny has said so many wonderful things."

The girl looked swiftly around the room. She swallowed. "Isn't he here?" she said.

"No, my dear," Martha said. "He rang just before you arrived. As you know, he had to go to the office today to hand in a full report on the work he's been doing in the new branch for them. It seems by his hasty conversation on the phone that they are most interested in the results he has achieved for them. But I'm sure he will tell us all about it when he arrives. He shouldn't be long now."

She looked at Henry, a little smile on her mouth. "This is Johnny's father. He's been as anxious to meet you as I have." Behind the smile, a message to Henry was written in

patient love; it said clearly: "Don't just stand there, dear."

Henry read it and came forward so quickly that he knocked his hip against the table and it joggled. He was instantly furious with himself.

"Well!" he said, his hand outstretched. "Hello, Amy. I'm Johnny's father." But Martha had already said that, and now, as he pumped the girl's hand, he laughed for no reason at all.

It was as if he could feel Martha's eyes resting on him in warm amusement, and he was suddenly angry with himself. And he was unaccountably angry with Martha, too.

If only Martha wasn't so composed always, he felt that he himself would not appear so awkward. But over the years Martha had become more and more full of dignity and poise. Whereas Henry always felt clumsy and slow by comparison, especially since his illness.

The three of them sat down, with Martha doing most of the talking. Henry wished that Johnny would come; he could see that the girl wished so, too. If only she would relax, he thought, pityingly; he and Martha were trying to meet her halfway, and the girl was trying, too, but still they did not meet.

They were like three pieces of a picture puzzle that looked as if they should lock perfectly together, and yet, when you tried to put them in place, they would not fit.

Now he saw Amy look around her rather desperately as a silence fell. "You have such beautiful old things," she said.

"Let me show you some of them," Martha said. She rose, along with the girl, and they moved to the old rosewood desk.

Henry heard Martha's low, soft voice with only half an ear; he could see that the girl had a look of strain on her young face. Again he thought: I wish Johnny would come.

Martha turned away from the desk and the girl turned, too. She had been close to the wall and now, with an abrupt movement, her shoulder caught the bottom of the Lowestoft plate on the wall. It lifted from its wire rack, wavered, and crashed to the floor.

Henry's heart gave a great lurch and he jumped to his feet with an exclamation. He saw the girl, frozen, staring down at the three broken pieces of china on the carpeting. Now she lifted stricken eyes to meet Martha's horrified face. Two little spots of red appeared in her white cheeks and she seemed to speak from numbed lips. "I've broken it," she whispered.

Henry looked at Martha. She had flushed, and now she drew a deep breath. "But you didn't break it," she said. "I did!"

Henry felt a shock of astonishment. "You did?" he said.

Martha looked at him, flushing deeper. "I—I broke it months ago." Why, she was stammering like a schoolgirl. "I was washing it myself in the kitchen and I let it slip out of my hands. Then I pasted it together. I didn't tell

you, Henry, because I knew how fond you were of that plate."

She swallowed, looking at the girl. "It never would have broken on this soft carpeting, my dear, unless it had been broken before."

Henry heard the girl's breath go out in relief. But he could not stop staring at Martha. Something soft and warm rushed through him. Suddenly he smiled at her—a warm, almost boyish smile.

Quite suddenly he felt the years roll back and while Martha looked momentarily upset he felt almost protective towards her. It had certainly been a long time since he'd felt that way.

"Why, Martha," he said, "you let it slip out of your hands?" He came over and took her arm; then he looked over at Amy and winked. "I'm usually the clumsy one around here."

The girl looked different; her face was relaxed and happy. "Now there are three of us," she said.

And, all at once, Henry realised that it was true. They were all smiling and relaxed now; the broken plate had somehow drawn them together.



Dennis Adams.

For a second or two no one moved, then Amy seemed to speak from numbed lips. "I've broken it," she whispered, hardly daring to look up.

"She's a dear," Martha said after the two young people had left. "How lucky we are!"

"Very lucky," Henry came over and put his hands on her shoulders, smiling. "You were wonderful, Martha." Something had changed in her face, and it came to him that he had not looked at her in a long time like this. Or called her "Martha," either.

"Wonderful about what?" she said. "About that plate."

She looked regretful. "It's too bad about that plate."

"Not!" he said. His hands tightened. "It's wonderful. Wonderful that you let it slip out of your hands, wonderful that you pasted it together again like—" He shook his head, smiling. "Like a school-kid trying to doctor a bad report card. Wonderful that you got flustered and red in the face when you finally confessed."

He drew her close and whispered:

"Why, you didn't look much older than Amy, then. You looked like a girl I used to know—a girl named Martha Carey." He smiled down at her.

She looked astonished and confused and her mouth trembled, as if she knew suddenly what he meant. In a low voice, she said: "Have I changed that much, then?"

"Only on the outside," Henry said. "I should have known that."

He looked down at the broken pieces of his beautiful Lowestoft plate on the table. "We'll have to paste these pieces together again."

Martha looked up at him. Again? A little smile came to her mouth. But they had never been pasted together, because the plate had never been broken; she had only said that to make the girl feel better.

"Yes," she said. She looked at him and her voice shook a little. "We'll paste it together again." But she was thinking of her marriage.

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Opening instalment of our new serial,
a gay story in the romantic tradition

Bridal Array

By ELIZABETH CADELL

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNLOP

THE crossing had been far from pleasant. The steamer began its journey in the shelter of Southampton Water, but the calm deceived none of the passengers; the weather reports had made everybody only too certain of what awaited them in the English Channel. "State of sea: rough," The Times had stated uncompromisingly, and rough it was.

The September night came down and veiled the miseries of those on deck; in the cabins, sleepless travellers lay counting the uncomfortable hours that must elapse before the ship reached St. Malo and delivered them upon the fair—and firm—land of France.

Few on board remained indifferent or oblivious to the violent movements of the little vessel, but Sebastian Page, in one of the more luxurious single-berth cabins, slept soundly throughout the night. He had driven down from London, embarked himself and his car, eaten a good dinner, undressed, and gone to bed. The rolling and pitching of the ship, if he felt it at all, served only to lull him to deeper slumber.

In the morning, a steward roused him with tea. Sebastian yawned, stretched, sat up and put a lazy question.

"How long before we're in?"

"Matter of half an hour, sir. The ship's steadied up a lot."

"Rough night, was it?"

"It . . . well, yes; she danced about a bit, sir. You didn't feel it?"

"Didn't feel a thing."

The steward retired, not unimpressed. He had been attending the afflicted throughout the night, and Number 62, untroubled in expensive grey silk pyjamas, clear-eyed after a sound night's rest, presented a picture very different from the painful ones he had been wit-

nessing. He closed the door with respect, and Sebastian drank the tea, dressed, and went up on deck. There he found sunshine and a tossing, blue-and-white sea, and received the pleasant impression that St. Malo, acting on behalf of all France, was rushing forward eagerly to welcome him.

He leaned against the rail and let his eyes roam over the familiar beaches of Dinard. He was a tall man of about thirty-four, good-looking, with a slight air of aloofness; surrounded by fellow-passengers, he gave no sign of being aware that there was anybody on the deck but himself.

His eyes, glancing round casually, held only the reflection of his own thoughts; when he walked away from the rail he edged round human obstructions without appearing to see them, and the fact that he did so with quiet courtesy did nothing to allay the vague feelings he left behind him.

Sebastian's thoughts were not, in fact, on his present surroundings; he was contemplating the immediate future, which held some pleasant prospects. He glanced briefly at the seamen engaged in opening the hold; down there, he mused happily, was Betsy, waiting for a chance to show what she could do on the fast roads of Europe. France, Germany, Scandinavia; no hard-and-fast programme, he and Joss had decided.

Their plan was simply to drive Betsy as far and as speedily as possible in the two weeks at their disposal—or, more accurately, at Joss' disposal; Sebastian's time was his own. This was not to be a sightseeing tour; he and Joss had seen a good deal of Europe and would see a good deal more—some other time.

On this trip the sight to interest them most would be the three-figure indications on Betsy's speedometer.

He glanced over his shoulder at the steamer's turbulent wake and then beyond it to the white-flecked sea over which the boat from the island of Jersey was approaching St. Malo. It was due to arrive at half-past ten; by noon, Sebastian calculated, he and Joss would be on their way.

Joss . . . A smile hovered on his lips. Good old Joss. It would be good to see him again.

They were good friends, but they met only two or three times a year. That they had met at all was due to the accident of war, which had brought them together for three years in close and well-tryed companionship, bridging a gap unlikely to have been crossed in the ordinary course of their lives.

Sebastian was the only son of wealthy and titled parents, and moved along paths on which the primrose would have looked out of place. Joss was by profession an accountant, the son of nobody in particular, a man of simple and inexpensive habits. Financially they were poles apart; physically, only the English Channel separated them. Sebastian lived for the most part in London, while Joss owned a little cottage of Jersey granite perched on a slope overlooking the Corbiere lighthouse.

Joss had been surprised at the durability of the friendship. Without illusions, he had given it, in his own mind, a time limit. The limit had been reached and passed and Sebastian still sought him out, still claimed most of his vacations; they still enjoyed each other's company on trips abroad in Sebastian's sports cars, of which Betsy was the latest. Sebastian still descended upon the cottage for unheralded visits; Joss received him calmly, left him to amuse himself, and went on leading his own uneventful existence.

Each thought the other's way of life dull in the extreme, but their admiration for each other, unvoiced, persisted. Sebastian envied Joss' easy, casual acceptance of things as they came; Joss found peculiar pride in the knowledge that Sebastian, with all the odds against him, remained essentially unspoiled.

The ship bumped gently once and then again, and Sebastian came out of his reverie to find that it was parked, to all appearances, on a street in St. Malo. A few feet away stood French policemen, French porters, and a miscellany of French citizens. Family groups clustered beyond the barrier, waving and shouting to their relatives on board; the gangway was being placed in position. Sebastian felt a surge of keen anticipation; he was here, Betsy

was here, Joss would soon be here, and they would soon be off.

And speaking of getting off, why, he wondered, did people always have this unaccountable desire to be first off the ship? Why did they load themselves with hand luggage and push frantically in an effort to squeeze themselves through the throng? Why didn't that elderly woman in black, for example, sit down and rest until the gangway was in position and she could go comfortably ashore? Why dig her elbows into neighboring ribs and tread on intervening toes when by merely waiting a few minutes she could disembark with dignity? What was the rush?

The Paris train didn't leave for another couple of hours; the coaches lined up waiting for excursionists could wait a little longer; why stampede?

He stood leaning against the rail for some time, making no effort to disembark, watching the busy scene below, and amusing himself by contrasting the noisy and gesticulating groups with the comparatively phlegmatic types he had observed at Southampton the night before.

This, he considered, was all very French; some of those fellows down there seemed to be angry, some exasperated, but they were all plainly over-excited. Temperament. Nor did the temperament seem to be confined to the dock area. Everywhere on the road people seemed to be gathering to discuss some important news.

His curiosity stirred, Sebastian at last went below, saw his luggage carried out, and followed it down the gangway. The majority of the passengers were ashore; he threaded his way to the Customs shed, passing the tourists who were being rounded up for the Mont-St. Michel tour and those who were being shepherded to the coach for La Baule.

He had his luggage placed on the counter near a Customs official, and then found that nobody was displaying any great eagerness to clear passengers' baggage; the Customs officials, like their compatriots, were in a group, arguing and gesticulating.

Sebastian addressed the porter who was waiting for his cleared luggage.

"What's happening?" he inquired.

"It is a strike, Monsieur. There are no trains; the trains have stopped; the trains will not go because those who drive them will not drive them. There are no trains. It is a strike."

That, reflected Sebastian, made it reasonably clear. Well, it was bad luck for those who needed trains, but for himself it was no headache; Betsy would soon be hoisted aloft, set gently down

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At Sebastian's request Joss looked across at the girl walking towards a green car with a young man. "It's Jessica de Vrais," he said.



apologies in Morgan's direction. For out of the blue a letter had arrived, giving details of a vacancy with the massive Esterby Corporation, and asking him to fill in an application form.

He posted it by return. After that the days seemed to drag, and he impatiently met the postman each morning.

He told himself that he was being stupid. A senior position with a salary that seemed to him to be fabulous . . . what would they want with a man who had taken such decisive wrong turnings?

Then, like the answer to a prayer, it came; a letter, on sober, expensive notepaper. He was to attend the headquarters of the Esterby Corporation for an interview . . .

Frank looked anxiously at his watch, and then at the kitchen clock. His wife smiled. She said: "They'll like you, you'll see. I've got a feeling about this job."

"I'm going to try," he said earnestly. "No disputes. No arguments. They'll think I'm a model applicant."

When Frank arrived at the imposing Esterby office block the porter said: "You're a little bit early, sir — so if you'd wait in the reception office, please . . ."

He opened a door and ushered Frank in. Frank sat on the edge of a deep armchair, and then saw that he

Continuing . . . Last Encounter

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shared the office with a girl. She looked at him and made a note in a large book.

Frank supposed that she was the receptionist, and that applicants for executive positions were ten a penny to her. Just the same he wished that she would talk to him. He also wished that the interview were over.

The telephone on the desk buzzed and the girl answered it. She said: "Very well, sir. In two minutes."

She sat back in her chair, polishing her nails lazily. Frank tried to catch her eye, but couldn't. He said: "Is the ordeal due to begin?"

"Yes." She cocked an eye at the sweeping second hand of the clock. "In one minute, thirty seconds."

He said, smiling: "Is it really time to the second?"

"Yes."

Frank sat back, and furtively watched the second hand of his watch creep round the dial. It took a long time to do it. Then, abruptly, the girl stood up and beckoned him across the room. She opened a door and led him through. "Along this corridor, turn right, and it's the door at the end."

Frank braced himself, then walked swiftly along the corridor. He found the right door, and knocked on it. A thin plaque said in small gold letters: "Mr. North."

The door opened, and North said, shaking his hand: "Come in. Sit down."

Frank sat in the leather armchair facing a big desk. North was a powerful, heavy man with a solid, handsome face spoiled only by a crooked nose. It wasn't a face that would easily be forgotten, and although it was sixteen years since Frank had seen it, he recognised him instantly.

Now the name came back to him through the years. North! Of course—that was it. How could he ever have forgotten? But what cruel, what damnable luck, that this should be the man to decide his future!

North picked up some papers, and leafed them. He said: "You will forgive me, Mr. Bellamy, if I refresh my memory about you."

Frank answered the routine questions automatically, his eyes fixed on North, who seemed quite unconcerned. Didn't he remember . . . ?

It had been soon after Frank joined the R.A.F. as an aircrew cadet that he became aware of North. North was rather older, reserved, yet very self-confident. It was dif-

ficult to recapture the atmosphere of those days. There had been the hectic tense business of learning to fly, which, at the age of twenty, seemed to be the most important thing in the world.

Except, perhaps, Myra . . .

Myra was fair and lovely and exciting, and Frank was certain that she was the only girl in the world. He was intensely proud of her, and enjoyed showing her off. It was all rather charming and uncomplicated—except that he was jealous. She laughed at him, and teased him, and he was rather ashamed of himself and tried to suppress it. But he was still jealous.

They had little enough time together. He was working hard, and was often unable to see her. As bad luck would have it, he couldn't take her to the All Ranks' Dance.

"I can't help it. I'm on guard duty that night," he said.

But she was so deliciously disappointed that in the end he said: "Look, I'll try and arrange to take a late turn. If I wangle it properly, I'll be able to take you, but I'll have to leave you there. Will that be all right?"

"Oh, thank you, darling," she cried, laughing, and flinging her arms around his neck. So that was all right.

She seemed to be enjoying herself when Frank left the dance, and he found the solitude of guard duty doubly unpleasant for the memory of the cheerful noise and bright lights.

There was a bus to take the invited civilian girls back to the town, and when Frank heard it grinding towards him along the road out of the camp, he felt a faint sense of relief.

The bus stopped at the barrier, and Frank climbed in with the idea of wishing Myra good night—

Myra wasn't there.

Frank got out and walked round to the driver's cabin. The driver said: "Hurry up, mate. I want to get to bed. There's no deserters' hidden away."

"There's a girl missing," Frank said. "Small, slim girl with golden hair."

"That's right. She lost a shoe. I couldn't wait for her."

"How's she going to get home?"

"There's a feller looking after her. Big, good-looking bloke. Know his name as well as anything."

"North?"

"That's it. He said he'd get her home. I daren't wait, mate."

You know the rules about this blinking bus."

Frank climbed down, raised the barrier, and watched the red light of the bus disappear along the road.

Then, almost against his will, that unpleasant blotch of jealousy began to form, so that the loss of a shoe might seem a sinister thing.

North was a handsome man, older than most of them, more experienced. Perhaps the whole thing had been arranged?

This was nonsense, he told himself irritably. But it seemed a long time before he heard their footsteps coming along the road.

If he stood quite still, he could hear their voices now, low and soft, as if they were speaking of private, pleasant matters. Now and again Myra's laugh, which he knew so well, rang delicately in the silence.

He moved into the shadow of the guardroom, so that they could not see him. North was saying, "Are you cold?"

"A little."

The footsteps stopped.

"Here, have my greatcoat."

"Just open it, and I'll come inside."

Frank could vaguely see the strong arm go round her, and heard her say gently: "You're very nice." Then he bawled:

"Cadet! Come here!"

North stopped, took off his greatcoat, put it round Myra's shoulders, and walked over to the guardroom. Frank opened the door, pushed him inside, and slammed it behind them. North blinked in the unaccustomed light, then his eyes focused on Frank.

Frank said: "You know you're not allowed out of camp."

"Can't be helped," said North. "I've tried to get a taxi, but no one will turn out."

Frank wanted to ask bitterly why Myra hadn't been on the bus. He said flatly: "You're not going out."

"Is she your girl?" North asked, amused.

"Just get back to your quarters."

North's face went hard. "Stop playing policeman. You can't get the girl home. I can." He moved towards the door.

Frank stepped in front of him. "The guard commander will be round soon. He can get on to the orderly officer. He can arrange transport."

"While," said North, his eyes cold, "you are cutting off lengths of red tape, the girl could have been home long ago. You can put me on a charge when I get back. Now get out of my way."

Frank didn't move. North pushed him aside with a sweep of his arm.

If Frank had kept his head,

the trouble might have been slight and forgotten in a day or two. He didn't. He hit North in the face, hard. North staggered and fell against the big stove. He was on his feet at once, and leaped at Frank.

The whole thing only lasted a few seconds. North was heavier, more powerful, and knew what he was doing. Soon Frank was cut and bleeding. His lips were pulled, and the taste of blood was salt in his mouth.

With a last rally of strength, Frank launched a despairing swing with his right fist. It landed on North's face, and he heard a crunch, and felt something give. Then North was writhing on the ground, blood pouring from his face.

The door opened, and Myra's scream rang out shrilly. Frank didn't turn round. He stood swaying, dully watching North. North pulled himself up and, when he stood on his feet, there was a shovel in one hand.

It was then that the service police arrived.

The repercussions were unpleasant and lasting, and Frank often thought that, if pilots hadn't been scarce, he would have been thrown off the course. It took him a long time to live the episode down.

But his cuts healed and the swelling subsided, and the bruises disappeared. When North came out of sick bay, his nose was twisted across his handsome face.

Frank saw North once again, just before he was posted, as he made his way towards the transport.

Frank stared, fascinated, at the broken, crushed nose, a sick regret in his heart. He was searching for words when North spoke. "You were lucky, Bellamy," he said. "But your luck will run out one day. I'll remember you."

He turned and climbed into the truck, and that was the last Frank saw of him.

Until today . . .

Automatically Frank answered the routine questions, while his eyes searched North's face for any sign of recognition. There was none.

Cautiously, Frank began to hope. After all, it was a long time, and clearly North was a very important and busy man. What more likely than that he should have forgotten a thing that happened many years ago?

North laid the papers aside, and Frank tensed himself. If it was coming, this was the moment.

North said: "You will forgive me some very personal questions?"

"Of course."

Leaning back in his chair, North picked up a paper knife. He said: "You had a distinguished active service record. D.S.O. and D.F.C. You held senior rank comparatively young. And then—you were captured—you lost your acting rank. You remained static for years. Is that why you left the R.A.F.?"

"Partly. I knew I should never get anywhere after . . . He glanced swiftly at North. "I'm rather ambitious, you see."

"Well, we need an ambitious man. What happened then?" "It's all on the application form," Frank said.

"I know," North said softly. "Management trainee, junior personnel officer and so on. Quite good opportunities. What happened?"

There was a choice. Excuses or the truth.

Frank chose the truth. He usually did . . .

North listened patiently to his recital, saying nothing, making no comment. At the end, he merely said again: "What happened then?"

"I joined an export agency." Frank took a deep breath. "The

NO MORE FRAYED SEAMS

More strength added
with Overlocked
"Gilt-edge"
seams



CAN'T
TEAR
EM

Rodeo
Twist

HARD-WEARING
WORK PANTS

Look for the "Gilt-edge" seams! They've been overlocked to prevent fraying and tattering and give greater strength. You can boil them—put them through a washing machine—without the seams becoming a mass of tangled threads. Ironing is easier and quicker. Sanforised shrunk. Rodeo Twist work pants are your best buy. All sizes, in shades of Grey and Olive. See them at any leading store.

Sanforised shrunk, with boat-sail pocketing, lock-stitched seams and bar-tacked pockets.

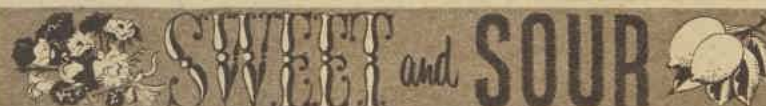
Also Jodhpurs and Stockmans Cut.

LOOK FOR THE FAMOUS TRADE MARK



DOUBLE
GUARANTEE

3 months' wear or a free pair or money back if not satisfied.



Contributions are invited for our Sweet and Sour contest in which each week we award £2/2/- for "The Nicest Compliment" and "The Best Backhander." Here are this week's winners.

THE NICEST COMPLIMENT

THIS happened when I was 38. My husband was working in the country and I and our three children had moved into a house at Sandgate, Queensland. The eldest child was 17 and the youngest 13. We noticed the next-door neighbor gazing at us inquisitively; then one day her curiosity got the best of her and she called me over to the fence.

"Excuse me," she asked, "but when is your mother coming to live with you?"

Startled, I replied that I was quite capable of looking after my family.

"Good gracious," she exclaimed. "I thought you were one of the kids."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. Alma McLucas, Upper Burringbar, Tweed District, N.S.W.

THE BEST BACKHANDER

WEARING a new outfit and hurrying to catch a tram I was hailed by a friend. Breathless, she joined me, remarking:

"At first I hesitated to call. I wasn't certain it was you. Gee, you look nice from the back — so different!"

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. G. Ishister, 34 Denbeigh St., Cairns, Qld.

Send your entries to "The Nicest Compliment" or "The Best Backhander," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

WORKING WIVES

What is a working wife? All wives, to some degree. But the mid-twentieth century has a special kind of working wife—the girl who marries, keeps her job for some time, and, with the help of her husband, runs an ordered home and leads a happy life.

THIS new type of marriage has a new dream behind it which replaces the old lord-and-master-and-chattel dream.

In it the husband and wife are good friends and team-mates sharing common chores and working towards a common goal.

The common goal may be one of many things—the purchase of a home, a car, furnishings, a washing machine, a TV set, a deep freeze, anything that would be impossible to buy unless both partners work.

The first thing necessary for this dream is the right man and woman.

Both partners must be prepared to break the old traditional rules of housewifery, despite neighborly and family opinions that their ideas are "funny."

Their "funny" ideas, that are so workable, are possible because they have replaced the old attitude towards marriage.

New attitude

IN the new attitude there is no hard and fast definition of "man's work" and "woman's work." The wife may put the garbage out—a husband may wash his nylon shirt.

The husband does not suffer any humiliation if he is caught dusting or pegging out the washing.

He is glad to share the jobs, because the new attitude releases him and his wife from the drudgery demanded by the average Australian home.

Women are their own greatest enemies in "attitudes." For most women deliberately or unconsciously teach men from childhood to be contemptuous of housework.

With the new attitude is a new approach. The mid-twentieth century's newly married couple have an entirely new concept of living. They don't base it (as many older wives do) on the rigid formalities practised by the English lord of the manor and his lady, where servants ironed out the wrinkles in the endless routine of housekeeping.

They no longer serve elaborate dinners with the poor, harassed wife cooking the dinner, serving it, making light conversation as she listens for the plop of the coffee percolator, after spending hours beforehand cleaning the silver, fluting the lace edges of the table linen, scrubbing and polishing the floors.

Cruel impositions

THEY have given away these cruel impositions and replaced them with a simpler, gracious living—one determined by their income, inclinations, and the way they live.

It is based on informality and improvisation rather than on any traditional pattern.

And it is gracious. But the graciousness stems from a system expertly described as "the substitution of a little headwork for a lot of legwork."

You'll only find the right way to live and work by experiment, by drawing on the ideas of experts with more time and money than you have, to help you over your problems.

You are the ones to decide how far you will go cutting labor to gain easy living, extra leisure.

It is much more exciting to plan your home to suit your requirements and those of your husband rather than copying your mother's living-room or a picture out of a book or magazine.

It should bring values to home life that far outweigh the values of the past.

In this special feature we give you some ideas which we hope will help you towards an easier way to live. The ease you gain gives you and your husband the leisure and the relaxing time to be gracious.



HERS Bill of Home Rights HIS

- I want to run my home, not my home to run me.
- I want a working routine that's not rigid, but allows time to do all the necessary work.
- I want a clean house, but I don't want to get fanatically houseproud. I want to use everything I've got all the time, not have the good china and glass that is only for visitors.
- I want a place for everything, especially a couple of shelves for shoes. These shelves must be at eye-level, not down under the hems of my clothes in the wardrobe.
- I want to learn to be a good calm cook.
- I want to be able to cope unfurried with visitors: announced or unannounced—to give them a warm welcome, and bacon and eggs, or soup and bread and cheese for dinner without apology.

- I want a comfortable home that doesn't take hours to clean, that I am happy and proud to enter. I am prepared to help my wife achieve this.
- I want to be able to bring my friends home—unannounced if it's unavoidable—without it causing a revolution in the home and panic in the kitchen.
- I want to help work out a schedule of housework and shopping to make things easy for us—but one that can be juggled so that it doesn't stand in the way of unexpected going out, if we want to go.
- I want a wardrobe of my own, not one-sixth of my wife's.
- I want to help choose the colors, the pictures, and I want some good lamps without frilly shades.

Nothing else gives you the same concentrated washing energy as **TriX**



*... and nothing else
so safe and gentle!*

With all its concentrated washing energy—there's nothing so safe and gentle as TriX. As you yourself know, woollens washed in suds tend to become hard and matted. But TriX-washed woollens stay soft, fluffy and "in perfect shape." Nylon and silks never need rub-a-dub scrubbing—for TriX just soaks them clean. Try it. Dip your soiled nylons in a basin of warm TriX-in-water. Straight-away the water will cloud up—proof positive that TriX absorbs dirt and grease out of the fabric into the water! TriX makes rinsing easier and more complete. There's no soap scum—no harsh powdery deposit to weaken fabrics and give them a dingy look.

Concentrated Energy for

WASHING MACHINES!



The concentrated washing energy of TriX stays deep down in the water—gets right after the dirt in the clothes. Your wash comes out **REALLY** clean—not half-clean. Remember, too, that a washing machine cannot be truly efficient if thick suds slow down the free "swishing" action. With TriX there are no heavy suds—it's all energy, concentrated washing energy.

Concentrated Energy for WASHING-UP!



Ordinary soaps and powders give you a sinkful of lazy suds that leave a germ-laden film on every dish. But TriX is non-sudsing—it's all concentrated washing energy. Because TriX leaves no streaking, no greasy film—there's **NO NEED TO DRY UP**. Just stack the dishes to dry sparkling, hygienically clean.



Insist on

TriX
the non-foaming
detergent with
**Concentrated
Washing Energy**

**Working
Wives**

Silent servants

● The American working wife has been aptly described as "the girl in the gay flannel suit." Her Australian counterpart presents the same carefree appearance.

Notice her on the way to work. She is groomed and relaxed as she enjoys the journey. How does she do it?

Planned schedules and science are her silent servants.

Most couples find the onslaught of the day's problems easier to bear with an apparently leisured rising and preparation for work. To achieve this, a planning family council is essential and a division of work decided on.

Some couples reject the idea of a worked-out schedule. They believe it adds pressure to living, with the schedule facing them like a daily race to be won.

This is nonsense. A schedule is a help — but it must have elasticity. The elasticity can be a definite thing, it can also be your own mental attitude and the courage to discard and reorganise because of circumstances.

Opposite are schedules that get you happily to work.



● No two women do the same task exactly in the same way. Some women welcome new methods, learn quickly. Other women stick stubbornly to the old ways, refusing new ideas.

BUT today's working wife finds that if she uses her energies in thinking she gets far better results than by using those energies on her knees rubbing the kitchen floor to a mirror-glass finish.

Even the direction of her energies towards solving housework problems has been simplified for her by scientific time and motion studies that save her time.

This invaluable gift from science—extra time—is what the working wife wants most and can't buy.

What is time and motion? Briefly it is the elimination of unnecessary steps and motions in a task, and the combination and rearrangement of the necessary steps to make them easier, quicker.

Take the case of the potatoes. The job is to peel them and put them in the baking-dish to roast with the joint.

The first thing is to do the job as you always do and time the operation. If this results in a speeded-up job that agitates you, you may as well not try.

American experts advise the consideration of four steps in any time and motion study. Here they are:

1. Question the job.
2. Question the set-up.
3. Question the tools.



4. Question the working conditions.

Let's get back to the potato.

Call in your husband and get him to make a chart as you prepare the potatoes for the oven.

Divide it into three and make a list like this:

STEP	MOTION	TIME
Go to oven	Check cooking of joint, Begun heat of fat for potatoes. Open door (right hand).	5.30
Go to cupboard	Get potatoes (enough for two (right hand). Transfer to left hand.	
Go to sink	Turn on tap (right hand). Wash potatoes. Dry hands.	
Go to drawer	Choose implement. Peel potatoes. Rinse hands.	
Go to drawer	Get kitchen cloth. Dry potatoes.	
Go to cupboard	Get seasonings. Season potatoes. Wash hands.	
Go to oven	Put potatoes in oven.	5.45

Now get back to the four headings and apply them to the potato chore.

1. Question the job. Measured against the expenditure of time and energy, does the task give a reward? The answer is obvious. Its rewards are in nourishment, vitamins. (The rewards are not so obvious in many jobs—for instance, ironing the tea-towels.)

2. Question the set-up. The prime consideration here is selection—picking out the implement and the material with which you are going to work: the potato and the knife to peel it.

You'll peel it at the sink, so store it near there and have the knife and the work space near the sink, also the dish or saucepan in which it is to be cooked and the seasonings.

For the girl in the gay flannel suit

MORNING SCHEDULE

- 6.45. Both get up.
She: Showers, cleans up bathroom, dresses up to slip, puts on dressing-gown.
He: Makes bed or beds, puts away his clothes, puts soiled clothes in laundry basket, empties bedroom ashtrays, puts in kitchen for washing-up.
 7.00. *She:* Gets breakfast.
He: Showers, cleans up in bathroom, dresses.
 7.20. Both: Have breakfast.
 7.35. *She:* Gathers up dirty dishes, prepares for washing-up. Does washing-up, using detergent and stacking dishes in drying-rack.
He: Puts away left-over food—butter in refrigerator, bread in bin, etc. Sweeps kitchen floor, dries silver.
 7.55. *She:* Finishes dressing, does make-up, picks up, puts away in bedroom, finally tidying, quick look round whole establishment.
He: Finishes dressing, checks locks, electric switches, gas-taps.
 8.15. Both leave home for office.
 * The 7.55 spot for "he" is this schedule's "elasticity point." He may have to swap his 6.45 jobs to this time to clean the sitting-room fireplace in the winter and get in fresh fuel; may want to do some garden maintenance during the summer. "She" may want him to do her bedroom tidying while she prepares vegetables for dinner when guests are coming.

EVENING SCHEDULE

(Night at home)

- 6.15. Both home from work, change, relax with drinks and chat.
She: Prepares dinner; if time, does some advance cooking for the next night's dinner.
He: Helps with preparation (shells peas, does beans), sets table.
 After dinner.
He: Washes up, puts away, sets breakfast table.
She: Dusts, straightens living-room.
 Both: Day's special chore.



The old idea of putting all the saucepans in one cupboard, the groceries in the other, the basins in another, the knives and cooking cutlery in a drawer only looks efficient. It is twice as efficient to keep things where they are first used. Potatoes (they need washing) near the sink, macaroni (which is put straight into boiling water) near the stove.

One extravagance that pays motion-economy dividends is the duplicating of measuring cups and spoons. Keep one set near the stove, another with the groceries, or where you mix cakes, etc.

3. Question the tools used.

Have you good kitchen implements—a well-tempered steel vegetable knife that can be kept sharpened easily and a patent peeler for potatoes and root vegetables? Peelers take the skin off quicker, thinner, if you take the time to learn to use them properly.

4. Question your working conditions.

Have you enough light at the working-point? Have you a high kitchen stool to sit on? Have you an efficient apron that is attractive, too? Have you got the right frame of mind? It's no use resenting a job because it has to be done—if you study a more efficient way to do it you'll enjoy it more.

Now make your revisions. You'll be surprised how you can improve your efficiency and the time taken without causing any race-to-be-won pressure.

One Australian housewife, determined to cut the drudgery out of her laundry work, applied the principles of time and motion. Here are her step-by-step studies

SATURDAY SCHEDULE

He or She: Does washing.
He or She: Does shopping; or they may prefer to do washing and shopping together. General "house-grooming"—fresh flowers, dusting, tidying, putting away. The weekend cleaning should be merely a "cosmetic" do to make the place nice to live in, even if it means dust under the mat, dishes in the sink, so that you can both enjoy yourselves.

SPECIAL-CHORE SCHEDULE

Monday: Ironing.
Tuesday: Clean bathroom thoroughly.
Wednesday: Do kitchen floor with no-rub polish.
Thursday: Vacuum-clean house thoroughly, dusting as you go.
Friday: Nothing.
Saturday: Do laundry, shopping.
Sunday: Nothing. Do as little work as possible.

Aids to minimum work

Table-mats: Heat-proof, straw or bamboo.
 Table linen: Paper or seersucker table napkins.
 Table setting: Serving one-dish dinners straight from the oven to the table. (See recipes page 34.)
 Cafeteria setting: Trays: Buy small cream plastic tray and keep set with condiments—salt, pepper, mustard, sauces, sugar, etc. Place on end of table.
 Two large wooden trays, lacquered: To hold complete setting for one person. Save clearing table and then food can be taken into sun, out of doors, anywhere to eat.
 Shelves in the bathroom with colored baskets. One basket has soap and toilet supplies, another bathroom-cleaning utensils, another requisites for bathroom laundry.
 Plug walls with hooks for shower-cap, back-scrubber, etc.
 Baskets for bread and fruit.
 Mugs for coffee and tea.
 China or pottery ashtrays and vases.

of hanging the laundry on a rotary hoist, getting it in when dry, and ironing it.

If you follow this plan you will get more on the lines and dry them faster.

Wheel your laundry-wagon close in to the centre (or place your basket on a box to save bending). Move out as each line is filled. Keep the plan in mind when filling your clothes-basket.

Work from the centre out.

FIRST (OR INSIDE) LINE:

Hang: Underpants, singlets, short nylon socks, handkerchiefs, face-washers, table napkins, etc. NEVER hang anything long. It may brush against the centre column and become soiled or torn.

SECOND LINE:

Blouses, underwear, tea-towels.

THIRD LINE:

Sheets, pillow-slips, shirts, frocks.

FOURTH (OUTSIDE) LINE:

Woolens, bath-towels, heavily starched articles, anything that takes time to dry.

From the loops on the four crossbars, where the lines pass through, hang the hooks of wire coathangers on which you dry non-iron garments.

If your washing fills all lines, the capacity may be stretched by pegging articles from the 2nd to the 3rd line and the 3rd to the 4th, as well as along them. This is particularly suitable for tea-towels, men's cotton underpants, blouses, etc. Extra pegs will be needed.

Frequently, however, it will be found that by the time the last batch is ready to be hung, many of the lighter articles, like sheets, tea-towels, etc., are ready to be brought in or folded to air.

Rotary hoists are particularly suitable for rapid drying of blankets, bedspreads, etc. Hang these over the two parallel outer lines first; when half dry, reverse by pegging along borders (top and bottom of blankets to separate lines).

Now to the ironing.

The first step in reducing ironing time is the choice of clothes. Good-quality

non-iron or minimum-iron fabrics may cost more initially, but they wear better and are well worth any extra cost in the time and energy they save.

Nyl-poplin or non-iron cotton business shirts for men; nylon underwear and blouses; plisse or seersucker night and casual wear; seersucker for tablecloths and for bedspreads and curtains all eliminate ironing. Daily, manufacturers produce more of these materials. And if the fabrics don't do what is claimed for them—return them! Complain!

The second step is to sort your clothes as you take them off the line. Have two containers, one for the ironing and one for the folding and putting away. Fold articles as you unpeg them.

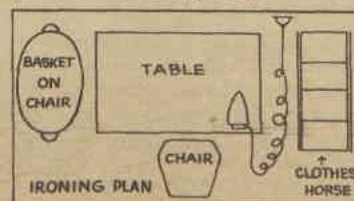
The third step is to use warm water to dampen starched articles, etc. A steam iron cuts out dampening. This alone saves 15-20 minutes.

The fourth step is to improve your ironing technique. Move the iron fairly slowly. Let the HEAT do the job. The rapid movements and thumping of grandma's day have been disproved by time-and-motion studies. So has the necessity for a heavy iron.

Take a look at where you iron and plan your set-up—Switch within reach; table and stool the right height (if the stool is too low, your shoulder will ache, but a hassock on an ordinary chair will suit most people); basket of clothes (on box or chair for easy reach) to your left and clotheshorse to your right.

Finally, sit down, with everything to hand.

That will give you a smooth flow of work, without moving at all.



NOW! Cook eggs exactly the way you like them . . . the same every time



THE NEW SENSATIONAL

Sunbeam
 AUTOMATIC
EGG BOILER & POACHER

Whether you like your eggs very soft, medium or hard, the Sunbeam Egg Boiler and Poacher automatically cooks them exactly the way you like them . . . every time. No more guesswork, no more watching! Simply pour in the specified amount of water, switch on and when the eggs are cooked . . . (click!) the thermostat tells you "breakfast is ready!"

Yours for a lifetime of easy-to-get breakfasts

MOST PEOPLE NOW USE

"NUGGET"
 they like its **BRIGHTER** shine

The world over . . . "NUGGET" leads in sales; because special blending of its waxes guarantees faster, longer-lasting and much brighter shoe shines . . . TRY IT, you'll like it, too!



EVERY "NUGGET" TIN HAS ITS LEVER OPENER

* FIRST IN WORLD SALES
 HIGHEST POLISH EVER MADE FOR SHOES

Insist on
VENCATACHELLUM
 THE WORLD'S BEST CURRY



SEE THE 73 CANDLES ON THE MALLEYS? They're to show we're having a celebration, too! This is our 73rd year in the washing appliance field—our 73rd year of helping to make life easier for Australian housewives.

Make a party out of washday with your

MALLEYS Automatic

With a Malley's in your house you do feel light-hearted on washday — in a happy, party mood. You could even have a party if you wanted! That's because the completely automatic Malley's washes, rinses and spin dries for you. All you have to do is relax!

All the knowledge, experience and facilities built up over these years went into planning and producing our Malley's Automatic.

The Malley's was the FIRST Australian-produced automatic to heat its own water. The FIRST to take a full, 12-lb. load.

The FIRST to introduce safe top loading. The FIRST with adjustable temperature and timing dials.

The FIRST AND ONLY fully automatic Australian washing machine to earn the confidence and respect of thousands and thousands of Australian housewives.

* * *

Today, companies without our experience in the washing appliance field—but who hope to profit by the ever-growing demand for automatics — are starting to rush machines onto the market. But it's a wise housewife who doesn't buy a pig in a poke . . . who insists on a machine that has come through the test of time and use. You'll be happy for a lifetime when you choose Australia's own, proven, fully automatic—the incomparable Malley's.



Tricks of the trade

FOR the shopping list: A special household diary in the purse, a slate in the kitchen. Jot down needs on slate as noticed, transfer to diary later. This gives an easy mind.

- To ice cupcakes easily in half the time, hold cake over frosting upside down and dip in. Twirl, then turn quickly right side up so icing will make a fancy peak.
- Clean potatoes, carrots with a special vegetable-brush or a nylon pot-scraper.
- Make good use of your refrigerator freezer-shelf by freezing leftover amounts of gravies, etc. Cook double quantities occasionally and freeze half for next week.
- The best way to cook sausages is to place them in the frying-pan, add $\frac{1}{2}$ in. cold water, cover, and simmer 5 minutes. Don't boil or prick the sausages or the skins will split. Drain and dry-fry slowly, turning occasionally.
- A teaspoon of baking powder added to cooked potatoes when they are about to be mashed, followed by vigorous beating, will make them light and creamy.
- To keep grains of rice white and separate during cooking, add the juice of half a lemon to each quart of water.
- Beans are easy to string if they are

Learning wise home-making ways by trial and error is a luxury denied to the working wife. Here are some tested hints that will give you the precious extra minutes you can always use.

put into boiling water for a few minutes after washing. Peas can be popped out of the shell easily if they are given the same treatment.

• If your recipe calls for one square of chocolate, you can use 2 tablespoons cocoa and 1 extra teaspoon butter as a substitute.

• Next time you cook prunes add a little salt—it improves the flavor. One pound of prunes when cooked and pitted yields 3 cups.

• An easy barbecue sauce is tomato sauce, Worcestershire sauce, and vinegar mixed together. Use twice as much tomato sauce as the other ingredients.

• High, fluffy meringue won't shrink if you spread it over cooled filling right to the edges of the crust. First, seal the meringue neatly around crust edge, then pile or swirl in centre to fluffy peaks.

• When soup or stew is too salty, slice a raw potato into it and cook for a short while. The potato absorbs the salt, so lift the pieces out before serving.

• To give soup a rich creamy taste add a tablespoon of grated cheese to each quart of soup just before serving.

• For a glamor dessert in a jiffy, top a scoop of ice-cream with chocolate syrup and snow under with coconut.

• To test the age of an egg, place it in a deep dish of cold water. If it stands up on its broad end it is strictly fresh; if it stands on an angle it is 3 or 4 days old; if it stands on end it is at least ten days old. An egg that floats on the surface is seldom fit for use.

• For greasing cake-tins it is best to use a lard or substitute which contains no salt. It is the salt that causes cakes to stick to the tin.

• To hasten the defrosting of your refrigerator, remove the ice-cube trays, fill them with boiling water, and put them back in their places.

• To keep your coffee-pot sweet and clean, boil it for a while filled almost to the top with water to which has been added 1 teaspoon of bicarbonate of soda. Rinse thoroughly before using.

• For easier washing-up, grease a casserole dish before you fill it with food.

• Coffee custard may be made by adding 2 teaspoons of instant coffee to a package of custard dessert-mix before adding the liquid.

• Spread a plain sweet biscuit with peanut butter and add a marshmallow cube. Grill until slightly melted.

• To obtain a few drops of lemon juice, pierce a whole lemon with the prongs of a fork and squeeze out the quantity of juice required.

• Spread a slice of toast with butter and a sharp cheese, sprinkle with garlic salt, and cut into cubes. Place over your favorite casserole and put under grill for a few minutes before serving. If reheating a ready-cooked casserole, slice your potatoes very finely and put on top. Dot with butter, salt, and pepper. They'll be cooked when the casserole is heated.

• To salt vegetables for cooking, use 1 level teaspoon salt to every pint of water for root vegetables and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon per pint for greens.

• Curry-powder proportions are largely a matter of taste, but start with 1 dessertspoon curry per pound of meat or fish or per pint of sauce. Add more if desired.

• Raw rice trebles its bulk when cooked. If a recipe needs 1 cup cooked rice, then 1-3rd cup raw rice would be used.

• The flour and shortening quantities for one pint of white sauce are: Thin sauce $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons of each, medium sauce 3 tablespoons of each, thick sauce 4 tablespoons of each.

"She washes up for 160 daily!—

STILL HAS SOFT, SMOOTH HANDS, THANKS TO VELVET SOAP," says Aunt Jenny



"DISH WASHING IN BULK has proved to me just how economical Velvet is — far more so than other products I've tried," says Mrs. Layton. "At home, washing-up with Velvet costs me just about $\frac{1}{4}$ d. a day — and in these days of high living costs, I think that's just wonderful."

Popular Mrs. Layton, of Arncliffe, makes the welcome "cuppa" at a big city office — think what a pile of washing-up that means! But Mrs. Layton simply smiles. "Velvet means a fast wash-up," she says. "I always

use it, here and at home, too. Velvet's extra-soapy suds dissolve grease and leave dishes shining in no time at all. No matter how long my hands are in water, good pure Velvet keeps them soft and smooth."



"ON WASHDAY, TOO, Mrs. Layton always uses Velvet," says Aunt Jenny. "She knows that Velvet really does make clothes last longer. Velvet is all pure soap, you know. Nothing in it to wear things out. A few light finger rubs remove dirt from even the extra grimy parts — and so gently."



Fast and thrifty for dishes
... kind to hands
and clothes!

Velvet
Velvet SOAP

Specially selected, fine, soft oils — including coconut oil — give Velvet a lather unequalled for gentleness. Its exceptional purity makes Velvet pleasant to use and harmless to the most sensitive skin.

If you have a job as well as a home

● Margaret Lord, one of Australia's most brilliant interior decorators, wrote this feature. She is especially fitted to speak authoritatively on these problems—she herself is a working wife. The illustrations show some of her ideas of gracious living.

THE problem for the modern woman who has a job as well as a home is to create rooms which are as practical as possible, but also satisfy her need for things which are beautiful and personal.

Because her time is limited and living space is probably restricted, the importance of furniture and furnishings which are labor-saving and at the same time make the most of available space should influence almost everything she selects. Almost, but not all.

I often wonder that more use hasn't been made of the wonderfully efficient planning done by designers of some of the best passenger ships when the problem within a flat or small house is so often similar. Why not use a modern ship's cabin as a model for planning bedroom and dressing areas? Even quite luxurious ones are smaller than most bedrooms and yet manage to provide every comfort and convenience for two people to sleep, dress, read, write letters, and even entertain. All this is due to superbly planned built-in furniture and equipment.

If you don't own your house or flat you won't feel like making your hard-won furniture part of those rented walls, but a simple unit type of furniture which fits together neatly will serve almost as well. This may be bought from stock, if it fits both space and needs, or made to order by a reliable maker.

The same sort of furniture will solve problems of space and labor in the living-room, but as in the case of the perfect ship's cabin its whole success will depend on hours of thoughtful planning on paper, lists of all that has to be stored with space sizes added together and all arranged in the way that personal experience has proved is practical. This is the way in which good passenger ships are planned—a pooling of information about all the things necessary for living easily within four walls put into practice by good designers.

Fortunately, there is a book to help you. A handbook called "Anatomy for Interior Designers," by Francis de N. Schroeder, contains information about the sizes and shapes of practically everything stored in cupboards, shelves, and drawers, as well as the space necessary for the human body to live comfortably with furniture within rooms. If you can't buy this book, try your municipal library. Well-organised storage space, like a perfect filing system, can be a woman's greatest time-saver.

However small your living space, have an ever-ready desk at which to organise and plan your work as well as to cope easily with letters and accounts. This may be in either sitting-room or bedroom, and if you have a telephone it should be close handy.

Books can grow in number every month and it is a pity to have to discard them through lack of space. Those chrome metal strips and brackets used by shopfitters can be fixed to walls from floor to ceiling and additional shelves added as needed. Because of their light, open appearance, these won't give a room the crowded, boxy appearance

of ordinary bookshelves even when they cover most of a wall.

Large built-in cupboards such as wardrobes should generally be planned so that they seem part of the wall and then painted to match the remaining wall color. This observes an important rule in decoration—only contrast and feature what you want to



"THE HEAVY and the fragile don't look well together."

draw attention to, paint out what isn't beautiful or interesting.

However adequate its equipment may be, no room can be comfortable and livable unless its arrangement is convenient and pleasing to look at.

In a general-purpose living-room try to group furniture as if there really were walls to separate its different functions.

It should never be necessary to reorganise a room in order to serve a meal. The dining

group should be placed to one end or in a corner, always ready and preferably handy to the kitchen. A dropside table will help solve the problem quickly if space is really short.

The grouping of easy chairs and sofa with occasional table and reading-lamp should suggest a sitting-room within the general living area. A writing-desk for letters or study can be set a little apart. Since it will not be used at mealtime, anyway, it might be near the dining group.

A floor plan of the room on which the shape and sizes of furniture can be plotted will help solve arrangement problems. Remember that a room will seem more comfortable and roomier if furniture isn't scattered evenly over the whole area.

Try to group pieces so that there is at least one open space in which you can move freely. But this open area should be in such a position that an appearance of balance is kept. Nothing is quite so disturbing as the lopsided effect of a room in which all the heavy furniture is at one end.

Don't feel that you should have a three-piece suite. Two easy chairs and one or two of lighter type may be all that your room can take, or one sofa and one easy chair may fit better. In any case, avoid the bulky chair with arms wide enough to sit on. Some of the best easy chairs with wooden arms are quite as comfortable as the fully upholstered type and take up much less room.

Don't be afraid to mix styles of furniture in one room. A quaint old piece you have

inherited or picked up in a junk shop may save your room from the mass-produced look so many rooms have.

A mixture of several styles can be interesting if each is good in itself, but it is important to watch scale. The heavy, and the fragile will rarely look well together.

Differences of wood can be an asset in a room, but a few are unsympathetic to one another. Natural oak and French polished mahogany, for example, look wrong together. Paint is often the answer for the odd piece of wood of no particular value.

When buying new furniture, follow the sound advice of the British Council for

Planned purchasing

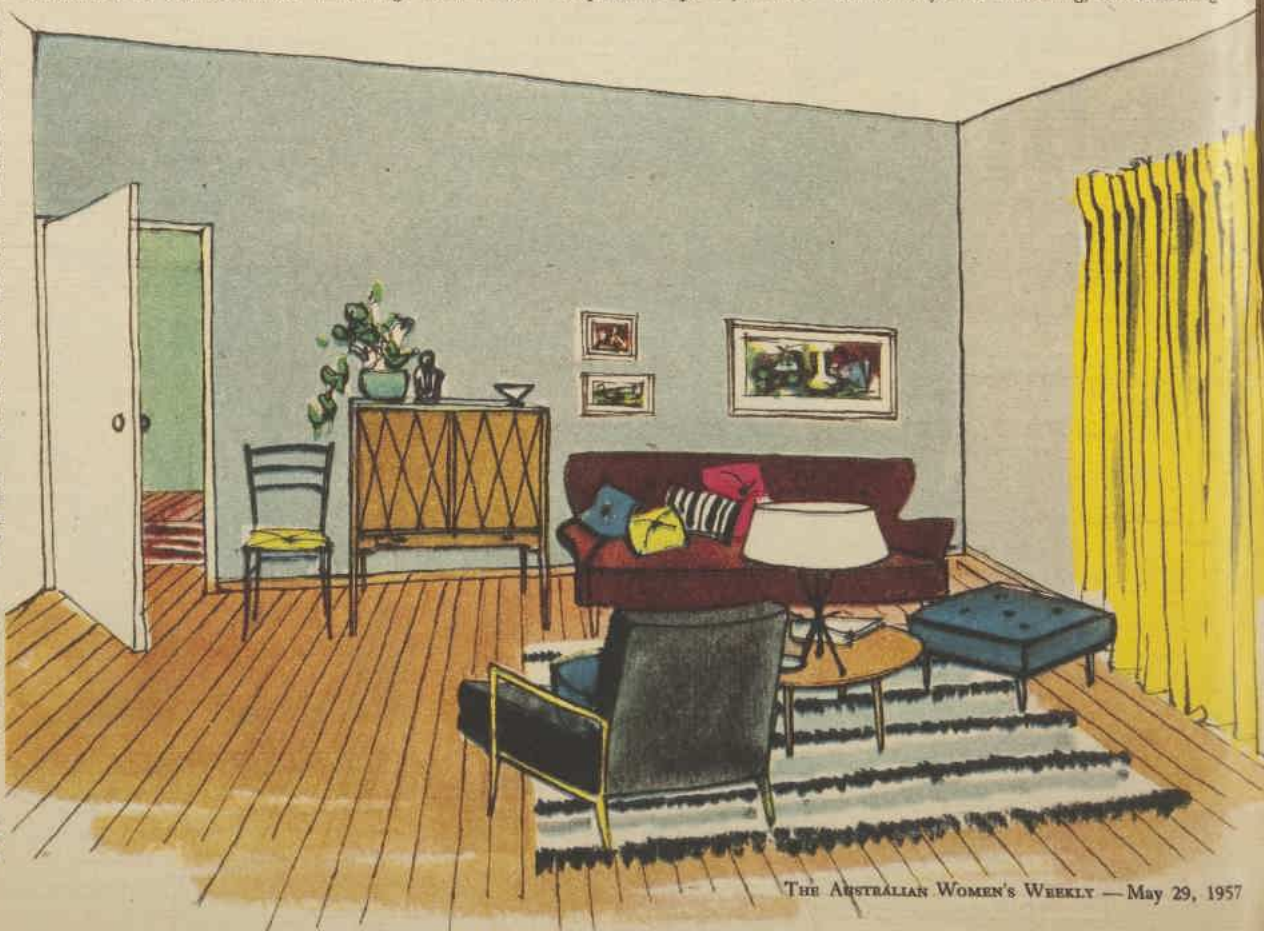
Industrial Design.

"Plan on paper, look; plan again, look again; buy." Follow this advice even if it irks you and you will avoid the mistakes of impulsive buying.

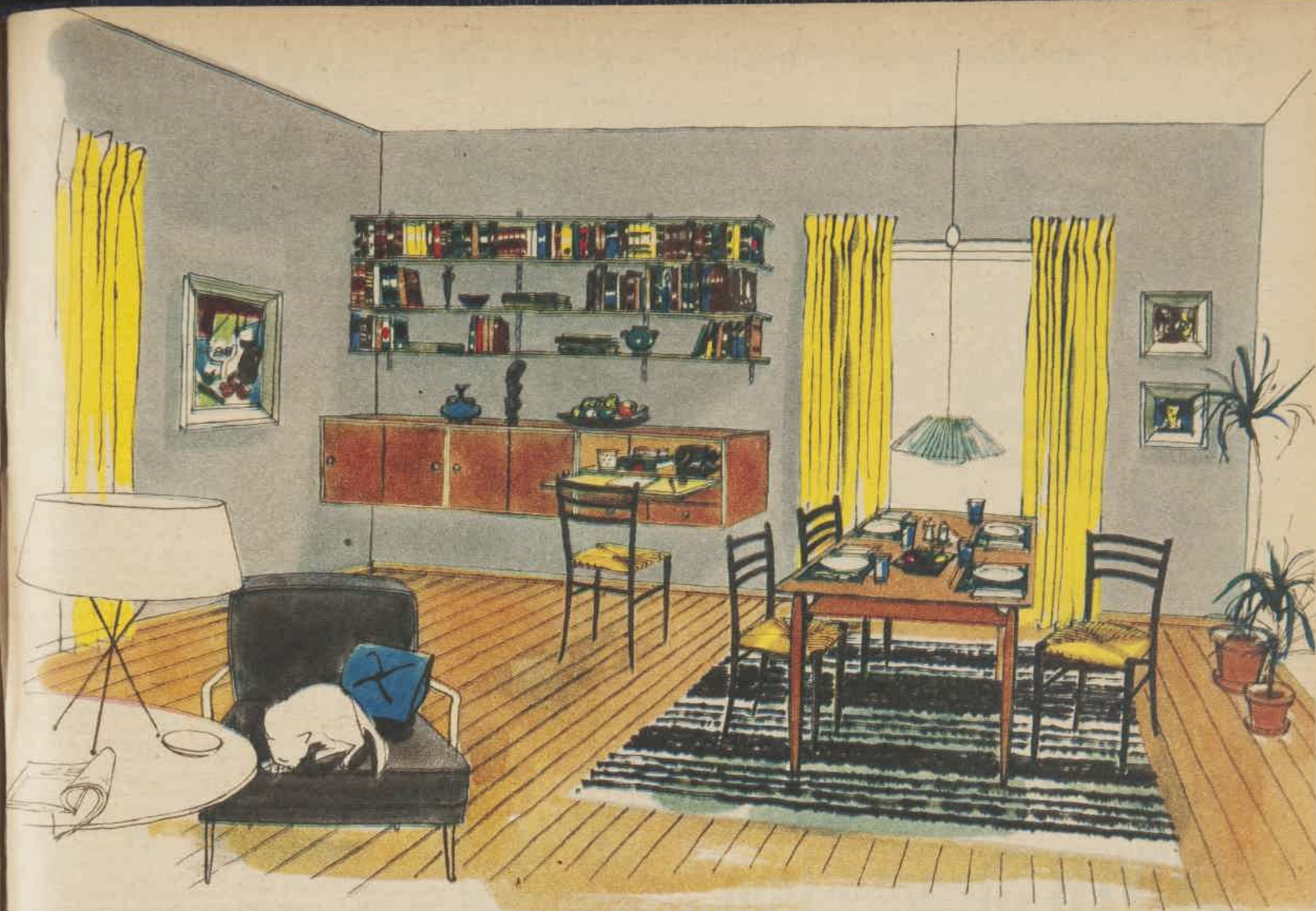
With space and labor-saving in mind, look carefully at furniture legs. Storage furniture, cupboards, chests, etc., should stand either on a low box plinth, so that one doesn't have to sweep under, or be raised high enough on legs to make floor cleaning easy.

Splayed-legs should generally be avoided. Beside the fact that they have been used indiscriminately to the point where one is tired of seeing them, they make cleaning difficult. You can't sweep without knocking them and they take up more space. The ones that project beyond the top dimensions of the furniture are particularly bad.

Apart from cost, the furnishing of a home can be very time consuming, not something



CONVERSATION CORNER in the living-room. Notice the lamp, the low table, the comfortable cushions, the welcoming warmth of color; all designed for relaxation.



you will want to do very often if you are a working wife, and so the quality of what you buy is very important.

You may find it comparatively easy to decide whether the overall design is right and the appearance pleasing. When judging quality, the material used, construction, and finish need careful study.

Always test drawers and cupboard doors by opening and closing several times. Tip chairs and tables so that you can see how legs and frame are put together. Buying upholstered furniture is buying a pig in a poke unless you can see it half made or can rely on the reputation of the manufacturer.

When thinking of floor coverings one naturally thinks of cleaning, but this is only a real problem when rooms are really vast. If you can't afford a wall-to-wall carpet or prefer the look of a wood floor only partly covered, the wood can be treated with a clear plastic coating to save polishing.

Even the traditional polished floor is no problem provided it isn't over-waxed. Use rugs or mats where underfoot comfort or warmth is desired—with the sitting-room group, for instance.

Besides ordinary carpet there are several different types of matting which are both practical and attractive. I like to use that simple Chinese grass matting when it is procurable. It wears well and its natural color is a wonderful background for other furnishing colors.

When choosing upholstery, fabric quality is very important. For practical reasons colors should not be too light, particularly if covers are fixed. I like to use good neutral colors, enlivened by bright cushions or an occasional chair. Various patterned cushions in an otherwise plain scheme can be cheerful and interesting.

For curtains one can often get a good effect quite cheaply. It is, in fact, better to be lavish with some simple inexpensive material than to have to use a rich expen-

sive one skimpily. The dress and manchester departments often have inexpensive materials quite suitable for curtains.

Keep windows as uncluttered as possible. A simple pair of draw curtains in a good print or weave are all that most windows need. Unless they are very heavy you should line them if you want them to serve as blinds. Don't use "voiles" (sheer) curtains that cover the glass between the heavier drapes unless your room is too public or has an unattractive outlook. Some of the new no-iron terylene sheers are wonderful labor-savers. They wash easily, dry quickly, and look like new.

Never decide on wall and ceiling colors until you have selected all the main furnishing textiles. In paint it is possible to get



DON'T clutter your windows like this. Draw-curtains are generally all that are necessary.

practically any color you want, and since walls are the background for everything in the room your problem is to choose the hue and tone which will do most for your furnishing colors.

Remember that many rooms are more used at night than in daytime and so all colors need to be carefully studied under

artificial light as well as daylight. If you must decide on painting colors before your furnishing scheme is complete, white—a little warm rather than a little cold—is always a safe choice.

White is also the most enlarging of all colors, a desirable quality in a small house or flat. Never use a deep-toned color unless your room is very large and never use a contrasting color on one wall without a very good reason—to make a long narrow room seem less passage-like or as a background to some important feature.

Some of the new wallpapers are worth considering as an alternative to painted walls for general use. Choose them even more carefully than you do furnishing fabrics, particularly if they are patterned.

A busy pattern should always be avoided in rooms where much time is spent. As a general rule, don't have more than one important pattern in a room. With a strongly patterned carpet, for instance, it is generally best to avoid patterned curtains or much pattern in upholstery colors.

Don't use any pattern unless you know that you will enjoy looking at it for a long time. Even if your walls, floors, and furnishings are all quite plain, books, pictures, and flowers may give you all the pattern that a small room needs and the whole effect can be more restful.

In rooms used at night, a good lighting system is, I think, the most important part of room design. It doesn't matter how beautiful your furnishings may be, the whole effect will be wasted unless you have enough light, just enough, of the right kind, in the right places.

With a really good lighting system an otherwise dull and shabby room can acquire charm and hospitality at night.

If you want to use fluorescent lighting, use some incandescent light in the room as well. Never attempt to produce daylight artificially.

The change of mood that evening and evening light brings is welcome and relaxing

TODAY'S living-room must often combine several rooms in one. Above, the study-office section, the dining group, and the sitting-room, shown on opposite page, blend without a crowded, busy appearance.

and rooms should look different, with warmer colors and different patterns of light and shade.

As a general rule, avoid overhead lighting in rooms used for relaxation.

Practically every room in a home needs two kinds of light—light to see the room by and particular light in one or two places for reading, sewing, etc.

For dining, the type of pendant light fitting which can be pulled up or down as you wish has advantages. It can be lowered at mealtime, so that the source of light is below eye level, only the table is illuminated. This cuts out glare and creates a restful atmosphere.

Well-designed table and standard lamps are the best lighting for other purposes.

When having lampshades made always make them a little bigger than at first seems right. French shades are always larger in proportion to bases than English or Australian ones and they look better.

When planning any part of room decoration beware of fashion. You don't want to be bored with your room in a year's time, and you may be if you choose "fashion" colors.

Real character and style in room decoration is independent of fashion. A really good design never dates and the most attractive rooms are usually those which have been developed gradually in a very personal way.

Don't hope to achieve this kind of charm all at once. In the way of essential furniture, buy the best you can afford. This should be simple and timeless. Having these essentials you can then from time to time allow yourself the luxury of adding a piece of furniture or an accessory simply because it is beautiful and interesting or even just amusing.

Beware of fashion

To take the "tired feeling" out of ironing



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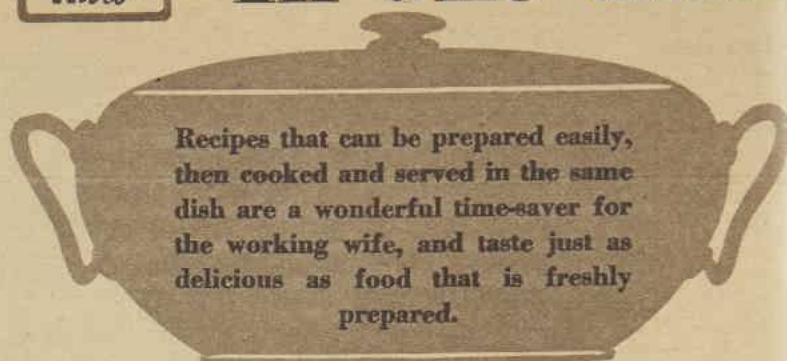
and get perfect results. With steam-ironing, it's heat and moisture that do the job, not a heavy iron or hard pressure. The Hoover simply glides over the fabric.

LET STEAM DO THE WORK WHEN YOU IRON

HL13.WW149

Working
Wives

In one dish



Recipes that can be prepared easily, then cooked and served in the same dish are a wonderful time-saver for the working wife, and taste just as delicious as food that is freshly prepared.

THESE easy "meal-in-a-dish" recipes are tasty, satisfying, and nutritious.

If prepared well in advance they will not deteriorate in flavor and appearance by being kept.

All spoon measurements are level.

EGGPLANT PARMICIANO

One pound minced beef, 1 teaspoon onion salt, pepper, 1-3rd cup salad oil, 1 small eggplant, seasoned flour, 1 8oz. tin tomato puree, 1 cup grated cheese, 1/2 teaspoon oregano, parsley.

Combine minced beef, onion salt and pinch pepper; lightly form into 8 patties. Heat 1 tablespoon salad oil in frying-pan, saute patties until brown on both sides; remove. Wash eggplant, cut into 8 1/2 in. thick slices, sprinkle with seasoned flour. Heat remaining salad oil in frying-pan; saute eggplant slices until golden brown on both sides. Arrange patties and eggplant in layers in ovenproof dish, pour over tomato puree, sprinkle with grated cheese and oregano. Bake in moderate oven uncovered 30 minutes. Top with chopped parsley.

MEAT-LOAF RING

One pound pork-and-veal mince, 1 egg (beaten), 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1/2 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1/2 teaspoon thyme, 1/2 cup minced celery, 1/2 cup grated carrot, 1/2 cup minced green pepper, 1/2 minced onion, 1/2 cup milk, 1 cup cooked or tinned peas and corn, 1 4oz. tin tomato puree.

Combine all ingredients except last two in large basin; mix well. Firmly pack mixture into greased ring-tin. Bake in moderate oven 45 minutes. Remove from oven, loosen edges, turn out on to ovenproof serving-dish (or piece of aluminium foil placed in baking-dish). Fill centre of meat ring with peas and corn. Pour tomato puree over outside of loaf; return to oven, bake further 10 to 15 minutes.

By
LEILA C. HOWARD
our food and
cookery expert

PORK DANDENONG

Four medium-sized potatoes, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, salt, pepper, 1 carrot, 3 pork loin chops (large and thick), fat, flour, 2 cups breadcrumbs, 1 small chopped onion, 1 stick finely chopped celery, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 egg or 2 or 3 tablespoons milk, 3 medium-sized green apples, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon sugar, 6 large dessert prunes, 1 teaspoon gravy-browning, 1/2 teaspoon meat extract, 1 cup water, 4 small tomatoes.

Soften but do not melt butter or substitute. Rub over peeled halved potatoes, sprinkle with salt and pepper, then cover with grated carrot. Snip crackling of chops with kitchen scissors to prevent chops curling up. Dust with flour, place in baking-dish with small quantity of fat, brown in moderate oven. Place

prepared potatoes in dish at same time. Mix breadcrumbs with chopped onion, celery, parsley, salt, pepper; bind with beaten egg or milk. Spread over chops, using about three-quarters of seasoning. Wash and dry apples, leave unpeeled, cut in halves. Remove cores, fill cavities with cinnamon mixed with sugar, place prune on each. Place in baking-dish. Mix gravy-browning and meat extract with water or stock, pour into dish. Cover with greased paper, bake in hot oven 15 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate, bake 1 hour longer. Half an hour before serving place tomatoes in dish to cook.

To Prepare Tomatoes: Wash and dry, cut a thick slice from top of each, scoop out portion of pulp. Fill with balance of seasoning.

SAUTEED CHICKEN

Quarter cup butter or margarine, 4 to 6 large chicken pieces, 1 sliced onion, 1 minced clove garlic, 1 tablespoon flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 meat bouillon cube, 1 cup hot water, 1lb. small cooked potatoes, 1/2 cup red wine, parsley.

Saute chicken pieces in large frying-pan with butter or margarine until golden brown on both sides. Add onion, garlic; cook 5 minutes. In small bowl combine flour, salt, pepper; slowly stir in bouillon cube dissolved in hot water; pour over browned chicken. Cook slowly, covered, about 25 minutes, or until chicken is tender. Add potatoes and wine; cook further 10 minutes. Garnish with parsley.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES

Accurate weighing or measuring is essential for good results. If kitchen scales are not available, standard measuring cups and spoons, correctly used, are satisfactory. Graduated glass or plastic measuring cups holding eight fluid ounces should be used for measuring dry or liquid ingredients.

1 cup flour (measured before sifting) 4oz.
1 cup sugar (crystal or castor) . . . 8oz.
1 cup sifted icing sugar . . . 5oz.
1 cup brown sugar . . . 5oz.
1 cup fat, butter, or margarine . . 8oz.
1 cup soft breadcrumbs . . . 3oz.
2 1/2 cups liquid . . . 1 pint
1-3rd cup honey . . . 4oz.

A tablespoon used for measuring should hold one fluid ounce; a dessertspoon should hold 1/2 fluid ounce; a teaspoon should hold 30 drops. Half a spoonful of dry ingredient means a level spoonful divided lengthwise. Quarter spoonful of dry ingredient means a level spoonful divided lengthwise, then crosswise. For maximum accuracy when measuring liquid with a spoon, pour the liquid into the spoon; do not dip the spoon into the liquid.

American-type, round, plastic measuring spoons, available in sets of four, should be used when measuring ingredients for American recipes. These spoons are labelled 1 tablespoon, 1 teaspoon, 1/2 teaspoon, 1/4 teaspoon. The tablespoon holds only 1/2 fluid ounce and is therefore equal only to a dessertspoon. The teaspoon holds 1/4 fluid ounce. Liquid measurements in recipes are based on the American pint of 16 fluid ounces—the British liquid measure is 20 fluid ounces to 1 pint.

Spoon measurements in all our recipes mean level spoons.
2 level tablespoons flour . . . 1oz.
2 level tablespoons cornflour . . . 1oz.
2 level tablespoons cocoa . . . 1oz.
2 level tablespoons custard powder . . 1oz.
2 level tablespoons rice flour or ground rice . . . 1oz.
1 level tablespoon fat . . . 1oz.
1 1/2 level tablespoons crystal sugar . . 1oz.
2 level tablespoons sifted icing sugar 1oz.
1 1/2 level tablespoons castor sugar . . 1oz.
5 tablespoons liquid . . . 1/2 pint
2 level tablespoons gelatine . . . 1oz.
1 tablespoon golden syrup . . . 1 1/2oz.
1 1/2 level tablespoons rice, barley or split peas . . . 1oz.
2 level tablespoons sago . . . 1oz.
4 level tablespoons finely chopped suet 1oz.
2 level tablespoons grated cheese . . 1oz.

Hostessing for working wives

Entertaining graciously is easy for working wives. All that is needed is a menu that can be prepared the night before.

OF course, there are guests and guests. We've divided them into three groups. There are the ones invited ahead, so that you can plan in advance, those that you bring home with you, and those that arrived unannounced when you have to use your own ingenuity and what's on the pantry shelf.

We have worked out three simple menus that may help you. Here is the planned meal.

Cook all the dishes the night before, but don't assemble them. Just before dinner is served, heat chicken in a double-boiler saucepan while you heat the pastry-case in the oven. Fill pastry-case at last minute, put in oven to keep piping hot while you serve the oyster cocktail.

Last job before you start dinner is to fill the coffee percolator and add the oysters to the cocktail sauce.

Oyster Cocktail
Chicken Vol au vent
Green peas Grilled tomatoes
Apricot Bavarian cake
Cheese Biscuits Coffee

OYSTER COCKTAIL

One tin tomato juice, 1 dessert-spoon lemon juice or vinegar, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper, 1 dozen oysters, thin slices buttered brown bread, parsley.

Combine tomato, lemon juices, Worcestershire sauce. Season to taste with salt and pepper, chill thoroughly. Add oysters and serve with bread and butter.

CHICKEN VOL AU VENT

One pound puff pastry, egg glazing, 2 cups cooked chicken, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups white sauce (made with chicken stock, margarine, flour, and seasoning), $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sliced mushrooms, butter, 8 to 10 stoned green olives, parsley.

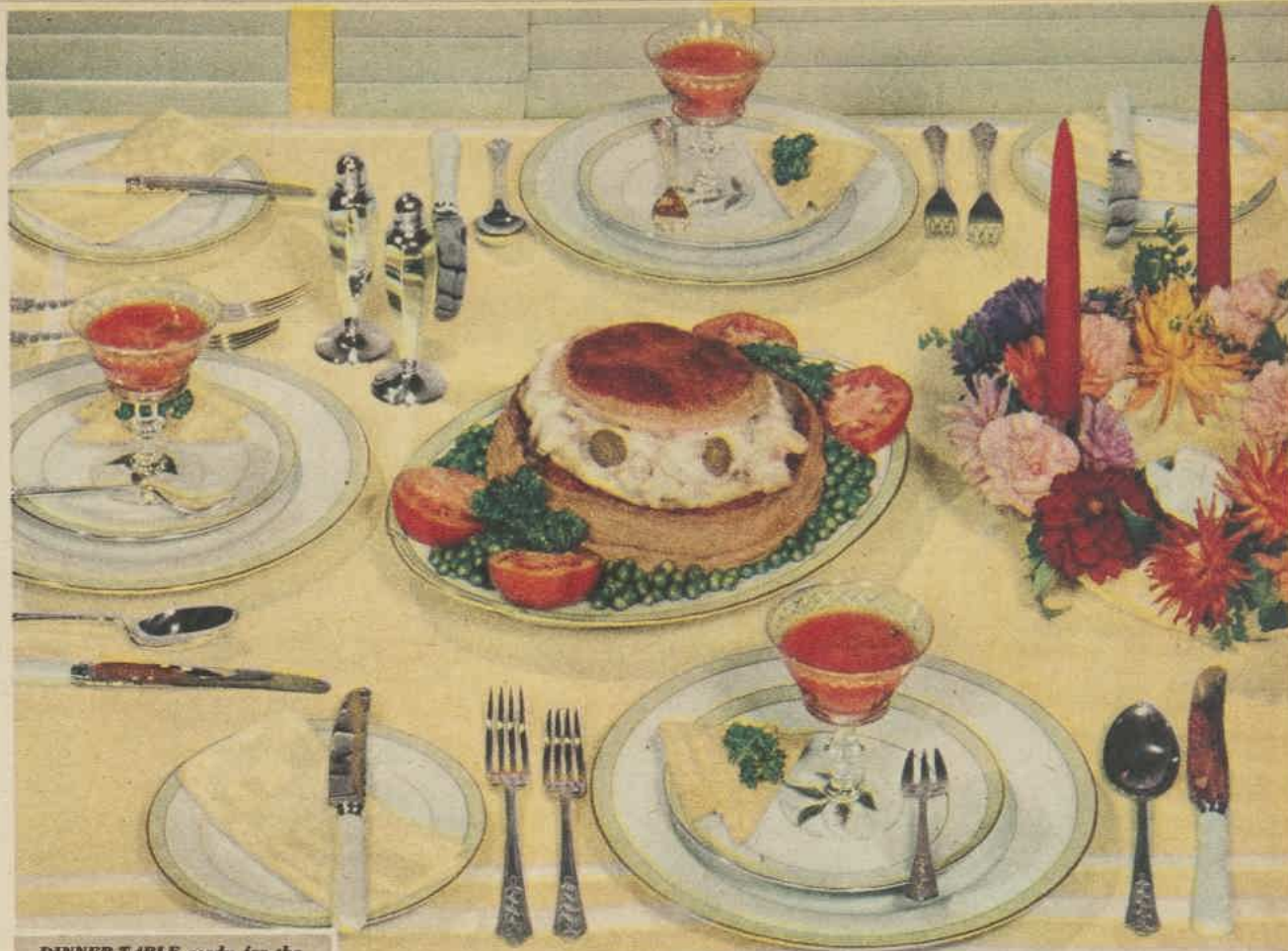
Roll pastry to tin, thickness and cut a circle approximately 7 in. in diameter, using knife that has been dipped in hot water. Cut a smaller circle (5 in. in diameter) in centre only about half-way through pastry. Lift carefully on to greased slide, brush pastry over with egg glazing, being sure not to coat cut edges as this will prevent even rising. Bake in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes. Cool, lift out centre piece of pastry. This forms the lid. Combine diced chicken, lightly sautéed mushrooms and butter, and olives with hot white sauce. Fill into reheated pastry-case. Place on lid.

APRICOT BAVARIAN CAKE

One tablespoon gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 dessert-spoon lemon juice, pinch salt, 1 cup apricot pulp, 1 cup evaporated milk, 1 7 in. sponge cake, extra apricot halves, whipped cream, cherries.

Soften gelatine in orange juice, dissolve over hot water. Stir in sugar, lemon juice, salt, and apricot pulp (made from mashed, cooked, or tinned apricots). Place in refrigerator to thicken slightly. Then beat until frothy and fold in chilled, whipped evaporated milk. Slice sponge cake into three layers. Re-assemble, spreading apricot mixture generously between each layer and on top of cake. Refrigerate overnight. Decorate before serving with whipped cream, apricot halves, and cherries.

★ ★ ★
FOR the guests you bring home to sit round the kitchen while the dinner cooks, we suggest soup, veal, and apple candy pie.



DINNER-TABLE ready for the guests who will enjoy the dinner prepared ahead. With this meal you can cook everything except the vegetables the night before. Getting up 10 minutes earlier than usual means that you can leave the table set.

The soup is your favorite tinned variety. Serve in cups in the kitchen with cheese biscuits and enjoy while the veal is cooking.

VEAL PIQUANT

Veal steaks, cut thin (one large steak per person, or two small), cucumber (sufficient to allow 3 or 4 slices half an inch thick per person), 1 quarter-pint cream, 1 tablespoon butter, oil, or margarine, flour, salt and pepper, paprika, or nutmeg.

Alternative flavors: Mushrooms ($\frac{1}{2}$ lb. tin) in cream instead of cucumber. Black olives ($\frac{1}{2}$ lb. chopped), using 1 cup of red wine instead of cream. Capsicum and bacon, using 1 cup stock (dissolved soup cube), 1 cup chopped capsicum and 4 chopped bacon rashers.

Ask butcher to flatten steaks thin, or use mallet or rolling-pin to flatten. Dry steaks thoroughly, flour lightly, and put into hot shortening (butter, margarine, or oil) to brown quickly. Reduce heat and cook slowly for 20 minutes. Remove steaks from pan, pour in cream, salt and pepper, and let boil until it thickens slightly. Add cucumber (cooked while veal is cooking) to cream, pour sauce over veal, garnish with paprika, nutmeg, or parsley.

Boil cucumber unpeeled in salted water until cooked but still firm. Peel and cut into slices. Drain well before adding cucumber to cream.

If you use mushrooms, simply open the tin and add to the cream in the pan. For wine and olives make a gravy, using the cup of red wine as liquid and adding the black olives, stoned and chopped, and omit the garnishings.

For capsicum and bacon flavor,

make the gravy of the stock and add the capsicum and bacon. Simmer for 10 minutes. Serve with boiled rice and green peas.

APPLE CANDY PIE

Four or 5 tart apples, sultanas or raisins, 4 cloves, 2 pieces of lemon rind, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 1 cup corn-flakes, 2 tablespoons melted butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Mix one cup cornflakes with 2 tablespoons of melted butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, and 1 teaspoon cinnamon. Spread over sliced apples in greased dish. Bake in a fairly hot oven about 25 minutes until apples are tender and covering is crisp and brown. Serve with ice-cream, custard, cream, or whipped evaporated milk.

★ ★ ★

FOR the unannounced guests, when you have to fly to your pantry shelf, serve tuna ring (if you have an hour to cook it) or tuna-and-corn mornay followed by spicy honeyed bananas and cream, or pears au chocolat or au caramel.

TUNA RING WITH CHEESE SAUCE

Two eggs beaten, 2 cups (two 8oz. tins) tuna fish drained and flaked, 2 teaspoons salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon paprika, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped onion, 1 to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, 1 cup breadcrumbs.

Combine all ingredients thoroughly; place in greased 8 in. ring-mould (5-cup capacity). Bake in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) 50 minutes to 1 hour or until set. Serve with cheese sauce (see below) and green vegetable. Garnish with pimiento strips. Makes 6 servings.

Cheese Sauce: One cup of grated cheese. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk and heat in double boiler or over very low heat, stirring constantly until cheese melts.

Tuna-and-corn Mornay: Make cheese sauce as given, adding liquid from 8oz. tin of whole-kernel corn. When the sauce is the desired thickness add drained corn and 2 8oz. tins of tuna. Pour into casserole, cover with seasoned buttered crumbs, and bake in moderate oven for 12 minutes.

PEARS AU CHOCOLAT OR AU CARAMEL

One tin pears, 1 packet chocolate or caramel dessert, 1 tin evaporated milk, 1 pint milk.

Drain pears, put serving in sweet-dish. Whip evaporated milk. Make chocolate or caramel dessert according to directions, adding the milk. Mask pears with dessert while it is the consistency of thick sauce and still hot. (Use ready-made caramel sauce if available.) Serve with whipped milk (previously chilled).

If you have fresh pears, there's a

slight variation of this dessert which is very nice. Peel the pears and slice the wide end off as you uncap a boiled egg. Stand the pear narrow end down in a goblet, and, using a corer or the smallest teaspoon you have, remove the core. Fill with your favorite jam, a teaspoon of sweet sherry, marsala, brandy, or rum, whatever you have, mask with the ready-mix dessert, as before, and serve.

SPICY, HONEYED BANANAS (for four)

Four bananas, 4 slices toast, sugar, cinnamon, butter, honey, walnuts.

Slice a banana on to a slice of hot, buttered toast. Sprinkle with sugar, cinnamon, butter. Grill for a few minutes, remove, pour warmed honey over toast, sprinkle with walnuts. (Add cream or whipped evaporated milk if you have it).

EMERGENCY SHELF SUPPLIES

Tinned and packaged soups (mix two flavors together and you'll get some pleasant surprises).

Tinned tuna, salmon, whitebait (use for mornays, fish-pie, or fish-cakes).

Tinned tongues, camp pie, asparagus tips, tinned beetroot, mayonnaise, gherkins, pickled onions, packaged cheese (for salads).

Asparagus cuts (serve in cheese sauce on toast or combined with whitebait in mornay).

Whole-kernel corn (serve in melted-butter sauce on toast or in fritters with grilled bacon).

Tinned mushrooms, green olives (can be added to family casserole for "party" flavor).

Ready-made scone mix (for a quick damper if you're short of bread).

Ready-made pastry mix (you can make a quick jam-roll out of this if you want a solid, hot pudding).

A tin or carton of special jam, honey (serve with hot scones, or, if you can't be bothered, with crisp fairy toast instead of a pudding).

Tinned fruit and jar of ready-made caramel sauce.

Two-way dressing

The average working wife has a special set of fashion problems: She cannot afford to spend much money or time on clothes, yet she cannot afford to be dressed carelessly. As well, she must have clothes not only for going out and for the house but for work.

BY a little ingenuity the "going out" and "to work" clothes can be combined.

I am not of the school of thought that believes high fashion has a priority place (although every woman makes a frivolous buy at times) in a working wife's wardrobe.

The best "going out" and "to work" clothes are those of simple design, made in an easy-to-care-for material in colors to flatter the wearer's eyes and hair.

A shirtmaker is a wonderful all-purpose, all-seasons dress for all day, and for night time, too. It can be dressed up or down.

Separates—meaning blouses, jackets, and sweaters that are bought individually—are good, and can be switched in all sorts of clever ways.

Materials are even more important than design.

Cotton is ideal for warm weather; it is cool, and obtainable anti-crease and no-iron.

I am also an orlon fan. It is warm and light and can be washed by hand or in a washing-machine. And thank heaven for nylon, the best

time-saver for blouses, undies, and dresses—and it is always crisp, fresh, and pretty.

A winter coat is an important item; it must be warm, and able to take any amount of beating from the weather. The average working wife expects a coat to last at least three years, and rightly so.

A current fashion, the car coat (short-cut), is very versatile for a small wardrobe, and looks just as smart over slacks or a skirt as it does with a dress. But I advise this type of coat only if the wearer has really good rain equipment. A car coat can get the wearer very wet on a rainy day.

Time is a personal factor, and one that must be dealt with according to working hours. Very few working wives squander time—and they all enjoy leisure. Remember the time factor needed to maintain them when you buy clothes.

It is just as important as their choice.

I cannot stress too much the importance of care.

To give clothes the right care, and therefore the longest life, they must be put on correctly, removed carefully, and housed properly.

However small the place allotted, plan it so that there is a place for everything—then keep everything in its place. And here are some suggestions:

It is wise to take off all jewellery before undressing, and to unfasten openings completely so they will not stretch them unnecessarily.

Always use a hanger that will not push the shoulders out of shape and close all openings to prevent the garment slipping off the hanger.

Thoroughly brush a garment before putting it away.

Well-dressed feet and well-groomed legs are a pleasure to look at, and it is comparatively easy to become known for your shining, cared-for shoes.

Simple repairs are best done on the spot—this is one of the best time-savers I know.

My daily plan is to check everything before I start to

dress to make sure the clothes are clean, well pressed, and in good repair.

It pays dividends to change on arriving home. Office clothes stay "good" much longer if they're not worn cooking dinner. And it's wonderfully reviving after a tiring day to change into something fresh.

"At home" clothes are a class by themselves. And unless you carry fashions over into workaday life at home, people are going to get a shock every time you answer the doorbell. Also, most nights you dine a deux with the most important man in your life.

Ideal "at home" or what I call "kitchen" clothes include (according to type) slacks and shirt, skirt and blouse, plus a simple-but pretty dress (see the apron-dress at right) for when friends are asked.

For the woman who cannot afford special "at home" clothes I suggest a coverall apron or smock to wear doing chores.

Never wear (at home or any other place) a dressing-gown a la Shirley Booth. If you go in for peignoir dressing, choose a tailored housecoat in a pretty color and in a washable material.

Being appropriately dressed and well groomed not only makes you look better but helps you feel better.

Lastly, remember you do not need an expensive wardrobe to be correctly dressed; even the most expensive clothes can be inappropriate.

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Have you been too BUSY to learn to enjoy yourself? To relax?

Continuing . . . Terrified Wife

[from page 19]

It enraged him, this feeling of guilt. He began to resent Karen for it—terribly.

He looked at me with a puzzled expression. "Can you see how that might be?" he asked.

"Nobody likes the person who makes him feel guilty," I said, "or weak."

He nodded. "Last winter, as you know," he said, "I organised that expedition to the Andes. Winter here, of course, is summer down there. I told Karen that I didn't want her with me—I'm not sure yet whether I made that decision to punish Karen or to emancipate myself. I told her she could wait in Philadelphia or London or Paris, but I didn't want her anywhere in South America."

"I was going to try to be the first man to climb La Dolorosa, and I didn't want any distractions. I put it pretty brutally, the way you always do when you're trying to justify selfishness. She didn't say much, but I knew she was hurt and angry. I almost called the expedition off. But in the end I told myself that that would just be—as you said—a sign of weakness."

Our glasses were empty. Tony signalled the bartender with an almost imperceptible gesture. He did not resume his story until the waiter had come and gone.

"As it turned out," he said finally, "I was away even longer than the three months I had planned. After we climbed La Dolorosa the weather held, and we took a shot at El Capitan. We didn't make it, but"—he grinned—"we came darned close. Next time, maybe . . ."

He paused and sipped his drink. "While I was gone, Karen stayed here in Paris. I came back in June, feeling pretty good about everything. A little penitent, maybe, for having kept her waiting so long, but the trouble was"—he hesitated, not looking at me, and I saw his fingers tighten around the stem of his glass—"she thought she had found someone else."

"She told me herself the night I got back. She was miserable about it, really. She told me because she was sure that if she didn't someone we knew would. She said she supposed she had done it to punish me for leaving her. She was awfully sorry, she said; she wasn't even infatuated with this other fellow any more. That was all over, and she was in love with me. She always had been. She—she asked me to forgive her."

It was cool there in the bar, but there were tiny beads of sweat on Tony Ashurst's forehead.

"Heaven knows," he said, "I wanted to—I tried. I told myself I had had this coming. She had been no more faithful to me, in a way, than I had been to her. Karen's a beautiful girl, high-spirited, proud. I could understand it all rationally. But emotionally"—he shook his head—"I couldn't take it. We weren't man and wife any more; we were like strangers. That went on for months. Then, about three weeks ago, I told her we were through. I said I thought we should get a divorce."

Somewhere across the room a woman was laughing; there was a subdued murmur of conversation.

"The next day," Tony went on, "Karen asked me to take her away—to the mountains. She said we ought to give our marriage one more chance. She thought, I guess, that if she made this—this surrender to my interests, perhaps I could make a concession as well. She

hoped I would be able to forgive her.

"Anyway, we went. I didn't plan to do any real climbing, of course, but I thought if we got up fairly high, around ten or eleven thousand feet, well away from the tourist resorts, we might gain a better perspective of our problem. I thought we'd spend a few days tramping around on the Lac de Glace, the glacier above Stehl."

He paused again. He wasn't filling in the details, but I could see it all, see them setting out with their expensive luggage in their handsome car, giving an impression of wealth and happiness, but actually thoroughly miserable.

Tony rubbed his chin, his eyes not seeing the room or people around us. "Glaciers," he said, "they're really fascinating. They still cover ten per cent. of the globe, you know, and there's evidence that they once covered thirty. Down in the south polar regions they say the ice cap is two miles thick. The weights and pressures must be fantastic."

I nodded impatiently. I was not interested in glaciers. I wanted to hear what had happened to this man and his wife.

"The Lac de Glace," he said, "is the piedmont type, a large, nearly motionless ice sheet. There's almost no drainage; evaporation balances snowfall. There are some crevasses, of

arms and kiss her. But he couldn't, and suddenly Karen dropped the glasses and covered her face with her hands.

He reached for the glasses, but it was too late. The binoculars slid down the ice and disappeared into the crevasse.

Karen looked up, stricken. "Oh, Tony, how awful!" she said. "I'm terribly sorry."

"That's all right," he told her. "They can be replaced."

"But they were your father's!"

Tony's father had made a ceremony of giving the glasses to him the day he was to climb the Matterhorn for the first time.

He got up, moved carefully to the edge of the crevasse, and looked down. He couldn't see the bottom, but he saw the binoculars lying on a shelf some seventy or eighty feet down. He could hardly believe his luck; he had been sure they were gone for good. He called to Karen that he was going down after them.

"No!" she said, getting up, and all her fear of the mountains was in her voice.

"There's nothing to it," he said. "I'll use the rope—anchor it with the axe."

She came and stood beside him and looked quickly down into the greenish depth. Her face was very pale. "All right," she said. "But if you go, take me with you."

He stared at her. "You want to go down there?"

She said, "I want to be with you."

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



course, but nothing really dangerous. It seemed like a good place to go . . ."

They stayed at the only inn place called the Lion d'Or. Every day they took their lunch and climbed up to the glacier. The weather was superb: the air crystal clear, the sun almost hot. They were polite and considerate to each other. But they were companions, not lovers. The barrier was still there between them.

On the fourth day they picked a place to eat their lunch where a ridge of ice sheltered them from the wind. The view was magnificent. In the distance they could see both Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa. In front of them the glacier sloped down to a deep crevasse ten or twelve yards across.

Tony handed his binoculars to his wife. "Take a look," he said.

She raised the glasses to her eyes, but she didn't try to focus them, and suddenly he knew that she wasn't looking at anything. "Tony," she said, lowering the glasses, "it's not going to work, is it?"

He felt miserable. He wanted to tell her that everything was going to be all right, that the past was over and done with. He wanted to take her in his

They stood there for perhaps ten seconds facing each other. "All right," Tony said. "It won't be dangerous if you do what I tell you. And I'll tell you this, too—when we come back up you won't be afraid any more."

"I don't care about that," she said. "All I care about is being with you."

Tony let her down first, slowly, carefully. Karen's fear was terrible, but something kept her from crying out—something stronger than fear.

Fifteen minutes later they were standing together on the shelf where the binoculars had landed. The sunlight, filtering through the translucent ice, had a weird, undersea quality. Tony picked up the binoculars. "Hullo," he said, "what's that?"

Something that looked like a wire was projecting from the ice wall about twenty feet farther ahead. He moved along the ledge, holding Karen's hand, until he came close to it. It wasn't wire. It seemed to be frozen rawhide, and it was attached to something in the ice. He could see it plainly behind the surface; it was a thin, yellowish rectangle about the size of a playing card.

"I chipped it out and looked at it, while Karen held on to my arm. At first I thought it

was bone; then I decided it was some sort of ivory. But it wasn't the substance that startled me; it was the fact that it was engraved—crudely and beautifully and painstakingly engraved on both sides with hunting scenes. There were men with spears and there were the animals they were hunting. I stood there seventy feet below the surface of the Lac de Glace, and I swear to you, Jim, I felt the hair rise on the back of my neck.

"Because I had seen those animals before, seen them in the cave drawings of southern France, and at Altamira in Spain. Humpbacked bison, and woolly mammoths with curling tusks, and woolly rhinoceroses. Animals extinct for thousands of years, but painted from life by neolithic man a hundred centuries ago."

"Then I felt Karen's hand tighten on mine. I glanced up, and I saw what she was looking at. They were not six feet above our heads, Jim. It was as if they were encased in transparent plastic, every detail unaltered, undecayed. The woman—she was a girl, really—was lower down, closer to us. Her face was turned away; I couldn't see it. But I could see her dark hair and the skins she was dressed in and the queer crude leggings she wore. I could even see the little pouch that she had tied to one wrist, almost like a modern handbag."

"Her arms were stretched up toward the man. He was reaching down to her; I could see his face plainly, see the look of love and anguish on it. He was lying on his stomach, one arm reaching down toward the girl. He had something in his hand that looked like a short stick; it may turn out to be a stone axe, handle forward. We don't know yet."

"You don't have to be a mountaineer to reconstruct what happened. Perhaps a snow bridge broke; perhaps she dropped her amulet and was trying to recover it."

"Anyway, she got herself into a place from which she couldn't get back, and he was trying to rescue her, although he must have known that even a whisper might shake loose the tons of snow poised above them. He went down after her and he had almost reached her when the avalanche came and they died together."

"I knew," he said after a moment, "that we had made a sensational discovery. I knew that the earliest traces of Troy or Babylon were as nothing compared to the antiquity of these two people who had lived in the dawn of time as we know it."

"But somehow that knowledge didn't impress me much. I didn't think of those two as neolithic cave-dwellers miraculously preserved for thousands of years. I thought of them simply as a man and a woman who had loved each other, who had lived and died for each other. They had been dead for scores of centuries, but their love was still alive. I felt humble and ashamed. I turned to Karen and—" He broke off suddenly.

He was looking past me, and he was smiling. Karen Ashurst was coming towards us. She was wearing a simple black dress with only one ornament, a yellowish rectangle of ivory suspended around her neck from a thin gold chain.

I knew now what Tony had been trying to tell me, what the Ashurst discovery really was.

She put her hand on her husband's shoulder. "Sorry I'm late, darling. I'm not interrupting something, am I?"

"A story," I said to her. "But you're not interrupting it. You're the happy ending."

I was glad for them; I was very glad.

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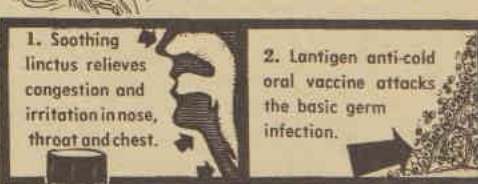


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557-B

AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard
For week beginning May 27

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 — APRIL 20 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, red, blue. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in a letter.</p>	<p>★ Broadcast your talents indirectly through other people, so that the news will reach the right quarters. This applies to candidates for a job either paid or voluntary.</p>	<p>★ Some shut up house, and go gallivanting to town, to shop, to visit friends or relatives. In the course of your rounds you learn new wrinkles in domestic science.</p>	<p>★ Some of you meet a penfriend for the first time. Others plan an outing and discover there is just as much fun in a group as in a twosome.</p>	<p>★ If you are seeking novelty, this week should be colorful. A new acquaintance may influence your outlook and cause you to change more than one opinion.</p>
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 — MAY 20 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, blue. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in a bargain.</p>	<p>★ The market-place is still your scene of action. Nobody will be able to put anything over you. You can, to a reasonable extent, mortgage the future and win.</p>	<p>★ A penny saved is often a penny earned. If you are dreaming big enough material, if you are planning special cookery be sure you have all the ingredients.</p>	<p>★ You and your best beloved may make an important purchase or merely indulge in window-shopping. Both of you are taking thought for the future.</p>	<p>★ Those concerned with raising money for a good cause should be happy. In some cases care should be taken that expenditure does not outrun possible receipts.</p>
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 — JUNE 21 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, black. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in taking initiative.</p>	<p>★ Although you are likely to have too many irons in the fire you should be successful with some of your projects. Lack of concentration is the chief danger.</p>	<p>★ Diplomacy can steer the household away from crazy schemes which cost more than they are worth. For some of you a new deal on the home front.</p>	<p>★ When Gemini goes romantic, he, or she, is tender and gay. Those who are young and impressionable will find a thousand ways to show their affection.</p>	<p>★ Some of you will be asked to head a committee. You'll acquit yourself with credit as a speech-maker. A particularly tough situation might be handed over to you.</p>
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 — JULY 22 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in finding money.</p>	<p>★ Through hard work you make an important achievement. Do not rely on promises or influence, but stand firmly on your own feet and believe in yourself.</p>	<p>★ A minor illness to a member of the family might keep you home more than usual. This quiet period gives you time to attend to neglected tasks.</p>	<p>★ You may blush because a person who fascinates you has occasion to speak to you about a completely impersonal matter. You may be hugging to yourself a secret crush.</p>	<p>★ Remain behind the scenes, letting others manage as they see fit. Should you express unpopular views you will be ignored, although time could prove you were right.</p>
LEO The Lion JULY 23 — AUGUST 22 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown, yellow. Gambling colors, brown, yellow. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in club work.</p>	<p>★ If you do not enjoy your job you will not get far. If those around you are not congenial you would be wise to make changes which would bring you happiness.</p>	<p>★ You may decide to pay your social debts in one big splash or in a series of smaller efforts. Food is no longer elaborate as formerly. Be a good hostess.</p>	<p>★ If the one you love most plays with a team, you may cheer him on to victory. If members of a club, you may take charge of an activity which proves interesting.</p>	<p>★ Group activities are still your best field. The time is favorable now for joining any organisation. Link-ups made now should be happy and permanent.</p>
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 — SEPTEMBER 22 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck from those in authority.</p>	<p>★ The chance to show what you can do is most important, and this should put you on your toes. You cannot afford to rest on your oars.</p>	<p>★ Be prepared to face your public unexpectedly as a hostess. Be dressed with beds made and dishes washed for the early-morning caller. Serve quick meals.</p>	<p>★ Some of you set the wedding date. Others are invited to see friends married. Engagement announcements are likely to be on the cards.</p>	<p>★ It won't be easy for you to put on the kneepads, but more may depend on ingratiating yourself with the right people than sheer merit. Get busy right away.</p>
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 23 — OCTOBER 22 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in little journeys.</p>	<p>★ Looking ahead is essential. If you live from day to day you have little ambition. Increase your qualifications, learn new tricks and efficient methods.</p>	<p>★ With wayside meals to prepare if you are rolling along the highway—for many a car these days is a home-from-home—you will need to check all items in advance.</p>	<p>★ Enjoy out-of-town boy's visit while you may, for when he goes home there is bound to be a vacuum. He might invite you to visit his folk.</p>	<p>★ Look in the book, be ready to state your authority before entering any argument. Show that you know your stuff. This is bound to increase your prestige.</p>
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 23 — NOVEMBER 22 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, red. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in standing on your own feet.</p>	<p>★ Bursts of energy followed by lary spells are characteristic of your sign, for you do not like routine. Set yourself a definite goal, then stick to your schedule.</p>	<p>★ For some of you, a new thrill. Perhaps you are knitting a jumper, or learning a new craft. This could keep you alone unless you find a neighbor with a similar hobby.</p>	<p>★ Should your best beloved be rather secretive or wish you to go on a date without your parents' knowledge, look out. This is a danger signal.</p>	<p>★ You might arrange a surprise party, or be let into a little secret such as an intended presentation, probably to a friend who is leaving the district.</p>
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 — DECEMBER 22 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in a romantic adventure.</p>	<p>★ Talk over any enterprise with a close friend or relative. Offers of practical help should not be scorned. Modifications to your personal ideas may prove beneficial.</p>	<p>★ Do you always change your frock in the afternoon? Do you make the ordinary family dinner seem a big occasion? Take trouble. Create a festive atmosphere.</p>	<p>★ The one-and-only takes you on a glamor date. If many years married, Friend Husband treats you to dinner in town and the theatre afterwards.</p>	<p>★ Your best social occasions this week are likely to take place in the evening when both sexes are present. These are informal and more jolly than glamorous.</p>
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 23 — JANUARY 19 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in practical matters.</p>	<p>★ If you are hunting a job, this is the right moment to make applications, written or in person. Be conservative in dress and manner, and make a good impression.</p>	<p>★ Turn out seldom-opened cupboards and boxes, for there is treasure to be found where least expected. You may find that certain possessions are in fashion.</p>	<p>★ Either you or the one you love best may have a minor illness. This should prove a good excuse for visits, little gifts of books or flowers.</p>	<p>★ A new pet could make a big difference in your life. You may hesitate to go out because you are having fun at home. Otherwise, a comparatively quiet period.</p>
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 — FEBRUARY 19 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, gold. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in personal relationships.</p>	<p>★ If your job is connected with entertainment you are likely to take a step up the career ladder. Otherwise, a new, attractive workmate.</p>	<p>★ Dame Fortune may knock on the door of your home and bring luck to one of the younger members of the family. Otherwise, you are able to afford a luxury.</p>	<p>★ There could be an offer of marriage in the near future, or, for those still quite young, an informal understanding which fills your days with rosy dreams.</p>	<p>★ Quite a few of you will be engaged in giving children a treat or planning entertainment for them. Others will be finding thrills in a new game.</p>
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 — MARCH 20 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, silver. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck within four walls.</p>	<p>★ Work may be performed mechanically because your thoughts are occupied elsewhere. This state of affairs may continue for a fortnight. Then changes occur.</p>	<p>★ A peep into someone else's home could make you thankful for domestic blessings you have been inclined to ignore. You may help Friend Husband in a project.</p>	<p>★ Should that best beloved take you for granted, competition might act as a tonic. Don't overdo it and create real jealousy. Just show him others appreciate you.</p>	<p>★ You may prefer to live alone and like it. Social interests may have waned or worn thin, although you are not ready yet to begin a new chapter.</p>

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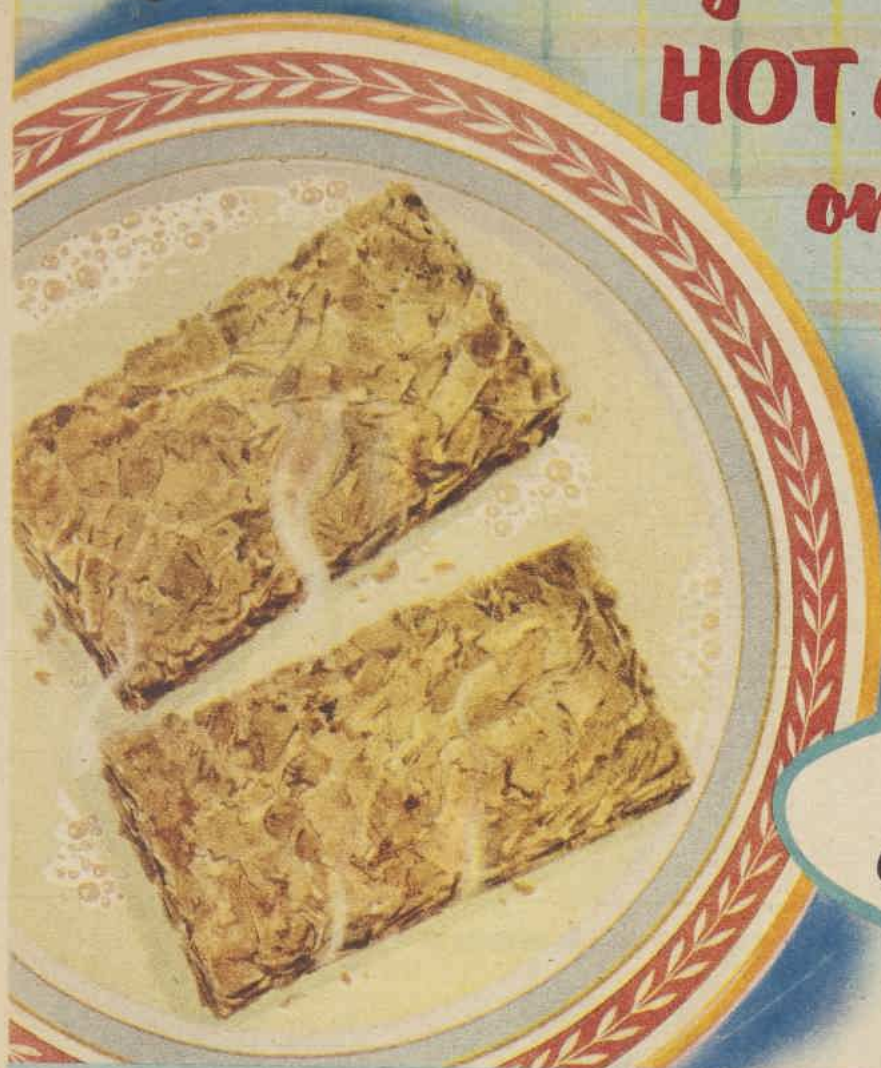


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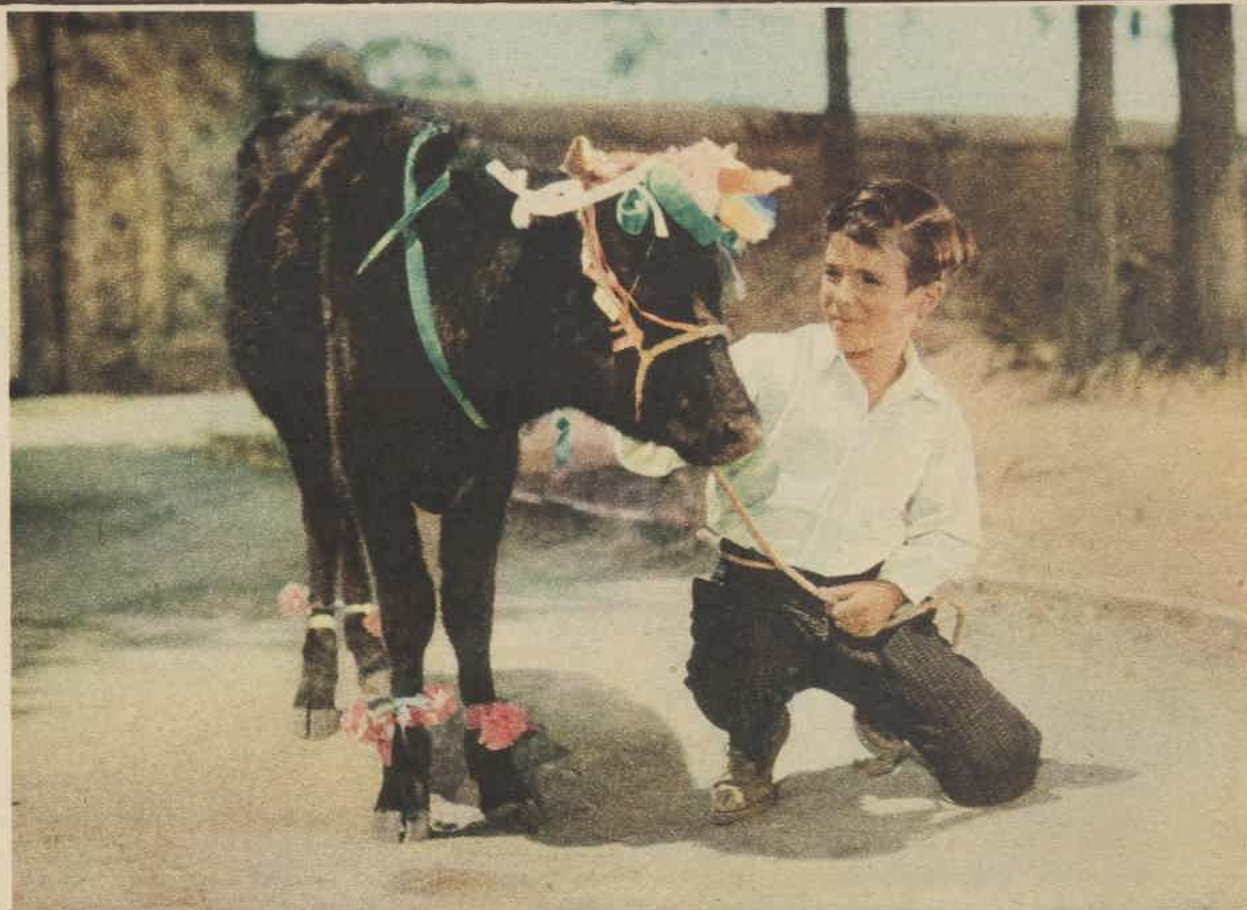
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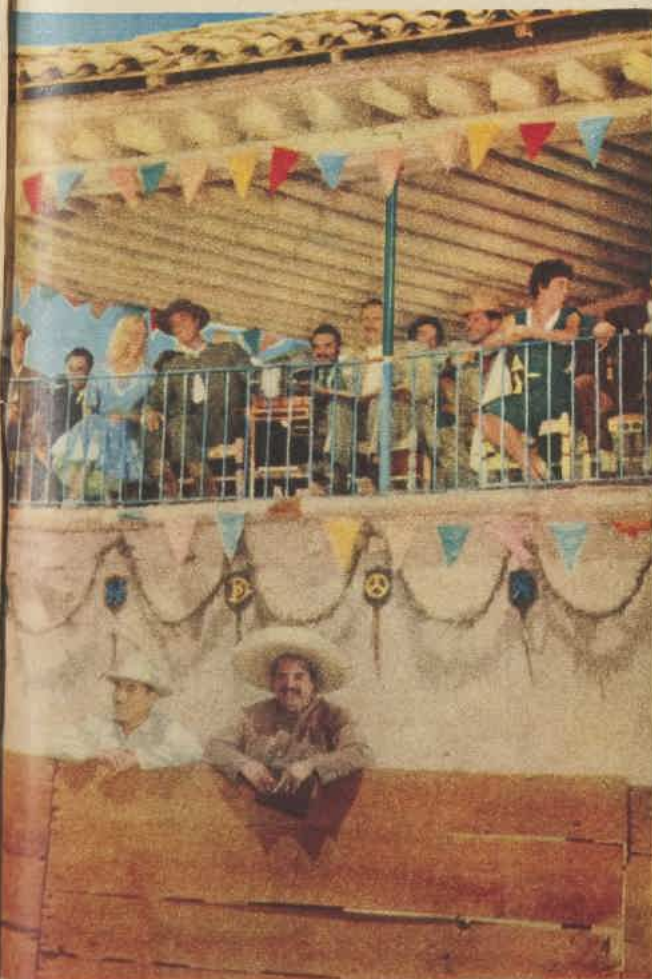
Made in Mexico, using Mexican actors and starring 12-year-old English star Michael Ray, "The Brave One" is the story of a boy and his love for an animal—in this case a young bull of noble fighting blood.

This R.K.O. film story is based on an actual incident which occurred at the Plaza del Toros in Barcelona, when the crowd demanded a bull be granted the rare "Indulto" (honorable release from further fighting) after the small son of an employee of the owner had called to the bull during the heat of the fight.

Young Michael first came into prominence with his touching performance in "The Divided Heart," and since then has made an American film, "The Tin Star."



A BOY AND HIS PET. Young Michael Ray kneels lovingly beside Gitano, the prize bull he brings up from infancy and must see sacrificed to the bullring, in the unusual Mexican-made film "The Brave One." Michael's starring role is that of Leonardo, the son of a humble farmer who is powerless to save his son's pet from the fate for which it was bred.



LEFT. A colorful scene is provided by the private bullring of the hacienda Rancho Santine as owners and guests gather to see two-year-old bulls prove their worth.

ABOVE. "The Blessing of the Animals" is a traditional ceremony. The children bring their gaily decorated pets to the church to receive the priest's annual blessing.

NEW BRITISH SCREEN FIND

The newest idol to hit the British screen is a splendid Romeo with excellent manners and a hairy chest. His name is Tony Britton.

By BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff.

IN the smiling, debonaire Tony Britton the movie-makers have at last found a combination of the best male qualities for the sophisticated box-office—true virility with gentleness, and an acting ability that practically blisters the celluloid.

He is the first real film discovery to be snatched from British television.

His Romeo to Virginia

McKenna's lovely Juliet, first performed two years ago, is now a television classic.

It made the dashing Tony a television star, and when he grabbed the offers showered on him he took an express lift to stardom.

"It was the best thing I could have done," Tony told me.

"Film producers no longer go to the theatre to find their

stars. They watch television. That's how they signed me up.

"I went straight into a film with Glynis Johns, 'Loser Takes All.' And now in my second film, 'The Birthday Present,' they've already given me a top starring role."

Leading Australian actors Frank Waters and Leo McKern and many others who have made the pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon in recent years will know Tony well.

It was there he graduated from £4-a-week repertory to sudden brilliant success as Bassanio in "The Merchant of Venice" opposite Peggy Ashcroft.

I remember how he stood out among the actors with his fiery Mercutio in "Romeo and Juliet."

I met Tony again on the set of Shepperton this week. Before we were introduced he strode across the set and said, "I know you. We met at Stratford three years ago."

If he remembers his lines as he remembers the years, they're going to love him in the studios.

Tony is tall, well-built, a snappy dresser, and talks very briskly. But he is bewildered by his sudden success after a lot of slogging.

"You know, those were wonderful years in Stratford just the same," he said. "The money wasn't brilliant, but



TALKING in a corner of the set are newcomer to British films Sylvia Syms, Bill Stratton, of The Australian Women's Weekly London staff, and exciting new screen personality Tony Britton. Sylvia and Tony are co-starred in "The Birthday Present."



STARRED in his second screen role, handsome Tony Britton (right) is shown in a scene with David Hutchison. The story tells of the consequences of just one lapse from honesty.

the spirit of the place was wonderful.

"I got on tremendously well with all the Australians there—Frank Waters, for instance. I hear he's done some terrific work since he got back home. We were delighted. He's such a fine actor."

TV star

IT was a television role which landed Tony his present starring part in the film "The Birthday Present."

"It's funny," he said, "I was co-starring on TV with Sylvia Syms in 'The Romantic Young Lady.' So they cast me for films in 'The Birthday Present,' and who is my

leading lady? Sylvia Syms again."

Boldly the studio has put these two newcomers together at the top of the bill, betting on the sheer excellence of their talent to fill the movie theatres.

The story of Tony Britton's first starring film, "The Birthday Present," is simple but unusual. It will put a chill of fear into any husband who has ever told a small lie to the Customs man on returning to his country.

In this film, the fundamentally decent young hero buys an expensive watch for his wife while abroad on a business trip and tries to smuggle it back through Customs to avoid duty.

He is caught, and because of the crude defence put up by a bungling lawyer is sent to prison for three months. It wrecks his career and all but wrecks his whole life.

Jack Whittingham, producer of "The Birthday Present," wheeled me along to the studio theatre to see rushes of the prison sequences.

They not only scared me, but showed me a dynamic new British film find going through his paces.

Tony grinned and said, "I've got a good contract, too, boy. Only two films a year and the rest of the time to do as I like."

"How about if I came out to Australia? I'd love to, you know."



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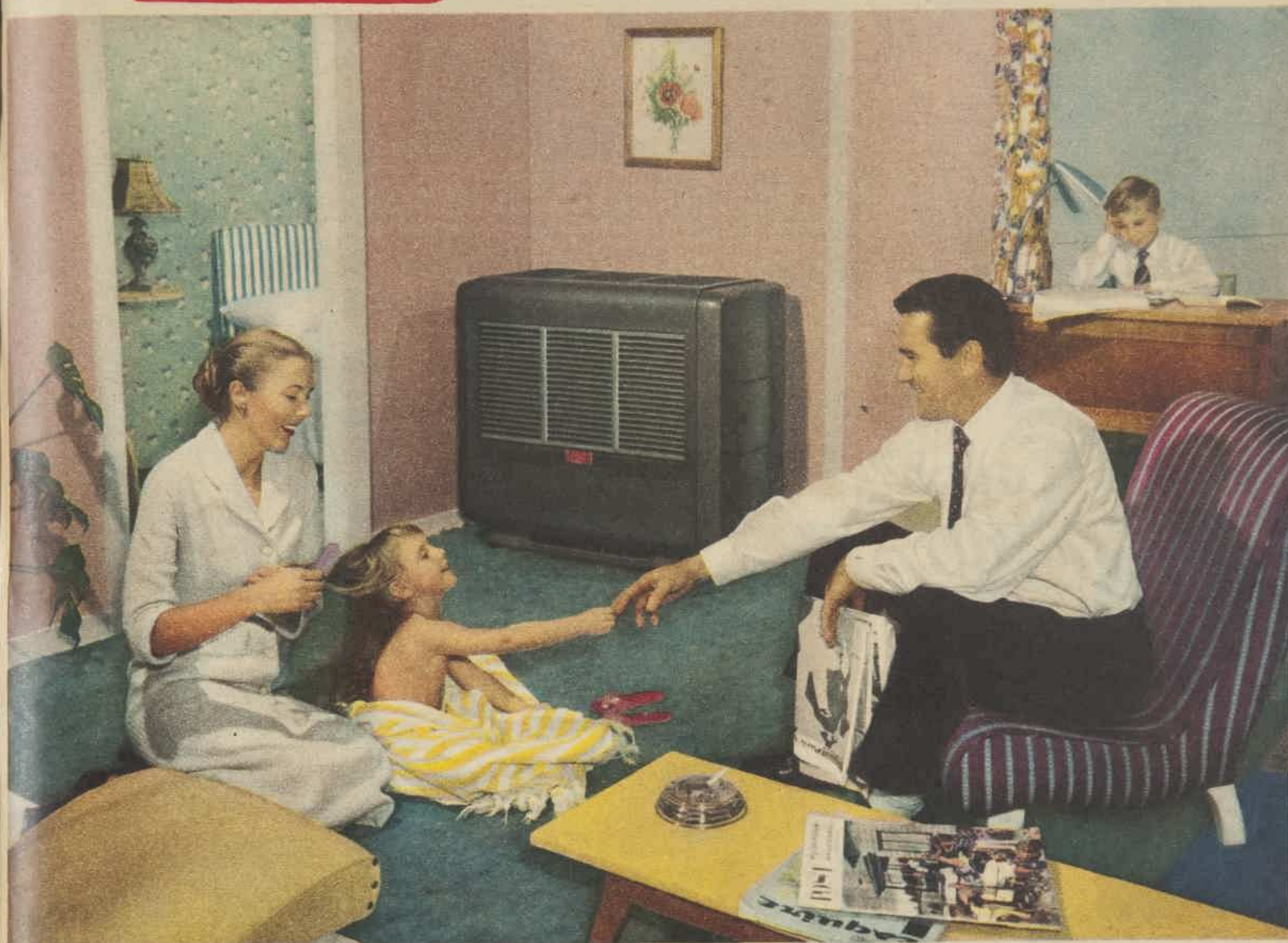
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1 ARRIVING in Lisbon, American Sylvia Merrill (O'Hara) is questioned by police. She has come to arrange the escape of her elderly millionaire husband from behind the Iron Curtain, where he has been held prisoner for two years.



2 FORMER U.S. navy officer Evans (Milland), now a smuggler, agrees to use his boat to help Merrill's planned escape.

Thriller about spy ring

★ Latest actor to make his bow in the triple roles of star, producer, and director is Ray Milland. "Lisbon," Republic's international spy ring thriller, gives Ray the opportunity he has long been angling for.

Filmed in the new widescreen process, Natu-rama, and in Trucolor, the story was shot on location in Portugal.

Starring with Milland are Maureen O'Hara, Claude Rains, and Percy Marmont, who toured Australia last year in the stage play "Witness for the Prosecution." Old-time European star Francis Lederer also makes an appearance in a minor role. The film's musical score is by bandleader Nelson Riddle.



3 REALISING Sylvia has become infatuated with Evans, Mavros (Rains) suggests that, for a price, he will deliver Merrill dead instead of alive, leaving her free to marry Evans.



4 OVERHEARING Mavros issuing instructions to one of his henchmen that both Evans and Merrill be killed during the voyage, Maria (Yvonne Furneaux) warns Evans.



5 REVOLTED by Sylvia's callousness, Evans is determined to thwart Mavros' plans. After taking Merrill (Percy Marmont) on board, he saves the industrialist from being suffocated.



6 LEFT. Waiting for the party to return, Sylvia becomes remorseful and thinks she has realised too late her error in listening to Mavros.

7 ABOVE. Delivering Merrill to Sylvia, Evans has Mavros arrested, chides Sylvia for her behaviour, and leaves for a new, respectable life with Maria.

commencing salary wasn't high, but the chances seemed good. I was delighted when I was eventually offered a partnership. I took it."

"You paid for it?"
"A substantial sum."

"Go on."
"There were two partners besides myself. They absconded soon afterwards and took every penny we possessed. The business was finished, worthless. I suppose I should have known that."

"He looked at North. 'You probably know that, in a partnership, any partner is liable for the debts of the others.' 'You could have gone bankrupt.'"

"I know. I half considered that. But it seemed to me that it was my mistake, and that there was no reason why others should suffer. I decided to try and pay in full."

"Could you?"
"Not then, no. The creditors were very good. They agreed to take so much immediately, and let me spread the remainder over several years. We sold our house, and moved into a flat. That helped."

"How much have you paid so far?"
"About half."

North sat forward and made some notes. Frank watched his bent head. He seemed interested, even cordial. Could he be playing a cat and mouse game, amusing himself?

Then North looked up, his face expressionless. He said: "So to you this vacancy with the Esterby Corporation represents an admirable chance to put your financial affairs in order."

"That isn't quite fair." Frank paused and tried to marshal his thoughts accurately. "It's true that the salary looms large to me. But there is something more important."

"What is that?"
"As I understand it, I should have a definite responsibility. That's the main thing. To be able to give, to know that I am, in a small way, of some importance. I believe I can serve you well. In return, I shall get something more important in the long run than money. I shall get back my self-respect."

Continuing . . . Last Encounter

from page 26

"I accept your correction," said North. "But let us say that, in the short run, you desperately need the financial rewards that we can offer?"

"Yes."
"In fact," said North softly, "if you aren't suitable for this post, you won't know which way to turn?"

"Yes," said Frank as if hypnotised.

"Thank you."

North leaned sideways, and flicked a switch. Frank waited but nothing happened. He glanced at North. North said: "We tape-record all interviews so that they can be studied afterwards. The formal part of this interview is over, so I've switched it off. You're not supposed to know that, of course, but in your case—" he smiled ironically—"I don't think it matters much."

Frank sat helplessly, waiting for it. North stroked his nose reflectively. "Frank Bellamy," he said, "after all these years."

Something collapsed inside Frank, leaving him hollow and empty. So it was all a charade, a carefully rigged game for North's private amusement. There was to be no job, no last chance, no opportunity to win back his self-respect.

He stood up and walked towards the door. There was one more thing to be said. He turned and looked at North, who was still sitting there, smiling.

"I think you might have dispensed with this rather lengthy form of amusement," said Frank, "but I must say one thing. The fight was the result of my bad temper. I'm sorry."

North didn't seem to be doing anything in particular except smiling an odd smile.

Frank said: "I was going to apologise to you that last time we met, but I couldn't find the right words." He sighed. "I never thought it would matter so much."

North said: "Did you ever see her again?"

"Myra? No. It was a week or two before I could have got in touch with her, and

then, well . . . would you? Did you, in fact?"

North laughed. "No. She seemed sweet enough, but a little cloying for my palate. Your concern for her was touching, but quite unnecessary."

This was merely sparring, Frank knew, with no purpose. It was all over.

"I'm not going to pretend that I don't wish you were someone else," he said. "But I'm glad to have had the chance of making a very overdue apology."

He opened the door. The corridor stretched high and empty before him.

North's voice said: "Is that all? Don't you think a little more deference might help me to forget?"

Frank knew what he meant. To abase himself, to throw himself on North's mercy. He said coldly: "I'll see you in hell first."

"That is the reply I expected," North said contentedly. "You will receive a letter officially offering you the appointment tomorrow morning. In the meantime, my congratulations and best wishes."

Frank stood as if paralysed, his brain refusing to take this in. He turned slowly. "If this is your idea of a game . . ."

"I can see that we still don't understand each other," said North. "Perhaps it's just as well that you will be based in Geneva. I take it your wife will have no objection to that?"

Frank shook his head dumbly.

"I have not been playing a game, except in one small instance," said North. "Personal feelings have no place in this corporation, even if I had any, which I haven't. You've apologised to me for starting the scrap. I accept that. But as a member of the guard you were doing your duty in preventing me from leaving the camp, and I was being very stiff-necked about it."

He stroked his nose, as if

by habit. "You also seem to have a guilt complex about landing a sucker punch on my face. Does it help you if I remind you that I completely lost my head, and that if the service police hadn't arrived I should probably have brained you with a shovel?"

Frank managed to smile.

"My R.A.F. career," North continued, "finished up in the Air Ministry, you know, so I know a bit about your activities. I know why you didn't get promotion, and I may say that, in that instance, my sympathies were with you. When Morgan mentioned you, I thought immediately that you were just the man we were looking for."

"You concealed that view rather well."

"You might call this job one for a trouble-shooter, someone who's not afraid to speak his mind, not scared of upsetting people. I'd pretty well appointed you before you got here. But you were so meek and mild during the interview, I began to wonder, so I engineered a little scene. I'm sorry about that."

"I was trying too hard."

"Now," said North briskly. "I want you to spend the rest of the day here. All right?"

"If I can phone my wife," said Frank dazedly.

"There's a direct outside line on the desk," North said, waving his hand. "Help yourself. I'll be back in a minute."

Frank watched him go, a tall, powerful figure. A big man, he realised. It took a little while for the friendly neighbor to fetch Jane to the telephone. When he heard her voice, he said: "Darling, you'll have to fetch the children from school."

"Is there something wrong?"

"No, everything's right."

Jane — "I've got the job."

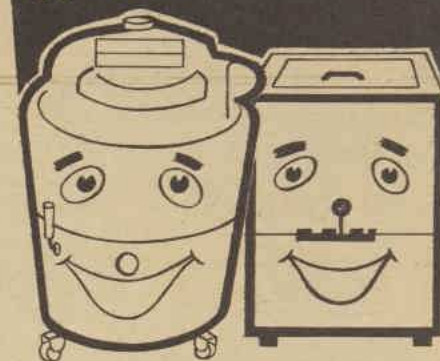
"I knew they'd like you," she said happily.

"Yes. Well, I'll tell you all about it tonight."

Except perhaps about telling North to go to hell, he thought. Jane wouldn't like that.

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again on French soil, and he and Joss would be in her and away.

He looked about him, estimating the number of passengers affected by the strike, and found they constituted the large majority. Couriers were herding the last parties into coaches; the owners of private cars collected those they had come to meet and took them away. Those travelling by train remained, disorganised, distracted.

Sebastian, walking about and gleaming items of information as he went, concluded that the strike was general and not local; there would be no trains that day, none perhaps for days to come. Excitement was mounting, the clamor increased; strike leaders, mounted on boxes or on benches, were addressing the workers.

Sebastian walked across to one of the groups to hear what was being said, but before he reached it he found his path barred by the elderly, black-clad woman he had noticed pushing her away to the gangway. She planted herself squarely before him and addressed him in strong accented English.

"You came on the boat?" She spoke without a trace of apology in her tone. Her manner was imperious. Sebastian lifted his eyebrows at the lack of ceremony with which she had stopped him, and answered coldly:

"I did, Madame."

He moved a step backwards as he spoke; she was too close. He had an impression, that he did not care to make more de-

tailed, of shabbiness and slovenliness.

He would have moved away, but something in her determined air told him that she would follow him and press her questions.

"You are going by train?"

"No, Madame."

"You have a car?"

"I have." And if you think you're going to set one foot in Betsy, he added to himself, you can think again.

"What car?" she demanded.

"A big car? Is it full?"

"Quite full, Madame. It holds only two: my friend and myself."

He was surprised at the chilliness of his tone. He was moved, as a rule, by a feeling that old ladies, young children, and immature girls merited the same approach: a kindly manner concealing abysmal boredom. But there was something about this uninhibited stranger that roused an aversion he saw little reason to conceal.

"You wonder why I ask? Well, I will tell you," she said. "I have business, urgent business. I must have a conveyance. I was taking the train, but now there is this strike. I am going to Lysaine—have you heard of Lysaine?"

"I'm afraid I haven't, Madame. If you'll excuse me—"

"Please pay attention." The calm authority in her tone made him stiffen angrily. "I have to go to Lysaine, which is not more than two hundred kilometres from this place. If you

Continuing . . . Bridal Array

from page 25

will take me, I will pay you for your car—"

"I am extremely sorry, but —"

"I will pay you well. I wish to get there soon, today, this morning, or this afternoon. I have business at my chateau."

Sebastian eyed her. Delusions, was his first thought—and then something in her bearing, in her face, gave him pause. She had keen little

black eyes, flabby, high-boned cheeks, and a long, impressively arched nose. It was the nose that convinced Sebastian. It was a nose of authority; the eyes, set rather close together, seemed to peer down at him now like a spear held to his breast.

With an effort he summoned his resolution. He addressed her in French.

"There is no possibility, Madame, of my giving you a lift. I regret. When my car is put ashore I—"

"You need not speak to me in French," she told him angrily. "My English is perfectly good enough. And shall I tell you something? You may be saying the truth that there will be no possibility of taking me in your car. When you speak of having this car of yours, you speak with perhaps too much confidence. I asked you to take me to my chateau, but if you had agreed to do this, perhaps you would have found, after all, that you could not do it."

"You know why? Go and find out. Go there and listen to what those men are saying; your French is good, and so you will understand. They are Communists—you will see. And they are saying that the men who work here, here on the dock, should also make a strike. And if this happens, you will not get your car. No. The car will not be taken out of the ship."

But Sebastian was no longer listening. With a slight bow he had stepped round her and was walking rapidly and unhesitatingly towards the ship. He went up the gangway and peered incredulously down at the cars, at the waiting Betsy, at the men hanging round the open hatch, at the unmanned cranes, at the workmen idle on shore. Disbelief became apprehension, apprehension certainty. The strike had spread. Work had ceased. The cars were not being unloaded; Betsy would not be lifted on to French soil; she would not streak up the great motor roads of Europe, flicking contemptuously past lesser vehicles. Betsy was down there . . . strike-bound.

When the boat from Jersey docked, Sebastian was standing on the quay scanning the decks for a sight of Joss; when he located him among the crowd on board, he walked to a point from which he could speak to him. Joss leaned over the rail with a question.

"What's this about a strike?"

Sebastian hunched his shoulders in a gesture of helplessness.

"It's true. I don't think we're going to get Betsy off."

There was no comment from Joss; Sebastian had not expected one. Joss had a restful way of saying nothing when there was nothing to be said. Instead, he leaned against the rail and studied the scene below him—a long, lean, quiet man, with a heavy moustache, outwardly more serious than Sebastian, inwardly perhaps the more humorous of the two.

When the first rush of disembarking passengers was over



he came down the gangway and joined Sebastian. With him, to Sebastian's surprise, came a dark-haired little boy of about six.

"Who've you got there?" inquired Sebastian, when the two had joined him.

"I've got to hand him over to his relations— aunt and grandfather, as far as I can make out."

"Who is he?"

"No idea," said Joss. "His mother came up to me on the quay at St. Helier just before the boat left and asked if I'd see that he got ashore and joined up with Tante somebody and Grandpere. I'll have to go and look for them."

"What's his name?"

"Maurice something, Maurice," directed Joss, "skip off and see if you can see your grandfather or your aunt."

"I'll bring them here to you," promised Maurice, and darted away.

"Well, how was the trip?" asked Joss.

"They told me it was rough. I slept. What time did you leave Jersey?"

"Seven-thirty."

"Seasick?"

"No. I stayed up on deck and walked about."

He paused; Sebastian did not appear to be listening; his eyes and his mind were on something else. Joss made an attempt to regain his attention.

"How serious is this strike?" he asked.

"Hm?"

"I said, how serious is this strike? Strike. A strike. A blow. A blow on the other fellow's chin to teach him to listen when spoken to. Strike."

"Oh—strike!" Sebastian's attention returned momentarily.

"I'll talk about that in a moment. Look, Joss, who's that girl over there?"

"Oh—her? What makes you think I'd know?" he asked.

"She got off your boat—the Jersey boat. I watched her disembark. Very pretty it was, too. You must know who she is."

"Why?"

"Because, dammit, Jersey is an island measuring about fifty or sixty square miles—isn't it?"

"Roughly."

"And there's only one place on it that could rank as a town—isn't there?"

"St. Helier. Correct."

"All right, then. A girl as lovely as that one couldn't appear in any town without causing a riot. Come on, talk."

"She moves," said Joss, "in dual circles. Jersey, as I don't have to remind you, is full of dukes and barons and so on,

with a few millionaires for makeweight. She circulates among them."

"You can present me," said Sebastian.

"I've just told you—I don't know the girl. She's out of my reach. I once met her father—briefly—and neither of us enjoyed the experience. Now will you tell me what you know about this strike?"

"It's serious and we can't get Betsy unloaded. Who's that fellow she's talking to?"

"He's come to meet her—and in a nice line in cars, too. And brand new. I bet that lightened the load in his wallet. Don't you know anything about her?"

"I know everything about her. The island of Jersey is some—"

"Yes, yes, yes; we went into that."

"Fifty or sixty square miles, which means that gossip can't spread very far; it can only—"

"So what do you know about her?"

"She's the only child of one of Jersey's overlords; thirteenth-century manor and the rights that go with it, and thick walls and very small windows. Father very rich, very old, very touchy. Daughter very rebellious. The two of them disagree."

"Over money?"

"Over men. She believes that they love her for herself; father's convinced that they're after his money. The latest rumor says that she got engaged without his consent; if so, it was probably to the fellow over there with the green car; if so, I hope not, because he doesn't look as though he could handle her."

"What's her name?"

"De Vrais. Old Jersey name. Jessica de Vrais. Where are you going?"

"He seems to have gone off to see about her luggage. This is my chance to find out what her views are on talking to strangers."

"Look," pointed out Joss, "you made me take this holiday. You insisted on doing the trip now instead of in June, as I suggested. You—"

"I'll be back in a minute. I haven't been hanging round here just waiting for you to arrive; I've done everything I could to get Betsy unloaded. I've worked like a horse. I've stepped on to soap-boxes and argued with the strikers fluently but unsuccessfully. I've done everything short of actually taking the ship apart and yanking the car out. I hate to say we're ditched, but we are, and that's final. We've got to think of something. You start thinking; I'll be back."

Joss merely nodded and watched him walk away; he was well accustomed to Sebastian's swift approaches and strategic retreats. A glance round the quay showed no sign of Maurice, so without impatience he strolled to a nearby bench and sat down to watch the confused scene. Harassed officials hurried by, pursued by travellers anxious to learn the latest developments in the strike situation. Porters looked for straying clients, failed to find them, and left their luggage in piles on the jetty while they searched farther afield.

A long queue waited to make telephone calls; loud-speakers

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blared advice and admonition and pleaded for order. Out in the roadway, the confusion was if anything worse. Buses came and went; ancient coaches, pressed into service, drove up empty and in an incredibly short time drove away again filled to capacity.

Maurice's small form appeared for a moment, vanished in the crowd, and reappeared again close to Joss.

"Nobody," he announced briefly.

"You mean you didn't see them?" asked Joss.

"I looked from there to there." Maurice's arms made a wide sweep. "They weren't anywhere. Where are they?"

"They'll be here soon; there's no hurry," said Joss.

His tone was untroubled, but a slight uneasiness was creeping over him. He had undertaken the charge lightly; he was to see that the child, with his wicker suitcase, was transferred from the boat to the care of his aunt and grandfather, who would be awaiting him. No more. The mother had said nothing about keeping an eye on the child on the journey or upon arrival.

This, mused Joss, was just as well; handing over was one thing; anybody could hand over—but it would take a keen eye to follow all the movements of this supercharged and hell-bent infant. More than once, on the way over, he had seen the small figure the centre of outraged adults all clamoring to know who was in charge of him. Joss had not claimed the privilege.

Coming out of his reverie and looking round to locate Maurice, Joss saw to his dismay that there would soon be a repetition of the angry scenes on board. The boy, filling in time awaiting his relations, had applied himself to scratching his initials on pieces of unclaimed or unattended luggage belonging to those who, by reason of the strike, were busy elsewhere. Joss, with a stern effort, overcame his impulse to interfere; tempers were strained enough as it was, and he had no desire to find himself arguing with the owners of the cases. Moreover, his knowledge of small boys, though not extensive, was enough to convince him that carving initials on handy objects was one of their less dangerous pursuits.

He looked across to where Sebastian now stood talking to Jessica de Vrais. A fast worker Sebastian, he mused, by no means for the first time. Fast, and successful. If he himself had strolled across and spoken to her, she would no doubt have summoned a policeman—and this despite the fact that he looked considerably more harmless than Sebastian.

He brooded for some time on the vagaries of women. Kettle cattle. You never knew what went on in their minds, or even if they had minds. Perhaps it was his own fault; bad approach or slow follow-up. He was fairly young, he was not repulsive-looking, his health was good, and he had a good job. You'd think a woman would find enough there to start on, but perhaps his tentative attempts made them . . .

With a jerk, his attention came back to Maurice—but not soon enough. That artist had moved by imperceptible degrees near to the property of Joss and Sebastian; he had carved his name fancifully upon Joss' Gladstone bag; Sebastian's expensive zip-fastening case bore the impression Maurice Pierre Carron. Now he was working on the largest of the beautiful matching set of luggage arrayed near Jessica de Vrais.

For one instant Joss fought his longing to take swift retributive action. This, then, was the reason Master Carron's luggage was of wicker. He glanced uneasily towards Jessica; Sebastian had left her and she was looking in this direction, but from where she stood

Continuing . . . Bridal Array

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she could not detect the damage. It would be sensible to move; if her temper was anything like her father's, he would not like to be at hand when she next laid eyes on her suitcase.

Taking Maurice's hand in a firm grasp, he drew him away into the crowd and threaded his way to the road to see whether there was any sign of an agitated grandfather or aunt. Nobody, however, seemed anxious to claim the boy. It was not to be wondered at, thought Joss; perhaps they had property to protect—but all the same, he couldn't keep the boy indefinitely. He frowned uneasily; he had no idea how far the child's relations had to travel in order to reach St. Malo, but if they had been coming by train . . .

"You see?" Maurice looked up at him. "They aren't here."

"No. There's no need to worry."

"I'm not worried," said Maurice, in surprise. "I'm glad, that's all."

"What are you glad about?"



"I like it here. It's got trains. Why don't the trains go?"

"There's a strike."

He answered absently Maurice's demand for more detailed explanation. He had become convinced that the boy's relations had been prevented by the strike from coming to meet him, and he was trying to remember the mother's instructions in Jersey: in the unlikely event of there being nobody waiting for the boat, he was to . . . what was he to do? Joss wished that he had paid greater attention—but the idea of a hitch had not occurred to him. He remembered writing down something—a number, a telephone number. He had scribbled it down . . . where?

He saw Jessica de Vrais moving with her escort towards the green car; taking Maurice by the hand, Joss went back to the bench and, sitting down, took a small diary from his pocket and began riffling swiftly through its pages. He was absorbed in the task when he heard Sebastian's angry voice.

"Who the hell . . . Look at that!"

"Yes." Joss spoke absently. "I saw. C-D-E."

"But you can't have seen this! Look what that son of Satan's done to the luggage! Look at it! Maurice Pierre something."

"Carron," supplied Joss. "J-K—"

"Why didn't you stop him?" demanded Sebastian. "You're in charge of him, aren't you?"

"No," said Joss. "No, I don't think I am. N-O—"

"If you're not, who is? If you are, then you ought to be keeping an eye on what he's doing. If you're not . . . well, obviously somebody ought to be. Hasn't he got any relations?"

"All I said was that I'd hand him over."

"Hand him over to whom?"

"To whomever came to fetch him."

"Well, who's coming to fetch him?"

They looked at Maurice, who was sitting beside Joss. He appeared unmoved by the fact that his artistic efforts had met with neither appreciation nor approval; he also seemed uninterested in the discussion about his relations. All his energies were being directed to the effort of loosening one of his front teeth.

"I don't know who's coming exactly," said Joss. "His—"

"My grandfather," broke in Maurice, and gave a tentative tug to the tooth. "He always comes with Tante Francine, except when he doesn't feel well. Then she comes. Tante Francine comes by herself. When will they come?"

"I don't know," said Joss. "Soon. If only I could find—"

"What are you looking for?" inquired Sebastian.

"The telephone number."

"Grandfather's?"

"No. There's no phone at the house. If you want to get hold of them you have to ring up this other number I'm looking for."

"There isn't any telephone in their house," explained Maurice. "Tante Francine says it would be too much money."

"Never mind about Tante Francine," said Sebastian.

"Now, Joss, let's get it straight. You had to hand him over; if nobody was waiting for him you had to telephone to somebody whose number you can't find. Right?"

"I come every year," Maurice informed them. "I come in September and they come to meet me." Tante Francine—

"Quiet," ordered Sebastian. "Tais-toi. In other words, pipe down. Well, Joss?"

"I'll probably come across the number in a minute," said Joss, still searching. "I'm certain I wrote it down."

"If it isn't their own phone," said Sebastian, "it must belong to someone who takes messages for them. Maurice, whose telephone does your grandfather use?"

"Madame Seyboule's," said Maurice promptly.

"Then all we have to do," pointed out Sebastian, "is look up the number of this Madame Seyboule in the appropriate directory and ask her."

"But that's the trouble," said Joss. "The telephone isn't in her name either; don't ask me why. Now I can see why there was so much fuss about making me take down the number. I think I may have written it on an odd piece of paper."

"Here's a bit of paper," Sebastian plucked it from between the leaves of the diary. "This it?"

"No." Joss examined the paper and his frown deepened. "But I could have sworn I'd torn up this—"

"But you tore up the telephone number instead. Well, that," said Sebastian, "tears everything up. What do we do now?"

"We don't know whether they were coming by train. Maurice," asked Joss, "does your grandfather come by car?"

"No. He wants one," said Maurice, "but Tante Francine says—"

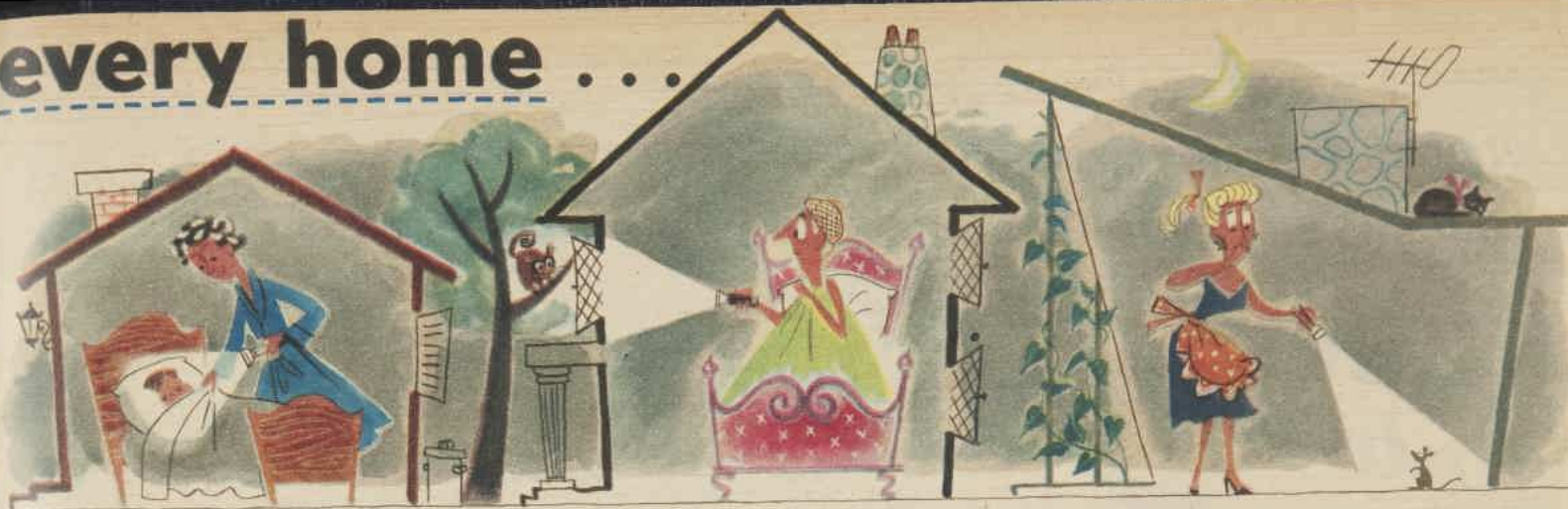
"Tante Francine again. That woman keeps coming up," said Sebastian. "Look, Joss, I'm going over to the A.A. to get a final word about how much chance there is of getting Betsy ashore. You take young what's-his-name—"

"Maurice Pierre Carron," said Maurice.

"As if I didn't know," said Sebastian bitterly. "Take him

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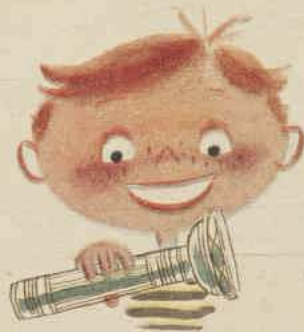
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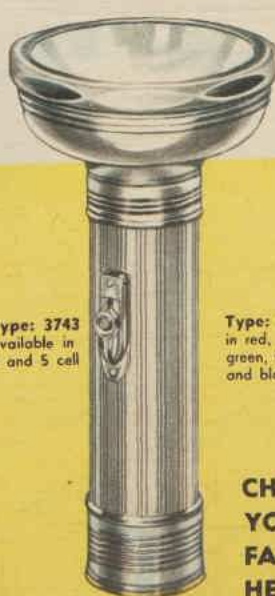
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into a clearing, if you can find one, Joss, and walk him up and down in full view. Perhaps they're here and haven't seen him yet in this confusion. See you soon."

He walked away. Joss, with Maurice hopping beside him, walked up and down the road. When Maurice was claimed, he reflected, he and Sebastian would have to settle something; they could not wait about here aimlessly waiting for the strike to come to an end. It was the worst of luck, but perhaps they could salvage something; perhaps they could enjoy a less mobile holiday. They could

He came to himself to find that Maurice was no longer by his side; instead, an elderly woman had come into the road from the quay and was standing blocking his way. He looked down at her in surprise, and was about to step out of her path when he found that Sebastian had joined him and was speaking firmly to the stranger.

"No, Madame; it is quite impossible to help you. As you guessed, we are not able to get our car off the ship. Come on, Joss."

"Wait. Please pay attention," commanded the woman.

Joss looked at her, and his survey took in details that had escaped Sebastian. He saw a gaunt figure whose appearance he described to himself as ramshackle. She wore a shapeless black hat over fuzzy white hair, a dusty black coat, and a far-from-clean black dress. Her feet were encased in black suede boots, elastic-sided, bald with age. She gave, at first glance, a general impression of shabbiness, but Joss, looking more closely, saw here and there items of startling incongruity: the gleam of gold at her wrists, the flash of diamonds upon her bosom.

He noted also the complete assurance of her manner, her self-confidence, the air of command in her bearing. Her sharp tones held authority; the hard, unwavering look she was directing at him showed her to be of no disposition to brook contradiction.

She lifted a beringed, be-

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grimed finger and waggled it at Joss.

"I am the Comtesse de Chandillot," she informed him. "We are all in a little fix, no?" "There is," admitted the fascinated Joss, "a temporary check."

"It is impossible that you and your friend get your car. I have inquired. The strike will go on. The car will go in the ship back to England, and what will you do? You do not wish to go back with it?"

The question was rhetorical; there was obviously a proposition on the way, and Joss thought that he could anticipate it.

"You want us," he said, "to share a taxi with you?"

The small black eyes narrowed in displeasure.

"If you wait, I shall say what I want, so please pay attention. You see that taxi over there?"

BOTH men turned to inspect it. They saw near them a high, black vehicle, hearse-like, dust-covered, mud-streaked. The garages of St. Malo had been swept to provide, at great cost, transport for the stranded; this was the last of the sweepings. It had been—perhaps, estimated Joss, at the turn of the century—a car of note; as with the old woman in black, something of vanished elegance could be glimpsed beneath the overlying seediness, but it looked more suitable for exhibition in a museum than for present-day use.

They turned from wondering contemplation, and Sebastian spoke.

"You've hired that thing?" he asked in amazement.

"I have bought it," said the Comtesse.

There was a pause; she waited for comment, but Joss and Sebastian could say nothing they felt to be adequate.

"You have no car," went on the Comtesse, "because it is shut up and you will not get it out. I have this car, which is old but good—but there is nobody to drive it." The men

glanced at the taxi-driver and she gave a snort of contempt. "Pff! You think that I would go with that mistake of a man? By no means. Which is more, he would rob me before we had gone a dozen kilometres. No, for heaven's sake. But if you will drive me, I will pay you well."

My chateau is near Lysaine—that is perhaps two hundred kilometres from here, no more. We shall be there soon. From there you may do as you wish; if you wish to go on by train, and if then the trains are going, you can go. If you wish to stay for a week, two weeks in my chateau, you may do so, but in this case I will not pay you any money. I wish to leave this place at once; I have said that I have urgent business, and I will not be kept here simply because a lot of Communists wish to keep me."

She saw Sebastian about to speak, and held up a hand. "Please pay attention. I am going for the present with this old misery of a man; there are papers which I must sign. When I come back we shall go at once. If you stay here, what can you do? The hotels are all full. The taxis have all been taken. There are no more coaches, and it will be long before arrangements are made for those who are without transport. If you think of all this you will see that I am right."

Without further words she turned and walked to the taxi-driver. He fell into step two respectful paces behind her, and the two figures disappeared round a corner of the dock buildings. Sebastian turned to Joss.

"Did I stand here and let that hag order me about?" he asked.

"A hag, but bejewelled," said Joss thoughtfully. "What place was that that Coleridge mentioned?"

"I don't know and I don't care," said Sebastian. "This is no time to start quoting."

"What do we do?" asked Joss. "Do we go with her?" Sebastian stared at him in surprise.

"Go driving round the countryside with a bogus Comtesse in that . . . that hearse?" "My guess," said Joss, "is that her claim to the title is valid. Joining up with her might be interesting. The alternatives aren't."

"What alternatives?" "Well"—Joss enumerated on long, bony fingers—"we could go back to England with Betsy and do a tour of the Lake District."

"To hell with the Lake District," said Sebastian.

"Or Wales."

"To hell with Wales."

"Or we could take a bus and make our way to Brittany—Quimper, for example—and—"

"Go round the potteries? To hell with potteries."

"Or we could stow our suitcases somewhere and take bare essentials and hitch-hike, and—"

"To hell with hitch-hiking?"

"Yes." "Or we could accept the Comtesse's proposition and get (a) the fun, if any; (b) some foreign currency if you're not too proud to accept it; (c) transport of a kind. I'll do what you like, of course, but if you want me to state a preference, I'm all for driving the old lady. What about you?"

"I suppose so," agreed Sebastian moodily. "Well, if we're going, hadn't you better do something about finding young Maurice's relations? If they don't come, we can't go. Isn't there any sign of them anywhere?"

"Nobody's claimed him."

"I don't wonder. Well, assuming that they're stuck somewhere, how about finding out where he lives and seeing if we can't deliver him? Grandfather might live on the route to this place the Comtesse mentioned—Lysaine—and we'd have a reasonable chance of getting there before they've had a chance to set off. We've got

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What do your stars tell you?

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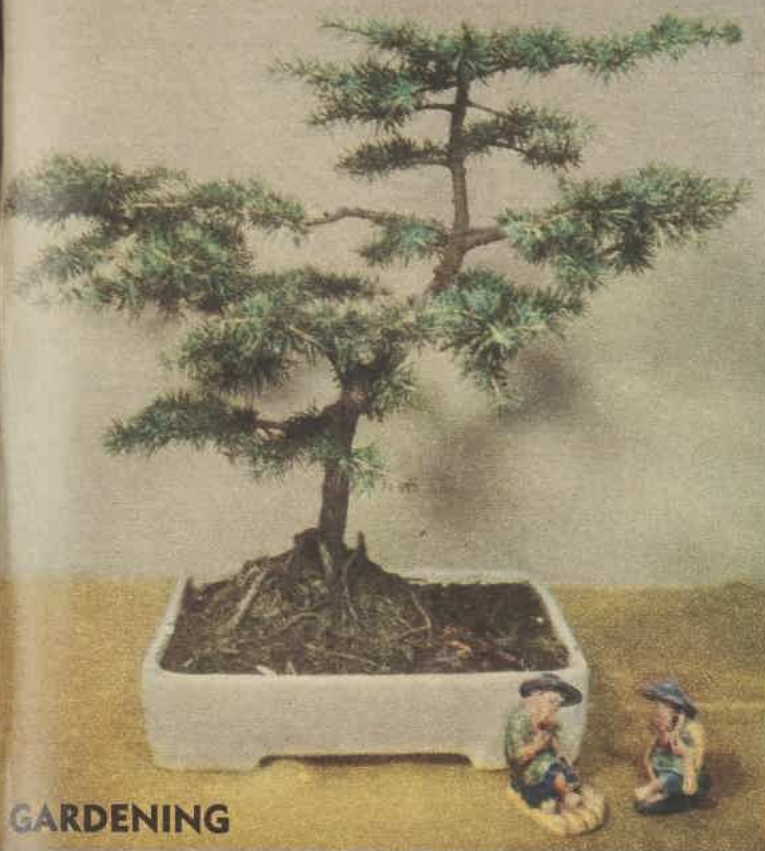
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DWARF TREES



GARDENING

Pinus ATLANTICA is shown above in dwarf form. This tree is twelve years old, and was grown by Mr. V. Koreschoff, of Sydney. In its normal state it reaches a height of forty feet.

Growing dwarfed shrubs and trees is an art first practised by the Chinese thousands of years ago and then copied by the Japanese, who call it Bonsai, which means potted tree.

ANY woody plant, shrub, tree, or climber, either evergreen or deciduous, can be dwarfed and kept growing for many years.

Dwarf trees that live longest are mostly pines, cedars, oaks, junipers, and cypresses, but in recent years much attention has been given to the production of dwarfed fruit trees, vines of many kinds, azaleas, willows, maples, jasmines, wistarias, Virginia creepers, cotoneasters, oranges, and crab apples.

Dwarfing is done by progressively retarding the tree's growth. The gardener first lifts the tree carefully from its pot and lightly prunes the top. Then, on successive occasions, he lifts the tree to prune the roots a little.

The first pruning, both tops and roots, should always be done during the cool months. Root pruning consists of gradual cutting away of the old brown roots and retention of all white or live roots.

Avoid severe pruning and always use a sterilised knife or secateurs lest they introduce fungi.

Shrubs or trees originally grown in tins or pots should have the soil all round and at the bottom sliced away a little at a time until the depth of the soil is sufficient to set the plant out again in the shallow dish, pan, or pot in which it is to remain.

Sometimes miniature trees and shrubs occur naturally and usually have been dwarfed by their early environment. Some can be replanted in dishes an inch or two deep.

When transplanting, make sure the soil is not over-fertile. To prevent air pockets fill in between roots with a blunt-ended stick. Training and top and root pruning, as well as watering and feeding, have to be closely studied, especially with species that naturally



POMEGRANATE that is a true miniature and will never grow more than two feet in height and width. It does not need pruning to keep it small. It belongs to Mrs. R. A. Schuchard, of Kew, Victoria.

grow to great heights. Because over-feeding and copious watering should be avoided, such trees do best when grown indoors where the moisture can be controlled.

Evergreens need very little leaf pruning, but deciduous shrubs and trees can be pinched back to two or three buds on the previous year's growth.

Oaks are easy to dwarf and can be grown from acorns, their wood later being pinched back and the roots carefully pruned back from time to time. This is also done with vines such as wistarias, jasmine, and ivy.

If the roots of bonsai shrubs and trees begin lifting the soil surface, the gardener will know they need root-pruning and re-potting. Spring-blooming plants should not be transplanted until after their blooming period. Summer-blooming or autumn-blooming varieties should be potted up in spring.

Good drainage is imperative and it is important to use sterilised soil from which all earthworms and larvae of soil-inhabiting insects have been excluded. To make sure surplus water gets away freely, use a concave container with plenty of coarse gravel or small stones at the bottom.

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- 1 tablespoon Worcestershire Sauce.
- 1 1/2 lbs. Minced Beef or Veal Steak.
- 1 cup Uncooked Rolled Oats (quick cooking).
- 1 Egg.
- 1/2 cup Chopped Onion.
- 2 teaspoons Salt.
- 1/4 teaspoon Pepper.
- 1 teaspoon Mustard.
- 1 cup CARNATION MILK (undiluted).

Drain pineapple. Grease loaf pan; add pineapple, sprinkle with Brown Sugar, Curry Powder, Sauce. Prepare Meat Loaf by mixing together all remaining ingredients. Spoon into greased pan on top of spiced pineapple. Pack down firmly so that the meat loaf will cut into meat slices when cooked. Bake in a moderate oven for 1 hour. Invert on to serving plate and garnish with salad vegetables.

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a car—if you call it a car—and they're probably arguing about how they're going to get here. Where does he live? Hey, Maurice! Where is he?"

It was some time before they found him; then they stood beside the telegraph pole and summarily ordered him down. He descended with agility and smiled a toothless and triumphant smile.

"Good Lord—he's pulled out two teeth!" said Joss.

"Never mind his teeth, Maurice, where does your grandfather live?"

"At Cloisy," said Maurice. "His house is called Marielle, because that was what my grandmother's name was before she died. When she died, Tante Francine went."

"All right; that's all for the moment," said Sebastian. "There's a map with those car documents, Joss; get it out, will you?"

They bent over the map, studying it.

"Can't see any Cloisy within the two hundred kilometre radius," said Sebastian at last.

"Maurice, whereabouts is this Cloisy?"

"You go in a train and then you get there," said Maurice.

"Here comes the Comtesse," said Joss.

The Comtesse came up to them impatiently.

"Why is not everything ready?" she inquired. "Why do we not go?"

"Hitch, Comtesse," explained Sebastian. "We're waiting for this little boy's relations."

"Why should we wait? Who is the child?" demanded the Comtesse.

"Maurice Pierre Carron," said Maurice.

"We can't go until we've handed him over to his grandfather or his aunt," explained Joss.

"They were to have met him here, but they're probably held up by the strike. We were just trying to find out if he lived anywhere on the way to—"

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Continuing . . . Bridal Array

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"If you give him to the police," broke in the Comtesse, "they will arrange everything. Come, let us go."

"Hold on, Comtesse," said Sebastian. "We can't just—"

"Is he your kinsman?" asked the Comtesse.

"My—? No, he isn't," disclaimed Sebastian. "But we can't just walk off the quay and abandon him. Somewhere, searching for him, there's Grandpere and Tante Francine. They live at a place called—"

"Cloisy," said Sebastian.

The Comtesse stared at him. "Cloisy?" she repeated in astonishment. "Cloisy? The Cloisy which is near Salvan?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," said Sebastian.

"Yes," said Maurice.

"You mean—" began Sebastian.

"Come, come, come," broke in the Comtesse impatiently. "Let us go. Bring the child."

"Bring the . . . You mean he lives somewhere near you?" asked Joss.

"Of course, of course. Should we take him if he lived, for instance, in Africa? Cloisy, Lysaine; Lysaine, Cloisy; it's all the same, don't you see?"

"No, I don't see," said Sebastian.

"You live near Cloisy?" Maurice asked the Comtesse.

"Never mind where I live," she answered. "I can go to where I live without any assistance from you, but you cannot reach your grandfather, who should be here to meet you, unless I take you with me. So come. Why do we stand about?"

"If you will put the luggage into the car I will go to the police and tell them that we are taking the child Carron to his home at Cloisy; if his relations come, they will be informed. I have not heard of any Carrons at Cloisy, but if they live there they will not need to be told who I am. Please to be ready when I return."

When she returned they were ready. Maurice had fetched a porter and helped him to arrange the luggage in the car.

Sebastian had spent the time gazing incredulously into the car's engine; Joss had dusted the seats at the back. When the Comtesse returned he assisted her to mount the high running-board and saw her comfortably disposed against the cushions. Oblivious to her protests, he shut Maurice in with her, and went to the front and climbed up beside Sebastian and took the wheel. A glass partition separated them, to their relief, from the passengers at the back.

THE huge car drew away from the quay. The noise of shouting and argument was left behind. The last group of strikers, the last stranded travellers, the last behind them was St. Malo; also behind them, Sebastian remembered with a pang, was Betsy, trapped in the dark hold. Somewhere—probably between them and Paris—was Jessica de Vrais in the graceful green car. In front of them was all France.

Jessica de Vrais was twenty-two, the only child of an elderly and irritable widower. Their life together had not been harmonious. During Jessica's schooling, first in England and later in Switzerland, Mr. de Vrais had enjoyed some years of intermittent peace, but when his daughter came back from her finishing school the sleeping feud between them sprang to life.

Though they thought alike on almost all matters, they agreed on none; least of all did they see eye to eye on the subject of men. Jessica, pretty and popular, invited them to come and stay; Mr. de Vrais, irritable and suspicious, invited them to go away and stay away. Fortune-hunters all, he said furiously to his daughter. One and all, they were after her money—his money. One look, he shouted, and he could smell them a mile off. Hangers-on.

When Jessica, at the end of June, announced that she was engaged to one of them—the young Frenchman named Hubert Ramage, whom she had known for little more than two weeks—Mr. de Vrais granted to the suitor a short interview and at the end of it announced that any further communication between the couple would be made over his dead body.

Jessica for once said nothing. When Hubert went back to France, she showed no sign of regret—but on a cool September morning she rose early, left a conclusive little note for her father, carried her suitcase down to the car, and drove to St. Helier to catch the boat to St. Malo. When her father read the note, it said she would be married to Hubert.

Almost as soon as the boat drew away from the pier at Jersey she found herself regretting her action. Lonely, miserable, homesick, and seashell, she thought of her father with his accustomed tolerance and Hubert with apprehension. He would be at St. Malo—waiting, he had said. He would marry her and cherish her, he had declared.

But she was not her father's daughter for nothing; she had his shrewdness, his sound common sense, and there were one or two things about Hubert which, almost against her will, had impressed themselves on her. She had not known him very well, but she might be all she hoped—or she might not. She had made preparations for either eventuality.

She crept up on deck as the ship neared St. Malo; the approach of land had cured her of her seasickness and she moved cautiously now only because she meant to station herself in a position from which she could see Hubert without being seen by him. One look, and she would know.

But after one look she was still uncertain. He looked even more handsome, more debonair here in a neat suit than he had looked in bathing trunk.

To page 55

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Overseas movie gossip

RADICAL new step in Hollywood production methods is being tried out in the making of the Rita Hayworth, Kim Novak, Frank Sinatra film "Pal Joey." It is going before the cameras to a European shooting schedule known as the "Paris Plan."

From LONDON
and HOLLYWOOD

Talking of Films

★★ The Searchers

AN unusual story of a white men's revenge on the Comanches, plus the still better than average direction of the once brilliant John Ford, makes Warners' "The Searchers" a Western with wider than usual appeal.

The action covers five years, during which John Wayne and Jeffrey Hunter doggedly follow through desert, snow, desert, and snow again the wandering Comanche tribe which, after killing the rest of their family, took as captive the youngest child.

Wayne and Hunter, as laconic a pair as ever drew gun from holster, both give excellent performances. Vera Miles, as the girl who almost doesn't wait for Hunter, and Natalie Wood, as the captive child grown to girlhood, supply the feminine interest.

Though in the frequent Indian skirmishes the rules of chance seem weighted out of all probability in favor of the relentless white men, this is a color, widescreen outdoor drama that can be enjoyed even by those who usually don't support the open spaces.

In Sydney—Regent.

★ Serenade

"SERENADE" is the film Mario Lanza went to make in Mexico to prove that he still had a voice and a figure.

This Warner film proves that he still has plenty of voice, but it is less successful in its attempt to present a streamlined Lanza.

An icily beautiful Joan Fontaine is the American society woman who takes up the young peasant tenor, only to wreck his career by dropping him again when rehearsals

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average

absorb too much of his time.

Mexican actress Sarita Montiel—not always given the happiest photography—is the girl who nurses him back to health and a new operatic career.

Lovers of popular operatic arias are generously catered for with selections from "Otello," "Turandot," "Tosca," and "Il Trovatore," as well as other operas.

The Mexican location provides some colorful fiesta shots, but, apart from that, for Lanza fans only.

In Sydney—Mayfair.

★ Cockleshell Heroes

SETTING out to pay tribute to Britain's early World War II canoist-frogmen Royal Marines, "Cockleshell Heroes" (Columbia) falls well below the best standards of English-produced service films.

What should be the really exciting part—the canoe invasion with limpet mines of a German-held French harbor—is left far too long.

In an attempt to humanise the early lengthy sequences dealing with the selection and conditioning of volunteers for a special mission, an insensitive script and director's hand occasionally descend to slapstick tactics.

Jose Ferrer (also the director) and Trevor Howard are the leads in this virtually womanless color picture.

In Sydney—Lyceum.



SET VISIT. Kay Kendall, one of the "Les Girls" girls, receives a friendly visit from Fred Astaire, who was working on the adjoining sound-stage. Soon after she left for New York to join Rex Harrison. They plan to marry in July.

Here's the BACKACHE

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The persistent dull ache of a strained back and the jabbing, agonising pains of lumbago are quickly relieved by Sloan's Liniment. Just pat it on. No rubbing, no massaging. Sloan's induces a comforting, pain-relieving warmth by stimulating the circulation. Pain is driven away in a few

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GIRLS IN GOR-RAY possess the poise that comes from being well dressed. Right thro' the day Gor-ray is timelessly right—whether it's in wool, worsted, cotton or tweed. And Gor-ray pleats are edge-stitched. Here is the GOR-RAYNE skirt—bias-cut in Gor-rayne, the wonder fitting fabric. Obtainable at all good stores.

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is calls for a working day begins at noon and ends 5 p.m. — drastically contrasting with the accepted Hollywood formula of a 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. finish, and an hour for lunch.

The "Paris Plan" allows for lunch or dinner breaks. Instead, a catering buffet for the cast and crew is wheeled on to sound stage at 5.30, and on this everyone is served on silver plates.

Chief instigator of the change—Frank Sinatra.

JOHN RANDELL, now busily filming in England, has been intrigued by the palpitating lipstick messages an unknown girl has been leaving the sugar-pink bodywork of his swank Lincoln car whenever he parks it in London. She has been following him with letters. This week he got a jolt. A letter came from Paris. It said: "There are some even lovelier girls over here."

AUSTRALIA'S tall, blond Colin Croft is busy between his first big British film in "Rock You Sinners" and his best stage role yet, a head in a new musical at Hamam. Lyric "Harmony House." Since things have been booming for Croft he has bought himself a house in Hampstead which overlooks only all London but miles beyond it.

TUL BRYNNER has no fancy ideas about his own stardom. This week he was en route to America at Shannon Airport, where workers refused to ship a consignment of monkeys from India on to his plane on the ground that they smelled too high. Brynner smiled away the time by com-



NEW DIGNITY. Typical of the effort being made by established stars to offset the lack of dignity some newcomers are bringing to public appearances is Ann Blyth's restrained glamor as she speaks after a premiere to James Stewart. Ann will be seen next in "The Helen Morgan Story."



BLACK TIES for the gentlemen at this formal Hollywood occasion. Shown waiting to greet their host and hostess are Eugene McGrath, beautiful Pilar Palette, her husband, outdoor actor John Wayne, and lively little Terry Moore.

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Men's Albert Slipper in Burgundy, Royal and Grey printed corduroy. Sizes 5-11, in half sizes. Vulcanised rubber soles.

Vulcanised rubber soles as soft and light as a cloud!



Ladies' Court with toning lambswool collar. Printed flock velvet in Red and Royal. Sizes 2-7, in half sizes. Vulcanised rubber soles.



Ladies' velvet Albert with pom. In Black, Burgundy and Royal. Sizes 2-7, in half sizes. Vulcanised rubber soles.



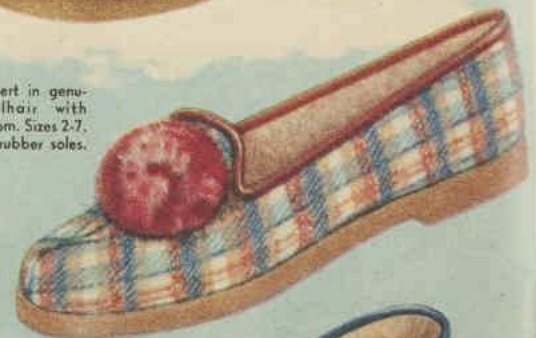
Infants' and Children's printed velvet ankle strap in Red and Royal. Infants' sizes: 4-6; Children's 7-10 and 11-1. Also available in Albert style with genuine lambswool collar. Sizes 7-10 and 11-1. Vulcanised rubber soles.

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Ladies' genuine camelhair slipper with turnover collar. Sizes 2-7. Vulcanised rubber soles.



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in Jersey in June. He looked at this distance—thoroughly reliable. And the car—yes, the car killed instantaneously all the qualms her father had communicated to her regarding the disinterestedness of his suit. She knew the make of the car and she knew its price. If Hubert owned that, if it was his and he had paid for it, there was no need for him to hunt for a fortune; he was standing beside one.

She went below feeling almost happy. When she came down the gangway carrying the smallest piece of her expensive and matching set of luggage, she looked cool and assured, demure and appealing all at once. She allowed Hubert to kiss her hand and then her cheek; she wished that the touch of his lips had raised a warmer response in her breast, but remembered that a quail was not, perhaps, a place for emotion.

"My darling, I have waited for you," declared Hubert, "for so long."

Jessica was about to ask whether the boat had docked later than expected when she saw his ardent expression and checked herself. She let her gaze rest with not too much interest upon the car, and he smiled proudly.

"It is yours. I bought it for you," he said.

"Oh, Hubert, did you honestly?" she said warmly, and wished she had chosen a happier adverb.

"It goes very fast," said Hubert. "I am taking you to Paris, to some friends of mine: Rene and Carla Roche. Carla will look after you until we are married. Everything is arranged. I have..."

"Just a moment, Hubert; there's my luggage."

"I will see to it," said Hubert. "From this time, you must leave everything to me."

"Yes," agreed Jessica. "But I think I'll see the things through the Customs first. You wait here. Will this strike," she asked, "make any difference to us?"

"Not in the least," said Hubert with confidence. "It is only for the railway travellers; it does not affect us at all."

Jessica, not gifted with second sight, believed this implicitly and followed her porter to the Customs shed.

He prepared to lay her luggage on the counter and Jessica put out a restraining hand.

"Not there," she said. "Wait."

She ran her eyes down the line of Customs officials, studying each one intently. Having chosen the one best suited to her purpose, she beckoned to the porter.

"Over there," she said.

She stood beside the cases, her heart beginning to beat fast. Her outward bearing, however, was cool and quiet.

The Customs officer—young and susceptible-looking—came up to her; she looked at him with gentle expectation and appeared not to hear his hint that she might have something to declare. Her hands hovered over the cases, ready to open them at his command.

"This one, please," he requested, pointing to the largest of the set.

The case was unlocked. Jessica turned the clasps, snapped them open, raised the lid slowly, and waited.

To right and left there was a sudden hush. Heads turned, voices murmured gently, those standing near closed in to get a better view.

"Ah!" said an old man standing beside Jessica. "It is... it is yours?"

"Mine, yes," said Jessica, and gave him a small, shy smile.

Nobody spoke for some moments; everybody was gazing at the pure white foam of tulle that lay exposed to view in the suitcase. Yard upon yard, tenderly folded; even as they looked, the delicate fabric seemed to be rising, billowing,

Continuing... Bridal Array

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In the centre, gently laid upon the topmost fold, rested a circlet of orange blossom.

The onlookers fell into a tender reverie; for a few moments it was as though organ notes filled the air. Then there was a general sigh, and the strike, which had receded, returned, and with it mundane matters. The Customs officials closed the top of the case, marked it and its fellows as cleared, and turned regretfully to the next traveller. Jessica's porter gathered up her luggage, and she went out to join Hubert and accompany him to Paris.

Hubert, however, was not quite ready to go; he would telephone, he said, to see where they could get lunch: the strike

man," Sebastian said. "My car's down in the hold of the Southampton boat, strike-bound. My trip's gone to blazes."

"I'm sorry," said Jessica, and meant it. "What are you going to do?"

"What do you suggest?"

"In your place, I think I'd go back to England and go on a nice tour of Devon."

"You don't think the excitement would prove fatal?"

"It might," said Jessica.

"I know Paris fairly well," said Sebastian. "What part did you and your fiancé—?"

"I'm sorry about your car," Jessica broke in firmly. "It



"You'll do anything to keep me from dosing, won't you?"

had made a delay, and it was almost time for the meal. Did Jessica, he asked, want to come with him to make the arrangements?

Jessica said that she would wait near the car. Her voice was a little absent, for she had observed, a short distance away, signs with which she was only too familiar: a man, a good-looking man, measuring her and finding the measurements exact. In the brief, cool look she sent him, she gathered all she wanted to know: he was about thirty-three or four, attractive, and only too clearly aware of the fact. It would be a pleasure to knock the supports from under him.

He approached, as she had known he would. He came unhesitatingly and with well-feigned surprise.

"It's Jessica!" he exclaimed as he came up to her. "Jessica de Vrais! What on earth are you doing here?"

"Being picked up by strange men," said Jessica calmly. "My fiancé will be back in a moment."

"That's too long to leave you about," said Sebastian reproachfully. "If by any chance he isn't able to drive you—"

"We're leaving for Paris very soon," said Jessica.

"You're treading on a fallen

must be maddening to have your holiday spoilt."

"And there isn't the slightest chance that your fiancé—"

"Will take you with us? Not the smallest. Good-bye."

"You mean every word?"

"Every word."

"Well, it's been a pleasure," said Sebastian with obvious sincerity.

"How," inquired Jessica as he turned away, "did you know my name?"

"A sort of instinct. In addition to which, the man you see over there, Jos Armstrong by name, is a friend of mine; he was, in fact, coming on this abortive trip with me. He lives in, or on, Jersey; he's got an accountant's job there. He—"

"Gave you my dossier?"

"There were serious omissions, and I wanted to fill them in. He only told me—"

"Well?"

"It doesn't matter. Whenever I meet a lovely girl," said Sebastian, "I meet her too late. Goodbye."

"Goodbye," said Jessica, and watched him walk away.

Hubert, returning, reported that the Hotel de l'Univers had agreed to reserve a table for lunch.

When they returned to the quay after the meal Jessica was feeling a good deal better, and

Hubert was looking a little dazed. She had eaten a dozen escargots and a dozen good-sized prawns; after these preliminaries she had put away an escalope of veal and potatoes and vegetables, and three rum babs, and some extremely strong cheese; all these had been very expensively washed down, but the money, he thought, had on the whole been worth it for the steady mellowing of mood which had accompanied her enjoyment of the meal. His self-confidence, which had been ebbing, revived. All would be well. He had scarcely dared to hope that his plans would go through, but here they were, it was clear, going through without a hitch.

The hitch was soon to occur, and it proved a serious one: a piece of Jessica's luggage was missing; the largest of the matching group. The porter who had been left in charge stated that he had placed it with the other pieces near the Customs shed, together with that of other passengers. Someone, clearly, had removed it with his own luggage; whether by accident or by intent it was not for him to say.

It took time to search the quay, the sheds, even the crowded roadway; there was no sign of the case. Hubert, doing his best to follow all the suggestions offered by helpful bystanders, caught sight of Jessica's face and was surprised at its pallor. Her voice, as she questioned officials, held an oddly desperate note.

"Did it... Was there anything of great value in it?" he asked at last.

She looked at him, panic showing clearly in her eyes.

"Yes, there was. I mean... Yes. My wedding dress was in it."

"Your... Oh," said Hubert. "I see. Your wedding dress. Then at all costs it must be found."

A shabby old man leaning against a wall supplied the first clue. He had seen such a piece of baggage, he stated, being put on to a taxi. No more was forthcoming; his memory, he said, had failed. Hubert revived it with some money, but the process had to be repeated several times before the old man told all he knew.

The final story sounded convincing: Marcel Deroux had sold his taxi to an old lady; the old lady had gone away in it, taking with her two Englishmen, one Jersey-French boy, and the missing piece of luggage.

"I saw her. I remember her," said Jessica to Hubert.

"The old lady?"

"Yes. You must have seen her, Hubert. She was walking about the quay dressed in terrible black clothes—"

Hubert had not seen her.

"But we can trace her," he said. "We must find first this Deroux; he will tell us where she went."

Marcel Deroux was not easy to find, but he was located at last at his home nearby. He had no difficulty in remembering perfectly the old lady, her name, and her destination.

"Her name, Mademoiselle," he said, "was—"

"Where was she going?" broke in Hubert sharply. "Her destination, what was it?"

"She was going to the Chateau de Chandillot, Monsieur. It is near Lysaine; I heard her say this to the Englishmen who were to drive her. She was in a hurry to get there. It is her home. She is the Comtesse de Chandillot."

Jessica drew a long breath of relief. She turned swiftly to Hubert.

"Lysaine. Have you ever heard of it?" she asked.

"Yes. Perhaps." Hubert seemed to pause and swallow with difficulty. "Lysaine, yes."

"How far away is it?" asked Jessica eagerly.

"I always
insist on
Tek"



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This week's prize recipe

A RECIPE for a fine-textured coconut macaroon cake wins this week's prize in our recipe contest. It is an ideal time-saver because cake and topping are prepared and cooked at the same time.

COCONUT MACAROON CAKE

Cake Mixture: Three ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2 egg-yolks, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Topping: Two egg-whites, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup castor sugar, 1 cup coconut, pink coloring, few drops vanilla.

Cream butter with sugar and vanilla, add egg-yolks, beat well after each addition. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Fill into greased 7in. cake-tin; prepare topping. Beat egg-whites stiffly with salt, gradually add castor sugar, and continue beating until meringue will hold its shape. Fold in coconut, vanilla, and 2 to 3 drops of coloring. Spread over top of cake mixture, bake in moderate oven approximately 1 hour. When cooked, remove from oven, allow to stand in tin until cold.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. J. Clarke, "Thistlebrook," Mayheo, Vic.

To page 57

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PW 94-FPWW

It is . . . oh, it is very far, a two hundred kilometres, least."

"That's no distance," said Jessica. "We can do that on heads in that car. Let's."

"But they are there by now, it is useless to follow," said Hubert hurriedly.

"Why? We've got a car that can catch up anything on the road, and—"

"Oh, no, no. No, I am sure could not," said Hubert.

"But . . . She turned to him. "We could at try. They must have been somewhere for lunch."

"But that is just it," Hubert laughed eagerly at this straw.

"We should miss them, don't you see?"

"No, I don't see." Jessica's voice was cool. "Even if we did, we could go to the chateau and find them there."

"Why should we not telephone?" suggested Hubert.

"He would send back the case, she could send it to Paris."

"She turned to study him. To her surprise and dismay, he seemed in the last few moments to have taken on a new and infinitely less pleasing personal-"

ity. He even appeared to have sunk. He no longer looked handsome; he no longer appeared debonaire. His self-confidence had vanished, had been ripped off like a mask, leaving exposed a very young, very pale, and very frightened man."

"What in the world . . . What's the matter, Hubert?" asked Jessica anxiously. "You don't look very well."

"I'm fine, fine," Hubert assured her nervously. "Perhaps a little tired from driving here so fast; nothing more."

"Well, you don't need to drive to this chateau," said Jessica, sympathy in her voice. "I'll drive. We can get there and pick up my—"

"No, no," said Hubert. "That would not be a good idea."

Impatience crept into her voice.

"But . . . I don't understand," she said. "My suitcase, with my wedding dress in it, gets lost. We look for it. We find it. There's no possibility that this man's mistaken;

Continuing . . . Bridal Array

from page 55

he even described the blue label on the case—how could he do that if he hadn't actually seen it? Nobody told him anything about a blue label. So if the case, which I must have, is somewhere on the road between here and this place called Lysaine, or if it's in the Chateau de whatever-it-was, what's wrong with driving down there to get it back?"

"It is so far out of our way," pleaded Hubert.

"No, it isn't. And how can I arrive in Paris without my wedding dress?"

"We shall get another," Hubert promised her, and saw the de Vrais temper flash suddenly into her eyes. Uncasily he thought of old Mr. de Vrais, whose temper, though violent, he had not greatly feared, but whose perspicacity he had found disconcerting.

"You," said Jessica with dangerous calm, "can make what arrangements you please. I am going to find this Comtesse de—de—What was the name?" she asked the taxi-driver.

"Her name was de Chandillot, Mademoiselle. The Comtesse de Chandillot. She was tall; about so tall, with—"

"Never mind about all that," Jessica turned to confront Hubert. "I'm going, Hubert, whether you come or not," she told him, "and for the life of me I can't imagine why you're raising all these objections. Are you coming with me or aren't you?"

"I . . . Please consider," begged Hubert. "You are here, and we are going to Paris, and everything is arranged with Rene and Carla. We can get another dress for you. What is a dress, after all? We can get many. Come, I beg you, and put away this idea of meeting this dreadful old woman."

"Dreadful old . . ." Jessica's eyes narrowed thoughtfully. "You know her?"

"No. Yes. Perhaps," said Hubert. "I have heard of her. You would not at all care for her, I assure you."

She scarcely heard him. She was thinking clearly at last,

and with all her father's acumen. This, she realised, was not the self-possessed man in whose hands she had been prepared . . . well, almost prepared to place her future. This was a thin and pale and perspiring young man who looked . . . yes, he did; he looked terrified. Something had happened in the last few minutes; something about this Comtesse had frightened him badly.

SMALL, unrelated matters floated into her mind and assembled themselves into a reasonably clear and far from reassuring picture. Her father had stated that Hubert had not a penny of his own; in the heat of contradicting him she had omitted to remember that Mr. de Vrais often spoke in anger, but seldom or never spoke without the book; her failure to catch him out, indeed, had been one of the most maddening features of their relationship.

If he said that Hubert hadn't a penny, she ought to have known that he was speaking after shrewd and exhaustive inquiry. And if Hubert hadn't a penny, how had he managed to meet her at St. Malo with a new, shatteringly expensive car? And why had he concealed his knowledge of this Comtesse, and why was he so firmly opposed to following her . . . facing her? Why?

There must be a connection. Jessica knitted her brows and fished deep for other facts. In a moment she had drawn up a heavy cash.

She stared at Hubert. "Your name," she said slowly.

"Purely coincidence," said Hubert promptly.

"You told me," went on Jessica, unheeding, "that your name was Hubert Leonardo Rimbault de Chandillot Ramage. And this Comtesse—"

"There are de Chandillots here, there, everywhere," said Hubert. "They are like the Smiths and Jones. They—"

"You told me that your grandmother was dead."

"My grandmother? Certainly my grandmother is dead. I told you the truth. She died many, many years ago, in—"

"I don't care what she died in," said Jessica relentlessly. "All I know is that this Comtesse is related to you and—"

"No, no, no, no!" disclaimed Hubert passionately. "She is nothing to me. Nothing. Simply my aunt."

"Your aunt! But you—"

"And now you see," he went on rapidly, "why it is that I know she is a dreadful old woman. Because she is. This is the truth, at least. She is—"

"And that car?" — Jessica's eyes went to it contemptuously — "is hers."

"Hers? But no!" There was conviction in his loud outcry; he sounded like a parent being dispossessed of an only child.

"Mine! It is mine! I paid for it!"

"Then it wasn't," said Jessica in her father's own factual voice, "your money."

Hubert drew out a handkerchief and wiped his damp brow.

"Listen to me," he begged.

"I can—"

He paused, looked round at the circle of interested faces gathered about them, and, taking Jessica's arm, drew her aside. "I can explain everything, I can—"

"It was your aunt's money," said Jessica.

"And so, in a way, mine."

"You bought that car with her money?"

"I . . . In some way, yes. Perhaps. But let me explain. I must tell you that she is old, and rich, and mean. She is so mean, please believe me, that she spends nothing. Nothing. There are people who are mean, who are misers, but she is—"

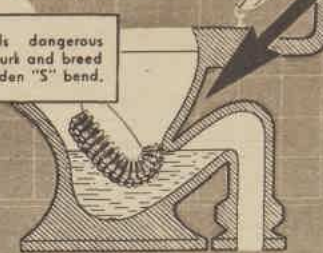
words poured out, swift, passionate, and convincing—"she is of them all the meanest. If

To page 58

Printed by Compress Printing Limited for the Publisher, Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

No brush can clean around this dangerous HIDDEN "S" BEND

HARPIC kills dangerous germs which lurk and breed round the hidden "S" bend.



Keep your toilet clean and bright with a little HARPIC every night



HARPIC disinfects and deodorises—as it cleans



NEW PLEASANT WAY TO REALLY CLEAN YOUR TOILET!

Simply sprinkle in Harpic at night and flush in the morning. While you sleep, Harpic cleans thoroughly, killing germs around that hidden "S" bend, leaving the entire lavatory bowl sparkling, hygienically clean. Delicately perfumed, Harpic keeps your bathroom or lavatory sweet-smelling. Harpic can be used with perfect safety for cleaning septic tank toilet bowls. Ask for Harpic at your store.

HARPIC

Safe for cleaning septic tank toilet bowls

CLEANS ROUND THE "S" BEND • DISINFECTS • DEODORISES



HEALING
Thor
AUTOMATIC WASHER

COSTS LESS THAN YOU IMAGINE

Just set and forget.

Enjoy life and do the family wash at the same time. Place your clothes in your Healing Thor, turn two simple knobs, go about your pleasure. In 20 minutes or so your clothes will be surgent washed, overflow rinsed, and spin dried, and your Thor will have turned itself off. You can bank on this. Thor is a precision machine, engineered like a motor car to world patents by Healing. It's whisper-smooth.

Thor can be installed on any kitchen or laundry floor without costly installation. Gives years of service without a single oiling.



NEW SURGENT ACTION

Swirls sudsy water through the fibres and fabrics, dissolving grease and dirt. Soft, soapy water, not rubbing, loosens dirt. There's no better or more gentle cleaning. Clothes last longer.



OVERFLOW RINSE

Washing done, Thor's overflow rinse immediately floats suds and scum up and over the top—not back through the garments. Thor washed whites are whiter, and coloureds brighter.



SPIN-DRYING

Gets clothes 20% drier than wringer-dry, without squeezing or twisting the life and crispness out of woollens or cottons. Buttons and buckles are quite unharmed. Thor is easier on clothes yet some are ready for ironing.

every woman deserves a washing machine

EWD WM

A. G. HEALING LTD. (All States)

Fashion FROCKS

• Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.



• Note: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 51. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 641 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication.

"SHARON"—One-piece daytime dress featuring a smart bodice-top finished with raglan sleeves and a slender skirt. The material is British corduroy in a wonderful color choice including saxe-blue, red, American beauty, royal-blue, mid-green, and black.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 95/-; 36 and 38in. bust 97/6. Postage and registration 4/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 67/3; 36 and 38in. bust 69/9. Postage and registration 4/6 extra.

you saw her home"—he shuddered—"you would understand. It is terrible. She lives in the Chateau, although it is mine by right, but she does not paint it, she does not repair it, she does not engage servants—only one man, a caretaker.

"She lives only in one room, and she does not spend money on food, on clothes, even on soap; you will believe me when I tell you that she is dirty; she does not wash. She does not wash herself or even her clothes. Only for one thing she lives: for her furniture. There, in the Chateau, she keeps valuable, priceless pieces. They are not in the rooms for use, you understand? They are kept there as you would keep them in a warehouse. She buys them and she sells them. She buys them for less than they are worth; she finds them, it is said, by instinct, by smell."

HUBERT continued desperately: "In places where nobody would imagine to look she finds beautiful old pieces; often they are owned by people who do not know their value, and she buys them for nothing and sells them for a fortune. She makes money, much money."

"But I don't see what all this has to do—"

"Wait! I am about to tell you," Hubert swept on. "To me, her only kinsman; to me, who in justice should be her heir, she gives nothing. An allowance, a pittance which she can withhold at will. Work, she says to me. Earn, she says to me. Keep yourself, she says to me. But how? I ask her; how, tell me. And why? If she would let me live at the Chateau, I could manage everything for her: engage the servants, beautify the rooms, repair what is rotting, make for her and for myself a life suitable to our name, our position."

"But the Chateau is shut up, with only this old man in charge of it, while she goes here and there, to and fro, buying, selling, selling always at enormous profit. What she has amassed, nobody can say—and how much of it has she given me? Nothing. And

in her will, what does she direct? That the furniture shall be mine? No. It will go to this and that museum. The Chateau she cannot rob, for it is mine and—"

"But if it's yours, I don't see—"

"She turned me out. She says that I am of no use to anybody. And now she lives there—and how she lives! She does not change her clothes, she—"

"Hubert, you've said all that. I—"

"Wait, I am explaining. Would you not think that she would ask me, sometimes, to go and buy something which she has heard is to be sold? I know as much about valuable furniture as she does. Even she admits this. If she had asked me to buy for her, I could have taken the opportunity to make something for myself. But she did not ask me. For years, she did not ask me. And then, without warning me, one day last week she sent for me and told me that I was to buy something."

"There was to be a sale in London and a sale in Paris. Both were on the same day; she could not go to both. So she gave me instructions to buy for her, at the Paris sale, a screen; very old, very beautiful. When I went to arrange with her, I thought that I would give her once more the opportunity to help me. I asked her for a better allowance. She refused."

"But . . . didn't you tell her you were going to be married?"

"Yes, I told her. But she said that she did not for a moment believe me. She said that I was inventing this story. She said that no girl but an idiot would agree to marry me. Then I asked her for money to keep me until I could . . . to help me. She said to me, not one sou. And I was angry, you understand? I had to meet you, I had to make arrangements, I had to have some money. And so I—"

"You needn't go on," said Jessica coldly. "You bought the car with the money she gave you for the screen?"

Continuing . . . Bridal Array

from page 57

"Yes. No. It was," protested Hubert, forgetting caution, "only temporary. I would have paid it back as soon as . . . I would have . . ."

He stopped, and there was a short silence during which the position became completely clear to both: Jessica knew that he had intended to repay his aunt with her father's money; Hubert knew that she knew.

Hope died within him. He stared at her, misery overspreading his countenance, and then slowly, one by one, tears began to trickle down his cheeks. Jessica, scarlet with shame and embarrassment, glanced hurriedly round to see if anybody was looking.

Everybody was looking; some looked as though they were about to weep in sympathy. She waited for Hubert to wipe his eyes and then spoke to him in a cool but polite voice.

"Would you," she asked, "make one more attempt to find out whether by any chance the suitcase is here? The man may, after all, have been mistaken about the label; he may have invented the story. If your aunt went to London—"

"But the sale was yesterday. She could have returned."

"It isn't likely, is it," pointed out Jessica, "that she'd leave immediately afterwards, on the night boat?"

MOURNFULLY

Hubert said: "Unless she found out that I had not bought the screen."

"Well, would you ask once more at the Customs? The case may have turned up."

"I will ask," Hubert, unable to believe that things might yet be well, but willing to hope, turned and walked rapidly to the Customs shed, and Jessica, her face pale and expressionless, watched him go and for the first time sent a heartfelt prayer of thankfulness for the cautious streak in her father's

nature which had made him unwilling to take anything at its face value, which had given him eyes which bored holes through fakes and fortune-hunters and which on this occasion had bred in her sufficient distrust to cause her to make provision should anything go wrong with her plan marrying Hubert. The plan had fallen with a crash on the quay—but she had, thanks to her father, an alternative scheme, and now it must be put into operation.

But before this was possible her suitcase must be found—and without delay.

There was nothing more to wait for. The car belonged to the Comtesse de Chaudieu. The Comtesse should have it in return for the suitcase.

With no further hesitation, Jessica turned and walked to the green car. She got in, switched on the engine, and a moment later the car shot forward and roared angrily on to the road, and went rapidly out of sight.

Jessica, at the wheel, left Hubert behind and felt no pang either of regret or of remorse. Her thoughts were bitter, but they were directed not against Hubert but against fate. She had asked, she considered, very little; all she had wanted was a man young enough, handsome enough, and rich enough to prove to her father, once and for all, that his suspicions had been unfounded. A modest enough wish—but it had not been granted.

But there was no reason why Henry de Vrais should have the satisfaction of knowing that he had been right and she had been a fool. She was here in France, and she was not going home to be I-told-you-so'd. She was here, and for a time she was going to stay here. But she must find the suitcase. Once let her lay her hands on that and all would be well. Caution would be rewarded; foresight would be repaid. She had, she told herself, nothing to fear.

Except, perhaps, the police

To be continued

Stick with 1/2 inch
BEAR TAPE
GRAND
you get much more tape
length for your money!



BEAR TAPE IS MADE IN AUSTRALIA BY BEHR-MANNING (AUST.) PTY. LTD.

Fun with MAC and ROBBIE... HOME SWEETS HOME

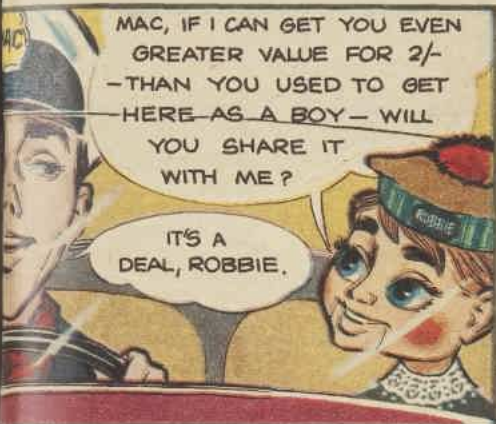


THIS IS MY OLD HOMETOWN, ROBBIE. SEE THAT SIGN— "BUNDYWALLA"— SLOW DOWN HERE!"



GOSH IT IS SLOW DOWN HERE, MAC.

AH! THERE'S THE OLD LOLLY SHOP I USED TO GO TO AS A BOY. WHAT WONDERFUL THINGS WE USED TO ENJOY.



MAC, IF I CAN GET YOU EVEN GREATER VALUE FOR 2/- THAN YOU USED TO GET HERE— AS A BOY— WILL YOU SHARE IT WITH ME?

IT'S A DEAL, ROBBIE.

5 MINUTES LATER

HERE'S THE GREATEST ASSORTMENT OF CHOCOLATES YOU EVER GOT FOR 2/- MAC— MAN OR BOY!



BUT THIS IS A BLOCK OF CHOCOLATE, ROBBIE!

SURE THING, MAC— IT'S A BLOCK OF "SNACK"— THAT'S AN ASSORTMENT OF TWELVE CHOCOLATES IN ONE BLOCK!



YOU WIN ROBBIE— THIS IS VALUE! BREAK YOURSELF A PIECE OF MAC. ROBERTSON'S "SNACK"— BUT LEAVE ME SOME FOR OLD TIME'S SAKE!

Mac. Robertson's
MILK CHOCOLATE
"Snack"

MAC. ROBERTSON'S "SNACK" IS AUSTRALIA'S GREATEST CHOCOLATE BLOCK VALUE, 12 NOVELTY SHAPED PIECES— 6 DIFFERENT CENTRES.

ONLY
2/-



HERE ARE THE CENTRES IN "SNACK"— PINEAPPLE CREAM, FRUIT GUNDAE, STRAWBERRY CREAM, CREAM CARAMEL, FRENCH NOUGAT, TURKISH DELIGHT.

"SNACK" IS JUST LIKE A HIGH GRADE BOX OF CHOCOLATES IN BLOCK FORM— 2/- EVERYWHERE.

HERE'S MORE WONDERFUL VALUE FROM MAC. ROBERTSON'S— "CHERRY RIPE" ONLY 8⁰

RIPE, RED CHERRIES, PURE MILKY COCONUT AND A LAVISH COATING OF "OLD GOLD" CHOCOLATE. WHAT A COMBINATION OF FLAVOURS FOR 8⁰.

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8⁰

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MacRobertson

The Great Name in Confectionery



Watch for further fun with MAC the ventriloquist and his doll ROBBIE.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 29, 1957

Z 839

Page 59



**QUICK ...
the Solyptol !**

cuts need

Solyptol

REGD TRADE MARK

ANTISEPTIC

Any cut or scratch is dangerous. Cleanse all wounds immediately with SOLYPTOL Antiseptic and prevent infection. Solyptol speeds natural healing — it is THE powerful, safe antiseptic. Play safe — insure your family — keep Solyptol handy.



IF IT'S FAULDING'S . . . IT'S PURE

Altering a holiday home

● A Queensland reader who will retire from business soon is considering altering her holiday home to make it suitable for a permanent residence.

SHE is Mrs. H. Winnett, of Fairfield, Brisbane, who has asked my advice in re-planning her two-storied holiday home.

One of the alterations she would like to make is to the laundry and bathroom, now located separately at the rear of the house.

She wants these two rooms re-arranged so they will be more convenient to the bedrooms. She would also like to demolish the two bedrooms, verandah, and stairway located on the first floor.

The house, if necessary, could be extended to the rear.

The present front porch is small, but by adding a large verandah with a new set of double doors from the lounge the living area could be in-

creased considerably. The alterations suggested in the sketch at right could be carried out quite economically.

The introduction of the new passage through the second bedroom connects both bedrooms to the bathroom and laundry extension and gives greater privacy to the bedrooms.

Mrs. Winnett did not include any room sizes on the sketch she sent me, so the reduced size of bedroom No. 2 cannot be indicated.

If it were possible to install a septic tank in the area, a separate toilet cubicle could be built as shown in the sketch.

If the water supply is not available for such an installation, this space could well be used for extra storage.

ARCHITECT'S DIARY

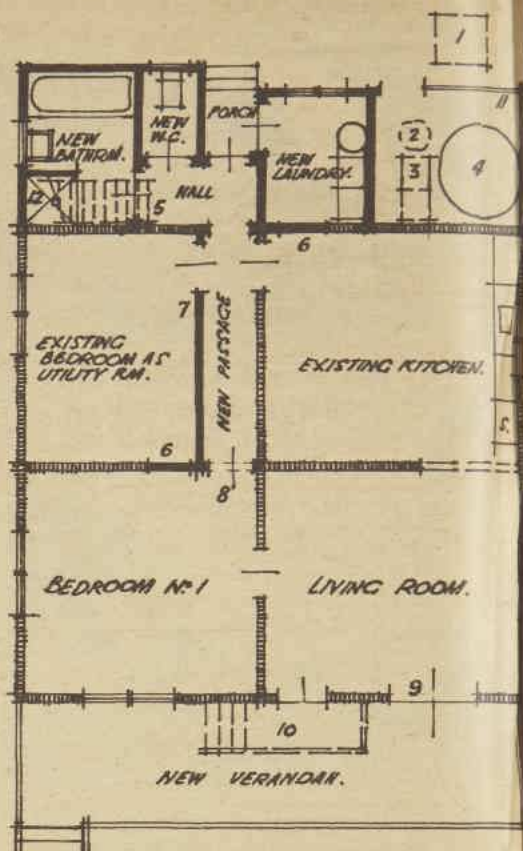
By Sydney architect
W. J. McMURRAY

MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES

TEA stains on carpets usually can be removed by sponging with borax dissolved in warm water.

★ ★ ★
ADD a little washing blue to cold water when scrubbing floor boards, to retain their color.

CIGARETTE burns or other heat marks on polished furniture can be removed by rubbing the marks with camphorated or linseed oil. You may have to do this a few times if the stain is old. Scratches can also be partially removed in this way.



SKETCH OF ALTERATIONS shows: 1, demolish outside shower; 2, remove copper; 3, remove washbasin; 4, existing rainwater tank; 5, demolish stairs to first floor; 6, build up doorway; 7, new partition wall; 8, new door opening; 9, new double doors; 10, demolish existing porch; 11, existing trellis; 12, shower recess.

Make savouries quicker . . . easier . . . with tasty KRAFT SPREADS

You can whip up a plate of savouries or sandwiches in seconds — with an exciting variety of flavours. Here's all you do: Stock up with the wonderful range of Kraft Cheese Spreads. Then, for sandwiches or at supper-time, party-time, dip into each glass.

Such tantalizing flavours, and each Kraft variety spreads ever so smoothly. Free: Each Kraft Cheese Spread comes to you in a beautiful, fluted tumbler — made from clear, fine quality glass. So sturdy for the kiddies — so smart for your guests.

Have you tried all these delicious Kraft Spreads?



Choose from: Cream Cheese Spread — a smooth, creamy, delicate flavour . . . Smokay — a distinctive cheese with a smoked "ham" flavour . . . Gorgonzola — rich, piquant flavour and nip . . . Cheese Spread — a fully

matured, "tasty" flavour . . . Danish Blue Cheese Spread — a blend of fine cheese with a rich, full flavour . . . Sandwich Relish — a delicate blend of gherkins and spices in a creamy spread — a flavour with a difference.



Cheez Whiz — different from any cheese flavour you've ever tasted

It's a "whiz" in the kitchen — you can spread creamy-thick Kraft Cheez Whiz on biscuits, toast, rolls — fix a snack in a jiffy.

P.S. "Cheez Whiz" has

dozens of other uses. Here's 3: spread it on sandwiches, heat it for a quick cheese sauce, spoon it over hot vegetables or into mashed potatoes.



Wouldn't you like to offer your guests exciting savouries like these? It's simple when you use delicious Kraft Cheese Spreads.

And Velveeta — the cheese food in a packet that spreads like butter

In fact, when you spread Velveeta you don't need butter. Saves money — adds extra nourishment to your sandwiches. Velveeta puts back the milk minerals and Vitamin B₂ lost in ordinary cheese-making. That's why Velveeta means extra value — because of those extra food values.



THIS IS YOUR KRAFT SHOPPING GUIDE TO ECONOMICAL SANDWICH AND SAVOURY VARIETY

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 29, 1957

Fashion PATTERNS

* Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4080, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 45-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers and money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

F4537. — Softly styled front-buttoned one-piece dress. The pattern includes short or long-length cuffed sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: Sketch A, 4yds. 54in. material, 4yd. 36in. contrast; sketch B, 3yds. 36in. material. Price 4/.

F4538. — Pretty designed winter nightgown features a high-collared neckline and wrist-length sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material, 2yds. 1/2in. lace edging, and 1yd. 1/2in. satin ribbon. Price 4/6.

F4519. — Maternity slip styled with comfortable waist expansion. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. 36in. material, 1yd. 2 1/2in. lace, 4yds. 1/2in. lace edging. Price 3/6.

F3943. — Slender-line sheath dress; the pattern includes short and wrist-length sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: Sketch A, 3yds. 54in. material; sketch B, 3yds. 36in. material. Price 4/.



F4539. — Formal short-skirted party dress designed with a graceful back panel and self-material bow. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6yds. 36in. material. Price 4/.

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F4540. — Beginners' pattern for easy-to-make trouser overalls. Sizes 1, 2, 3, and 4 years. Requires 1 to 1 1/2 yards 54in. material. Price 2/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

* Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

No. 479.—TENNIS DRESS.

One-piece tennis dress with front-buttoned fastenings is obtainable cut out ready to make. The material and color choice includes sanforised white poplin and white pique. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust 29 1/2in., 36 and 38in. bust 33 1/2in. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

No. 480.—GIRL'S SUSPENDER SHIRT AND BOLERO.

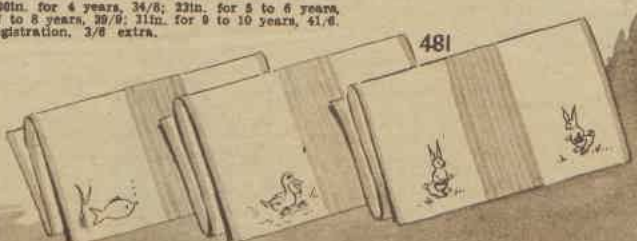
Attractive two-piece is obtainable cut out ready to make in flecked wool. The color choice includes nut-brown, dark brown, burgundy, and mid-brown—all flecked with white. Sizes: Lengths 20in. for 4 years, 31 1/2in. for 5 to 6 years, 35 1/2in. for 7 to 8 years, 38 1/2in. for 9 to 10 years, 41 1/2in. Postage and registration, 3/6 extra.

No. 481.—SET OF TEA-TOWELS.

Each towel is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider with an amusing motif. The material is Irish linen tea-towel striped in blue, lemon, green, and red. Size: 20 by 21in. Price 8/6 each. Postage 6d. extra. Set of three, 16/6. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

No. 482.—GIRL'S PARTY DRESS.

Pretty dress is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice includes Ingola in cream, pastel blue, blossom-pink, and lemon. Sizes: Lengths 20in. for 4 years, 34 1/2in. for 5 to 6 years, 37 1/2in. for 7 to 8 years, 39 1/2in. for 9 to 10 years, 41 1/2in. Postage and registration, 3/6 extra.



Better buy clothes with snappy, reliable

Grippers

the bother-free, laundry-proof, fabric-flat fasteners that hold fast, stay snug—and outlast the life of the garment.

LOOK FOR THESE BRANDS

on modern garments which close with "Grippers," not bothersome buttons.

"Grippers" are manufactured by CARR FASTENER COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA LIMITED, specialists in the manufacture of fasteners and fittings for all trades, including the well-known "Dot" line of fasteners.

Climatic RAINCOATS

Snapkins PILCHERS

Viscount RAINCOATS



WINNERS OF THE Rinso "Washer-a-Day" JINGLE CONTEST

Congratulations to these 30 lucky winners of famous brand washing machines in the Rinso "Washer-a-Day" Jingle Contest, held in April. Lever Brothers Pty. Limited wish to thank all entrants for their response to the contest, and for their high standard of entries.

NEW SOUTH WALES:

Mrs. J. Armstrong, 62 Mons Avenue, West Ryde.
Mrs. D. Lambkin, 189 Blaxcell Street, Granville.
E. T. Moulang, 10 Rothwell Crescent, Lane Cove.
June Roebuck, Lot 78, Harrison Street, Revesby.
Mrs. T. F. Rogers, 44 Fourth Avenue, Eastwood.
Doris Russell, 65 Kyogle Street, South Maitland.
Mrs. H. R. Smith, 53 Brisbane Street, East Maitland.

VICTORIA:

Sylvia Genat, 8 Pleasant Street, Bentleigh.
Mrs. Betty Heritage, 15 Fernham Street, Flemington.
Mrs. M. C. Houston, 48 Jasper Terrace, Frankston.
Mrs. R. M. Northrop, 7 Handel Street, Blackburn.
Mrs. Enid Scott, 1 Hampden Road, Armadale.
Mrs. Margaret Webber, 56 Fyne Street, Hamilton.

QUEENSLAND:

Joyce Adams, 23 Barbeker Street, Currarong, Townsville.
L. R. Allen, 58 Withington Street, East Brisbane.
Mrs. D. A. Glover, William Street, Dayboro.
Mrs. T. Haynes, Married Quarters, Fraser Paddock, Ashgrove.
Mrs. C. O. Mitchell, 7 General Street, Hendra.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA:

Mrs. Angela Altamura, 141 Victoria Road, Largs Bay.
Mrs. D. Brundell, 43 Phillip Street, West Croydon.
Mrs. Dawn Duffy, 73 Coglin Street, Brompton Park.
Mrs. R. Gaele, 19a Dunluce Avenue, Brighton.
Mrs. P. E. Horan, 21 Allen Grove, Unley.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA:

Alice Ayling, 138 Marine Terrace, South Fremantle.
Mrs. M. Birkeland, 78 Wellington Street, Mosman Park.
Mrs. George Cook, 15 Broadway, Bassendean.
Dorothy Crothers, 87 Robert Street, Kalgoorlie.
Mrs. J. A. Doherty, 11 Marston Street, North Perth.
M. L. Walters, 88 Woolwich Street, West Lenderville.

TASMANIA:

Mrs. R. H. Austen, 19 Raymond Street, Launceston.



Mary had a little lamb,
 Its fleece was white as snow,
 And so of course its fleece was sent
 Where the best lamb's fleeces go . . .

To WARRNAMBOOL

where modern plant, the latest
 know-how and expert operatives
 make them into those glorious

WARRNAMBOOL
 BLANKETS

which are like the sun for warmth
 like the rainbow for beauty
 like forever for strength
 like fur for softness.

Obtainable from all
 leading Retailers
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WARRNAMBOOL
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"FOR THE REST OF THE NIGHT"

Wholesale Distributors:

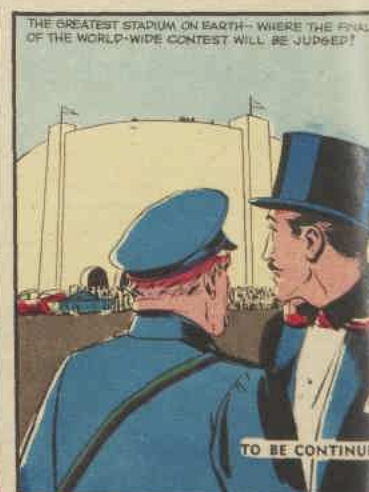
VICTORIA, N.S.W., Q'LAND, TAS. - SARGOOD GARDINER LTD.
 SOUTH AUST. and WEST. AUST - G. & R. WILLS & CO. LTD.

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician,
 with
 PRINCESS NARDA: Hears of
 a mysterious beauty contest
 which promises as a first prize
 anything the winner wants.
 Suspicious, Mandrake
 contacts the police and checks
 on the promoter of the con-
 test, who says all he knows
 about the contest is that he

has received instructions by
 letter to organise it and that
 a guarantee of a billion dol-
 lars has been posted at the
 bank. Meanwhile, all over
 the globe, the news of the
 contest spreads, the greatest
 beauty contest in history,
 which will choose "Miss In-
 ternational." NOW READ
 ON:



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUP



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY -- May 29, 1957

Don't be
HALF-SAFE!



SAFELY STOPS PERSPIRATION 1 TO 3 DAYS

indoors or out, there's always the danger of offending — unless you stop perspiration before unpleasant odor can form!

Smoother, creamier Arrid:
INSTANTLY STOPS PERSPIRATION and keeps armpits dry safely — as proved by leading doctors.
REMOVES ODOR from perspiration on contact. Antiseptic action. WON'T ROT CLOTHES.

Our creamy-soft Arrid does not irritate skin, even after shaving. Arrid has a wonderful new ingredient. Perstop — your guarantee that Arrid is softer, smoother than any other. Buy the new super-smooth Arrid today!

ARRID

Use with Perstop for Super Creaminess



Is both smooth cream and handy spray. A-6

Your spots go in a few days



A new balm heals complaints like spots, pimples, rashes, boils — leaves skin clear and healthy in a few days.

SKIN troubles like eczema, spots, pimples, sores and rashes don't heal unless you get to their cause — germs beneath your skin. Valderma, because it contains TWO antiseptics, kills germs causing skin troubles. And new Valderma contains amazing D2. Knits up damaged skin — assures faster healing.

Try this simple 5-day test on your skin. Rub Valderma Balm in the trouble several times daily. Within five days you will see the difference Valderma makes. Irritation goes. Often in a few days your skin will be clear, healthy.

At chemists, tubes 2s. 6d., jars 3s. 6d.

Valderma Antiseptic Balm

KNITTERS!

The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book, on sale at all newsagents. Contains instructions for 43 designs in men's, women's, and children's knitwear. It's a bargain at 2/-.

TEENA by Linda Terry



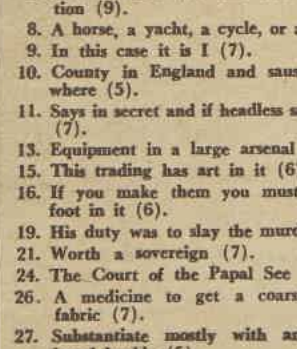
MOTHER! YOU'RE NOT THROWING AWAY THE TURNIP WATER? WHY THAT WATER IS SIMPLY SATURATED WITH VALUABLE MINERALS AND SALTS!!



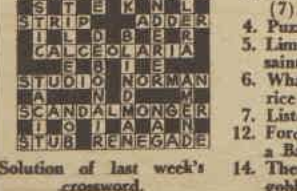
WHY DON'T YOU TOSS SOME DRIED APRICOTS IN THIS CREAMED CHICKEN... IT LACKS VITAMIN A AND IRON... HERE, MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL... YOU CAN SET THE TABLE.



EXCUSE ME... I HAVE TO RUN... PIPSY'S WAITING FOR ME IN THE DRUGSTORE....



YOU KNOW... I FEEL GORTA SORRY FOR MY MOTHER... I GUESS THEY DIDN'T KNOW AS MUCH IN HER DAY ABOUT THE ORGANIC CHEMICAL COMPOUNDS OF FOOD AND HOW TO BALANCE THE DIET SCIENTIFICALLY FOR PROPER NUTRITION!



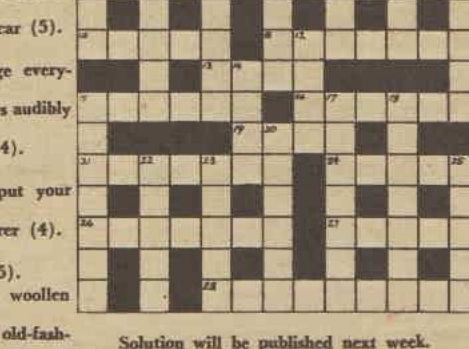
NO OYSTERS, HAH! YOU KNOW, YOU OUGHTA BUY OYSTERS SOMETIMES... THEY'RE VERY RICH IN SOMETHING LIVER IS RICH IN.



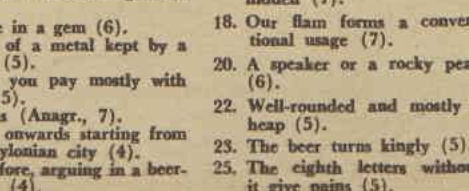
BREAD? AND POTATOES?? TWO STARCHES? HONESTLY MOTHER, THIS IS A VERY UNBALANCED MEAL...



EXCUSE ME... I HAVE TO RUN... PIPSY'S WAITING FOR ME IN THE DRUGSTORE....



YOU KNOW... I FEEL GORTA SORRY FOR MY MOTHER... I GUESS THEY DIDN'T KNOW AS MUCH IN HER DAY ABOUT THE ORGANIC CHEMICAL COMPOUNDS OF FOOD AND HOW TO BALANCE THE DIET SCIENTIFICALLY FOR PROPER NUTRITION!



Some nighties are pretty...
Some nighties are warm...
Some nighties are pretty and warm as can be!
They're made of

BOND'S INTERLOCK

There's no point in looking pretty if you freeze solid in the night. And no need to turn to shapeless Mother Hubbards for the warmth you crave. Bond's have a whole collection of pretty nighties in soft Interlock. And Bond's Interlock nighties keep their shape, softness and warmth. So see Bond's nightwear at your favourite store. They're priced to please you.

Embroidery on sheer nylon over soft cotton Interlock makes the charming yoke and collar. Pearls button the front and there's a ribbon sash you can wear at the waist. SW-OS in peach or sky, 39/11.

BOND'S INTERLOCK KEEPS YOU WARM BY DAY, TOO.



Short sleeve scoop-neck spencer for warmth under svelte, low-cut fashions. Sizes SW to OS in peach or ivory, 12/6.

Warm Interlock bloomer in peach or ivory; sizes SW to OS, 10/11; XOS, 12/11.

Bond's Interlock Pantee with snug, knitted leg bands. Peach or ivory; SW to OS, 9/11; XOS, 11/6.

BOND'S



The bra that 'breathes' right with you

Beaulieu-Fit

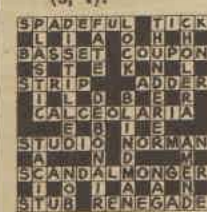
MADE IN AUSTRALIA UNDER LICENCE BY LA MODE

BE YOUR OWN HANDY MAN. Buy the "Practical Householder," the monthly magazine that tells you how to do those odd jobs. Price 2/- at all newsagents.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. A worn-out rubber ball with no restriction (9).
8. A horse, a yacht, a cycle, or a car (5).
9. In this case it is I (7).
10. County in England and sausage everywhere (5).
11. Says in secret and if headless says audibly (7).
13. Equipment in a large arsenal (4).
15. This trading has art in it (6).
16. If you make them you must put your foot in it (6).
19. His duty was to slay the murderer (4).
21. Worth a sovereign (7).
24. The Court of the Papal See (5).
26. A medicine to get a coarse woollen fabric (7).
27. Substantiate mostly with an old-fashioned buckle (5).
28. They come once a week for ladies, too (3, 4).



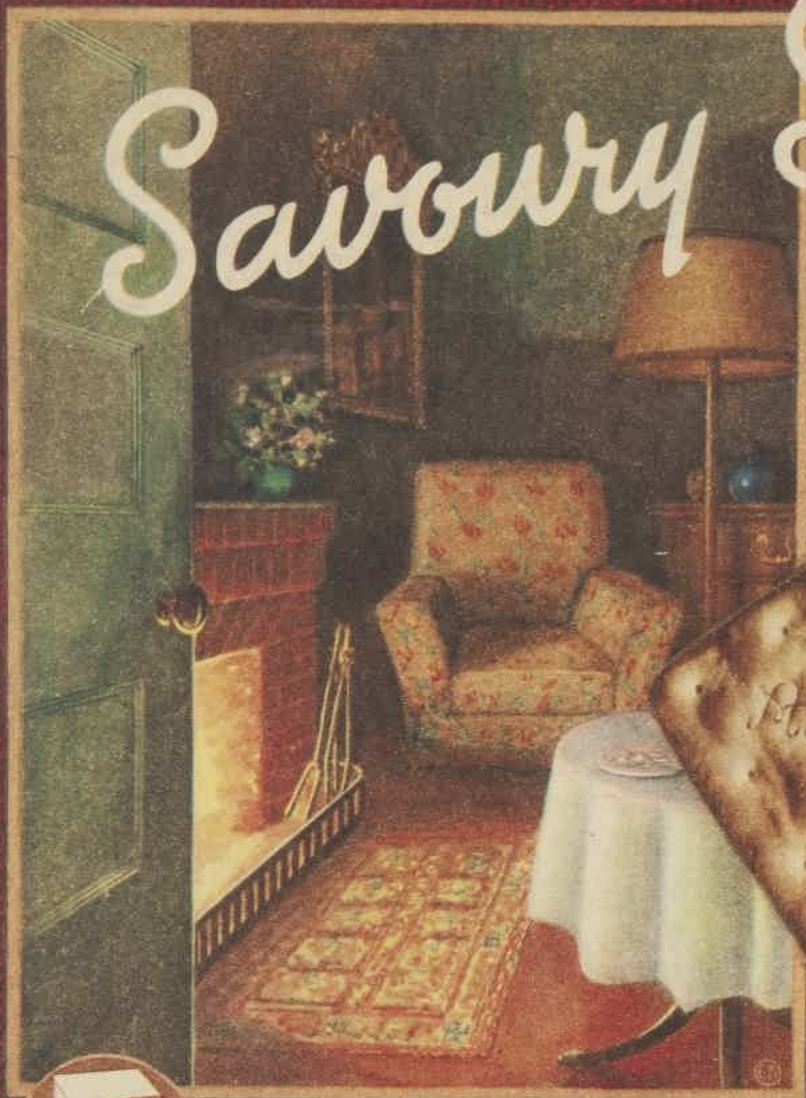
Solution of last week's crossword.

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Stripped are in the middle (5).
2. Disclose a French lid (7).
3. Disturb a disturbed grandee (7).
4. Puzzle in a gem (6).
5. Limit of a metal kept by a saint (5).
6. What you pay mostly with rice (5).
7. Listens (Anagr., 7).
12. Force onwards starting from a Babylonian city (4).
14. Therefore, arguing in a beer-goblet (4).
15. Mixed putting the end in the middle (7).
17. Bowers in which a chap is hidden (7).
18. Our flam forms a conventional usage (7).
20. A speaker or a rocky peak (6).
22. Well-rounded and mostly a heap (5).
23. The beer turns kingly (5).
25. The eighth letters without it give pains (5).

Savoury Suppers



Only
Arnott's
make
Sao (Regd.)
Biscuits



At home on cold nights butter the "SAOS,"
Grate a little cheese over them, and then sprinkle with
pepper.
One minute in a hot oven and serve hot.

★ The name "SAO," registered by William Arnott Pty. Ltd., in 1906, is now a household word for these biscuits throughout Australia and beyond
There is no Substitute for Quality.